



# WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JAPAN?

BY

WILLARD PRICE



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TO THOSE WHO HAVE HELPED ME  
MY WIFE

STATESMEN, STUDENTS, BUSINESS MEN,  
A FARMER IN JAPAN, A PHILOSOPHER IN  
CHINA, A BANDIT IN MANCHURIA, A NUN  
IN KOREA, A SOUTH SEA KING AND A  
PHILIPPINE HEAD-HUNTER

THANKS



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"Nay, you may not, kind sir," she said.



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## INTRODUCTION

A TOKYO newspaper cartoons a Japanese lady in a Ginza store looking at geographical globes. Examining distastefully the large areas marked China, U.S.S.R., U.S.A., etc., she complains to the clerk: "I want a globe with only Japan on."

The fact that a newspaper in Japan publishes such a cartoon may indicate two things. First, that there are some Japanese who want "a globe with only Japan on." Second, that there are other Japanese, many we hope, who see humour in such an idea.

So long as the latter continue to see humour in it, the world may be safe—or the western half of it. As for the Oriental half, the average Japanese sees nothing humorous about the conception that all Asia should accept the guidance of Japan.

The present war in China is but an incident in an "immutable policy." During the last half-century Japan has consistently followed a policy of expansion. After taking on Formosa in 1895, she annexed Korea in 1910, captured the South Sea empire of Micronesia in 1914, was moved by the tears of the thirty million people of Manchuria to liberate them from old tyrannies in 1931, discovered that North China needed a suzerain in 1933, and in 1937 found it necessary to begin to chastise the remainder of China into a spirit of co-operation. The area under Japanese control (including Manchuria, but with-

out counting parts of China proper) has increased five times in the last fifty years.

Nor is Japan done. Her expansion policy is clearly projected into the future. Even military disaster at the hands of China, the Soviet, Britain, America and any others who might be interested would probably fail to halt Japan . . . just as defeat at the hands of most of the world failed to give more than temporary pause to the programme of Germany. The roots of a great nation's ambitions, right or wrong, lie deep. You may cut down the tree, but new shoots will rise.

We look here at some of the roots of the Japanese policy of expansion—then follow the branches out to the many lands which have already been the fruit of that policy. And examine some very promising buds of the future.

This book is meant to be neither pro-Japanese nor anti-Japanese—but merely a record of things seen and heard during four years of travel over the new Japan from Siberia to the Equator. The writer is not conscious of being pro- or anti-anybody. He believes himself the fairest person on earth. But the most biased fanatic believes the same of himself. So that gets us nowhere. Therefore the reader (who really is the fairest person on earth) is invited to accept what he can, reject what he must, and believe that on these highly controversial questions the author has at least made the attempt to preserve his identity as an observer from Mars.

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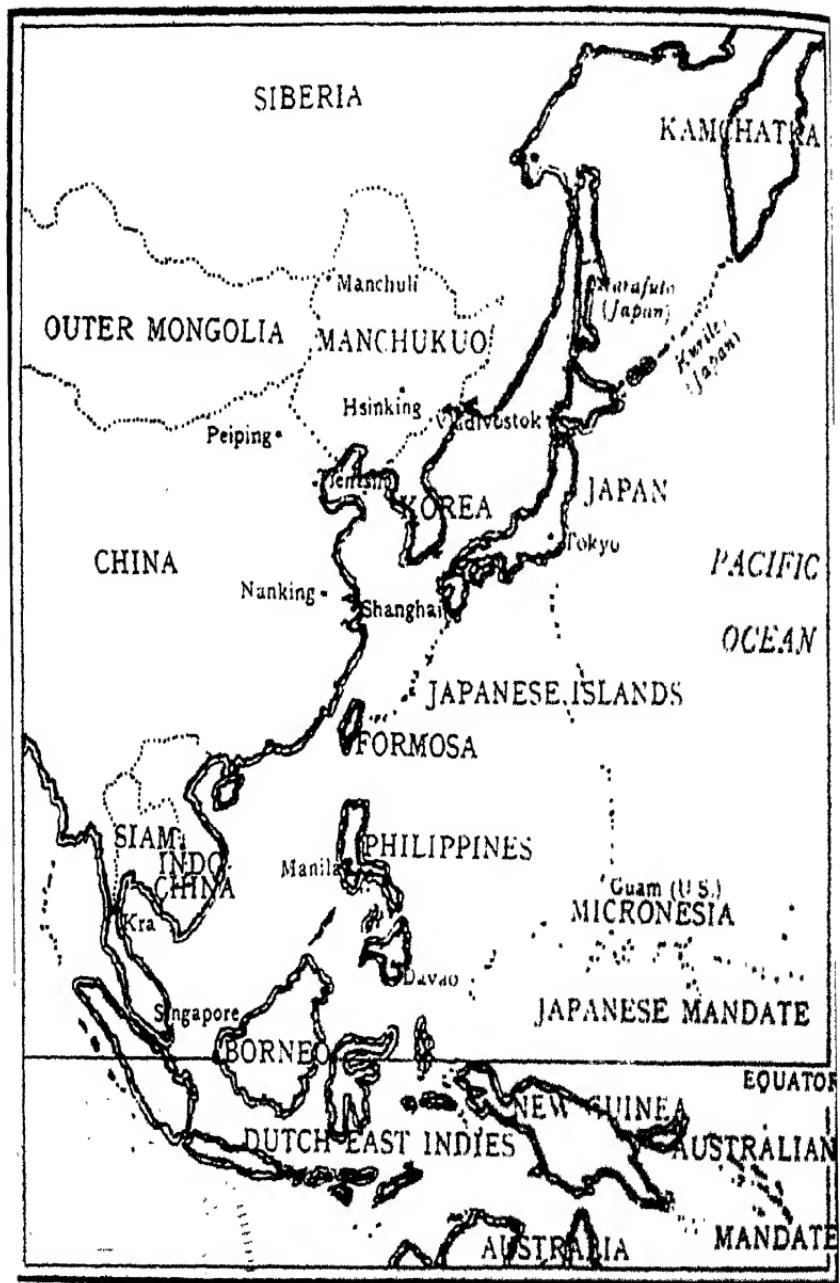
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WILLARD PRICE.

*Hayama, Japan,*  
*November, 1937.*



WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING, JAPAN?



## CHAPTER I

### SAGA OF SON-OF-TWO-ACRES

CLAPPING of hands wakened me. From my comfortable bed laid on the resilient straw slabs which make the floor of a Japanese house, I looked through pitch darkness toward a faint glow in the next room.

The household shrine stood open. Two candles illuminated the gilt Buddha and the ancestral tablets. Before the shrine knelt my farmer-friend, Machida, master of this house.

But what particularly caught my attention was the scabbarded sword which he raised from the floor on both hands and extended, as if offering it to the god. Or was he making a pledge to the spirits of his ancestors? He remained thus for some time, evidently praying—then suddenly laid down the sword, clapped, rose briskly, snuffed out the candles, closed the shrine doors and snapped on the electric lights.

A sure sign that it was time to get up, although there was still no hint of daylight.

When I returned from immersion in the delectable depths of the neck-deep Japanese bath, I found that the bed had already disappeared into a cupboard. The room which had so recently been a bedroom was in a fair way to become a dining-room. Cushions had been placed on

the floor round an ankle-high table. Appetising odours came from the kitchen.

Presently the servant and Mrs. Machida entered, bearing steaming bowls. Son and daughter, healthy, nut-brown specimens fourteen and sixteen years old, switched off the radio daily dozen that came from Tokyo, and we all sat down on our heels to a meal of bean-soup, rice with eels, sweet omelet, sweet potatoes cooked in sugar, lotus, bamboo, white radish, pickled chrysanthemum petals, and a delicate tea made of cherry blossoms.

Not a thing that had not been raised on their own farm. Even the eels had been caught in their own rice paddies.

"How large is your farm?" I asked.

"Two acres."

Four members of the family, and a servant, supported by two acres! Abundant meals. Silk kimonos—spun from their own silk. Electricity. Radio. Spacious house, livable (for those who have learned the art of living without furniture), and spotlessly clean. And I knew that an older son was at agricultural school, all expenses paid out of this tiny plot of land.

"How do you do it?"

Machida-san sobered. The lines deepened in his face.

"Because we have to," he said. Then he gave me the grim story of the Japanese farmer.

Only fifteen per cent of Japan can be cultivated. On the basis of arable land, Japan is the most densely populated great nation in the world. The exact figures Machida did not know; but I later found that the economist, John E. Orchard, had worked them out. Japan has a population density of 2,750 per arable square mile in comparison with

2,170 in the United Kingdom, 1,709 in Belgium, 819 in Italy, 806 in Germany, 467 in France and 229 in the United States.

Moreover, the population of Japan is increasing by nearly a million a year. The world's doors are closed to Japanese. They cannot emigrate from Japan except in small numbers, chiefly to Brazil and Manchukuo. Brazil is now beginning to close its doors. The Japan-fostered state of Manchukuo welcomes Japanese colonists but they don't welcome it. The country is by no means empty. It already has a population density double that of the United States. It is populated by Chinese, with whose low standard of living the Japanese cannot compete. The winters are long and bitter, the growing season brief. Also, the patriotic Japanese farmer does not relish going to Manchukuo any more than the English farmer would relish being forced over into Spain to make a living.

Result—the average farm of Japan is now about two acres. And is steadily becoming smaller!

"My name is suitable," said Machida with a wry smile. "It means that I am the son of two acres. The name was once Chimachida (thousands of acres). The 'chi' caused too many jokes and it was dropped.

"But it was once a true name. My great-grandfather—that is his picture—" and he pointed to a hanging scroll in the alcove bearing the water-colour portrait of a samurai in armour—"was a rich landowner. His son, my grandfather, lost most of the lands when feudalism ended. My father had six acres and divided them among his three sons. If my two sons remain on the farm they will have one acre each.

"Less than that each, if my other son had lived. He

was killed two months ago in China. They sent back his sword. You see it there beside the shrine. I suppose you would call it a family treasure. It was used in the wars of the shoguns, my father wore it in the Chino-Japanese War, it was mine in the Russo-Japanese War, my son fell with it in his hand in Tungchow. I hope it will rest now—but who can tell? My other sons may yet have to use it. Japan's position is desperate."

"I'll never stay and farm one acre," said the boy. "My brother can have it all. I'm going to Tokyo."

"So am I," put in the girl. She had been offered work in a cotton mill.

There is a wholesale exodus from the farms to the cities. That, after all, is the only hope of the farm. The land will not stretch, but industry will. Industry must find work for the annual million increase. And there is a chance that industry may do it. Japan's world trade is making sensational progress. It survived the depression without being conscious that there was one. While we point back with pride to the "peak year," 1929, Japan thinks of it only as a step, a low step, in her advance. World depression meant business for Japan. With favourable exchange, low costs and high technical efficiency, she was able to supply the suddenly thrifty-minded world with goods at half or less of what it had been paying.

The boom continues. New factories and mills are going up everywhere. But now there is a cloud, other than smoke, on the horizon. It is tariff. Other nations, in the interest of their own manufacturers, are rolling up high tariffs to keep out cheap Japanese goods.

Still another cloud is lack of natural resources. That is where Manchukuo and China come into the picture.

The Japanese do not wish to emigrate to Manchukuo, China, California or anywhere else. They wish to stay at home, have free access to the raw materials of Asia, turn them into goods and sell to the world.

All of which vitally concerns the Japanese farmer. Unless Japanese trade expands, the Japanese farm will contract. So it was possible dimly to understand the meaning of that ceremony of the sword before the household shrine.

While keeping my own mental reservations as to whether war was the only possible solution of such problems, I nevertheless listened willingly to this honest farmer's presentation of the Japanese point of view. One cannot arrive even at wrong conclusions without using one's brain. And the Japanese farmer uses his brain. It happens that the world's most crowded nation is also one of the world's most literate nations. That is a dangerous combination. My host read three dailies although he lived in the mountains a hundred miles from a city. His house overflowed with magazines and books. Such people are not cattle. They have seen the world and know how comfortable some people make themselves in it. When they imagine themselves in a canyon the walls of which are closing in upon them they will get out. Fight their way out if necessary.

Machida-san explained all this smilingly. He strove to have me understand that he was no belligerent trouble-maker. Just a farmer who thought a two-acre farm was a bit small.

"We farmers want to see Japan win her place in the world as a great industrial nation," he said. "Then our sons can find places in the city, and won't have to divide a two-acre farm!"

The whole side of the house had been thrown open—you can do that with a Japanese house—and we could see that dawn was beginning to grey the valley beneath.

Machida rose. "Perhaps the best way for me to help settle the affairs of the nation," he said, laughing, "will be to get out and plant my rice!"

He took a calendar from a drawer . . . not from the wall. The walls of a Japanese house are as innocent of pictures and all other hanging things as the floor is innocent of rugs and furniture. The only exception is the *hakemono* (hanging scroll) in the sacred alcove. Flowers are allowed—but even they must be set in the vase according to the principles of "flower arrangement," an art requiring long study. Otherwise the only adornment of a room is furnished by the kimonos of those who inhabit it.

Machida studied the calendar.

"A good day," he said. "Great-peace-of-mind day. A very good day for planting."

The Japanese, with all his progress, is hedged in by animistic superstitions left over from olden times. No Japanese farmer, even to-day, would think of planting on rabbit day, because the word *usagi* (rabbit) starts with the same first syllable as *urei* (sadness)! Sugar potato planted on the day of the cow will grow large like the cow's head. Nothing should be planted on spirit-will-be-lost day. In fact it is best to lie low on that day, do nothing, and give your spirit no reason to be restless. On at-first-you-win day, things done in the morning will succeed, but afternoon jobs will fail. On beginning-bad day the reverse will be true.

But on great-peace-of-mind day the signals are all set for "Go!"

"Where is that seed the crow picked?" Machida asked his wife.

It was brought. We went out and found our way down a path in the half dark, Machida explaining meanwhile that in the early spring there is a crow-calling ceremony at which various varieties of rice are strewn on the ground, and the variety pecked at by the first crow who comes on the scene is regarded as divinely selected for planting. Each variety thrives best in a different sort of season. The farmer cannot forecast the weather, but the crow is supposed to be able to do so.

What a contradiction the Japanese of to-day is—how new and old struggle within him! He reads Sinclair Lewis and Julian Huxley and, yes, even Einstein; yet he clings to the belief that somehow boiled snake is good for pleurisy, a certain abracadabra repeated over a well will ensure pure water, and a bow and arrow erected on the ridge-pole of a new house will scare away demons.

I wondered how a people so hampered by superstition could develop enough scientific skill to support a family on two acres.

As the morning grew and Machida's little miracle farm in the valley began to show up like a relief map, I was gradually enlightened.

"We were taught at agricultural school," said Machida, "*that what the farmer needs he should produce.*"

Below us was a closely packed panorama of what the farmer needs. Wheat, barley, cabbages, white radish (the beloved *daikon* which grows two feet down into the earth and when pickled tastes as strong as limburger), carrots (of even greater length), bamboo shoots which grow a foot in a day, huge bean pods (*soramame*) with beans as large

as hickory nuts, lotus which would later produce edible roots a yard long, the "Irish" potato, sweet potato, sugar potato and the enormous eight-headed potato (*yatsugashira*), fruit trees so trimmed as to produce fruit instead of wood. And, most charming of all, several cherry trees loaded with blossoms—perfectly useless trees so far as their fruit was concerned, but needed by the farmer for their beauty of bloom. Poems written on long strips of gilt paper by the farmer and his family dangled from the branches.

So much for food and beauty.

Clothing? Yonder was a plot of mulberry bushes, just beginning to leaf out in the April warmth. The leaves would be fed to voracious silkworms. In time, under the deft fingers of Mrs. Machida and her daughter, kimonos and underclothes for the entire family would come out of the cocoons. Mrs. Machida had little patience with frivolous mogas who find it easier to buy in the stores than to make. "Moga," by the way, is coined from the first syllables of the English words "modern" and "girl" (which in Japan is pronounced "garu"). In the same way "modern boy" has suffered a sea change and become "mobo." The sensation-seeking mogas and mobos of Japan are the despair of the solid folk.

Mrs. Machida had shown me a piece of cloth about a yard square made up of three hundred small blocks, each woven differently. It was a demonstration chart used in the rural sewing classes. Three hundred different patterns. And Mrs. Machida could weave every one of them! Think of that and blush, mogas of the west!

Shoes! The shoe trees (*kiri*) furnished them. The *kiri* is grown only for its yield of shoes. One *kiri* lay on the





ground and a row of shapely wooden clogs (*geta*) had already been fashioned from it by the boy of the family. By the time they had been worn out another *geta* tree would be old enough for use.

Shelter! When the house was built the wood had to be brought from elsewhere. But all repair materials came from the farm. The thatched roof was restored with rice straw—the *tatami* floors likewise. The sliding paper doors which partitioned the house into rooms were renewed with paper made by the family from their own paper mulberry (*kozu*). The chief item of equipment for home paper-making was a mammoth pot for boiling down the bark into a glutinous pulp which was then ironed thin. The small *kozu* trees do not, like our paper spruce, require twenty years or more to become fit for use. Intensively cultivated, they grow up in a year's time, are cut down, and spring up anew.

Intensively cultivated. That brings us to the second point in the Japanese farmer's credo. The first is that what the farmer needs he should produce. The second is that intensive effort must be applied. Only so can he make two acres do the work of several score.

He is not content to let nature take its course. Some western farmers favour the front porch idea—that after a crop is planted the matter is out of the farmer's hands and there is nothing much he can do but sit and watch Mother Earth and Providence work things out between them. The Japanese farmer feeds and coddles the growing crop as if it were a child. Every plant gets individual attention.

What struck me most as I looked down on Machida's farm was precision. A precision undreamed-of except by

a watchmaker. Every blade looked as if it had been set in with a pair of tweezers. Every plant was like a model in wax, something too perfect to be true. In the mathematical spaces between rows was freshly cultivated soil—no dry, caked dirt. The son was now hand-cultivating the wheat which was planted in rows two feet apart to make such cultivation possible. This was the third time that this wheat had been thoroughly cultivated during its growth. Nowhere, in the barley or vegetables, was there a sign of a weed a half-inch high. No insects. The plants are stroked with the fingers so that the insects rise and are caught in a hand net.

Unremitting toil. That is what it means.

Fertiliser is used intensively—too intensively for the pleasure of the passers-by. But think what that intensive use has accomplished, along with the rotation of legumes with other crops to maintain the fertility of the soil. The result is that while some strong virgin lands in America and Australia have been exhausted in three generations, Japanese farms are still fertile after twenty centuries of cropping.

Water is skilfully used. All uncultivable hill-tops are heavily forested so that rainfall will be conserved. I counted three brooklets which stepped down over Machida's land from terrace to terrace, watering each miniature field on the way. One of the rivulets came from the hill-top behind his house. But the other two had been conducted through tunnels which pierced the hill and brought a supply from higher mountains. Such home-made works of hydraulic engineering are common. If water cannot be brought down from higher levels it is brought up from canals at lower levels by the use of port-

able treadmill water-wheels. There are more miles of canal in China, Korea and Japan than miles of railroad in the United States.

The rice fields swim in water. Not only frogs and eels, but carp ten inches long, prosper in the rice fields—so it may be concluded that they are damp! The feet of Oriental farmers surely receive all the benefits there may be in mud bathing. My worthy host was up to his knees in sludge. I tried it, to be able to say that I had done it—but the thought of fertiliser, parasites, and the viper-like *mamushi* which strike first and then warn, led me to make my initiation brief.

Water, water everywhere, and yet no erosion! I was assured that even in a heavy rain there was no washing away on this hillside. The terraced ponds were protected by mud parapets. The almost vertical banking of the terrace, facing the valley, was thoroughly sodded. Where terracing was not used, for example on a slope among some tea bushes, an eight-inch mulch of straw prevented erosion even in the heaviest rains, retained the rain where it fell, and leached its soluble potassium and phosphorus into the soil. The spectacle of a straw stack being burned to get it out of the way, which I have witnessed in my own country, is not seen in the Orient. I have observed paper money being burned before the gods, but nothing so valuable as straw.

Another striking characteristic of the Japanese farm is the absence of animals. You may travel for days without seeing any cattle except draft-oxen, and sheep are so rare that a ram was exhibited in the back country as a lion! The East has long since decided that the animal is not an economical form of food. This is also the conclusion of

modern science. Hopkins in his *Soil Fertility and Permanent Agriculture* states: "A thousand bushels of grain has at least five times as much food value and will support five times as many people as will the meat or milk that can be made from it." Therefore, intensive use of little land means that all its producing power must be utilised, not filtered through animals and most of it lost in the process. That fact, and not Buddhism, explains why the Japanese are vegetarian. They do eat fish—because they have not discovered any more intensive way to use the fields at the bottom of the sea. Except that in the shallow bays they cultivate great quantities of edible seaweed!

The sun rose, Machida and his boy pausing to clap their hands and bow to it thrice. Not long after the sun came Bixler, a miller-missionary who has spent sixteen years in this remote mountainous corner of Ibaraki prefecture. He partially supports his mission by milling and selling the products of farmers in his parish. He is healthy and rubicund, for he believes in whole grains, and eats what he preaches.

"Outside of things religious," he said, "perhaps the best thing I have taught these people is the use of whole wheat and whole rice. But that's not a continental to what they have taught me!"

"Look at that wheat! I was brought up on a farm in Nebraska. There we thought twenty-five bushels per acre was good. Here they get fifty bushels per acre."

Mrs. Machida, her daughter, and her servant, the morning work in the house done, came down to join the waders in the sludge. The rice which the crow had selected was sown in a field no larger than twelve by twenty feet. A fantastic scarecrow was erected to keep away the very birds

that had been so welcome on the day of choosing. Two months hence the young plants would be taken out and transplanted by hand in the fields. Until then, why give valuable space to plants that would grow just as well or better in a small seed-bed?

Tobacco follows the same routine.

"Up near the house," said Bixler, "you noticed those tobacco seed-beds. As soon as this barley is out of the way, the tobacco will go in. When it is done, buckwheat will be planted. Three crops a year out of the same soil! After the fertiliser is paid for, the year's net yield of that ground will be at the rate of 520 yen an acre."

Three-crop rotation is not at all unusual. Sometimes five crops are raised from the same soil within one year.

But I was yet to see the most surprising example of intensive agriculture. After the missionary had gone to attend a diphtheria case—for he has to serve as doctor, preacher, teacher, and miller—and morning had worn down to noon, Machida said:

"We'll have lunch in my skyscraper."

He led the way to a straw mat laid under a walnut-tree beside a stream which just here had been widened and deepened into a good pool.

"You build skyscrapers in your country to save space," Machida said. "Kagawa, our Japanese Gandhi, tells the farmers to adopt vertical agriculture, skyscraper agriculture, to save space. So here is my skyscraper.

"On the ground floor you see I have strawberries and vegetables—the tree above is trimmed so they get plenty of sun. On the second floor, fruit-tree saplings, to be transplanted when they are big enough. On the third floor, walnuts. On the fourth floor, when the tree is in bloom, bees.

"Then I have two basements for my skyscraper." He took me to the edge of the pool. Finny shapes darted near the surface—others low down. "You notice this pool is screened in. I use the bottom for fish culture. I raise a kind of fish that prefers that level and another kind that makes itself at home in the upper level.

"So that gives me six floors in my agricultural skyscraper!"

We had lunch in the skyscraper. And to demonstrate that each floor was a producing unit, Mrs. Machida served the products of the skyscraper—two kinds of fish, fresh vegetables, preserved fruit, walnuts and honey.

The afternoon was endless. It tired me only to watch the indefatigable industry of these five, wrestling with a two-acre plot until it should give them a hundred-acre blessing. How *could* there be so much work on so little land? Only by regarding each sprig as a crown jewel.

In this fight with the soil is bred the fighting strength of Japan. "Bushido," the national spirit, is born here. It is well known that the Japanese army is made up chiefly of farmers. They are strong-muscled and strong-willed. They will die rather than surrender. They are accustomed to a Spartan life. They need little. They are used not so much to a low standard of living as to a high standard of simplicity. "Low standard of living" hardly fits people who take two baths a day, keep their house spotlessly clean, wear silk, do not lack food, and have enough soul left after a hard day's work to write a poem and hang it on a cherry tree!

"Bushido" is dinned into them continually from childhood up. We have no counterpart for this in the West. We hear little about the "British spirit" or the "American

spirit." But not a schoolday goes by without instruction in the "Japanese spirit." Even in the agricultural colleges, where education would naturally be technical, I could not get the headmasters from whom I sought information to talk of anything but "Japanese spirit." They evidently believed that if the student once acquired that, all his other problems would be simple.

Nationalism can be carried too far. The Japanese sometimes carry it too far. But at least it is easier to understand the reason after spending a day on one of their baby-golf farms. The Japanese individually are peaceful, courteous and considerate to a fault. Then why is the national policy of the farmer-army inclined to be assertive?

Two acres. That is the answer.

Late that night I saw Machida kneel before the household shrine. He raised the old samurai weapon on both hands and talked with his ancestors and the boy who fell in China.

And I had an uncomfortable feeling that this symbol had invisibly been in the hands of my mild, genial host all day as he worked in his cramped fields.

Son-of-Two-Acres ploughs with a sword.

## CHAPTER II

### SCHOOLED TO RULE

**S**CHOOLS for soldiers. Schools for sailors. Schools for brides. Schools for brewers. Schools for aviators. Schools for cotton-spinners. Schools for diplomats. Schools for future administrators who will "assist" the government of Manchukuo, "co-operate" in China, rule the mandated islands of the South Seas. Schools for manufacturers who are out to supply the world's gum shoes, electric bulbs and most other necessities of daily life, even including foods, at prices that will defy all competition.

37.7

Japan is at present swiftly expanding her educational system in response to the clear call she has heard to play a leading rôle in world affairs. She regards education as the right arm of manifest destiny.

No nation expects more of education. And with good reason. Education made Japan. Education has put her on a par with the other great powers. May it not, during the next century, carry her beyond them? Her pell-mell advance, many times more swift than that of any other nation, shows no sign of slowing down. For the unknown, but not undreamed of, triumphs of the coming age, super-education will be necessary.

Therefore Japan is undertaking intensive education with a Spartan rigour and zeal unmatched in history.



RESEARCH STUDY  
MAKING A SYNTHETIC  
RUBBER THAT WILL  
NOT CRACK, AS ORDINARY  
RUBBER DOES, IN  
MANCHURIAN WINTER



CLASS-ROOM, NOT A  
LABORATORY. JAPAN'S PRE-  
EMINENCE IN TEXTILES  
IS LARGEMLY DUE TO



There are wrecks along the new speedway of knowledge—physical breakdowns, suicides, crushing of the weak. Japan is not heartless. She is sorry that some must fall. But the unfit must be eliminated that the nation may fulfil its destiny.

The educational task that has been carved out is prodigious. Japan is the first nation to adopt as a deliberate educational policy the synthesis of all the world's knowledge. All that the East knows, all that the West knows, Japan is determined to know. She shall be the interpreter between Orient and Occident. She shall not be an eastern power nor a western power—but a world power.

Intellectually, perhaps the only world power. America pays little attention to whatever world there is beyond New York and San Francisco. England is insulated by British self-satisfaction—a Briton carries Britain with him even to India. To the German there will never be anything quite equal to German culture. Fascist Italy is firmly exclusive. Soviet Russia feels she has little to learn from others and much to teach. So one might go through the list.

Japan is the one great nation openly, passionately receptive to all ideas from everywhere. She has been trained in that habit for sixty years and has found it good. Her success has been built upon it. She will not abandon it. Therefore we have the anomaly of one of the most intensely nationalistic of peoples becoming one of the most internationally-minded—and that without loss of patriotism.

The Japanese are chauvinists. Love of country is their religion. They do not want to emigrate to other lands: instead, they bring all lands to Japan.

The currents of thought flowing through Japanese classrooms are like a parade of the nations. Chinese classics, Indian Buddhism, Russian communism, English law, French æstheticism, American pragmatism, German military drill and Danish calisthenics.

The learning of China and India came into Japan along with Buddhism. Schools were opened in connection with Buddhist temples, and Japanese youth made the acquaintance of the Chinese classics, herbalism, acupuncture, shampooing, divination, the almanac, and the composition of graceful couplets. Feudal lords opened schools for young samurai. But perhaps ninety per cent of the nation's youth received no education.

Schools of western learning were begun by missionaries who arrived in 1859. But the real awakening did not come until the Restoration in 1868 when the feudal lords were overthrown and the Emperor Meiji restored to full power. He proclaimed that "henceforward education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family nor a family with an ignorant member."

Commissions of investigation were sent to Europe and America. The French educational system looked best, and was inaugurated. But it did not quite fulfil the dream for a universal system, and since America had such a system, an American expert, Dr. David Murray, was called to re-organise Japanese education. The present system is chiefly of his building.

Even the American manner of education was not found perfect. For one thing, it developed too much individualism. So Germans came to teach the goose-step and Prussian pooling of personality. As Japan's horizons broadened, she appropriated bits from many lands, set

them in her mosaic, then melted the mosaic to produce what is, if not the best, at least the most cosmopolitan and most rigorous school system in the world.

America taught Japan how to insist that all children go to school, but Japan has outstripped her teacher. School attendance in Japan is to-day ahead of that in America. Of all Japanese children of school age, ninety-nine and a half per cent are in school.

No great nation in the world has a higher literacy than Japan.

No nation spends more money on schools in proportion to its population and wealth.

And no other nation has so swiftly mastered the lessons of past centuries and alien cultures.

Contrary to cliché, the Japanese are not imitators. They are assimilators. Nothing has been taken over as it is. Everything has suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange, something essentially Japanese, suited to the temperament of the people.

English and American influence is strong—but always transmuted, Japonised. After seeing the classes at work during the day, I explore by flashlight, in company with the headmaster, the revealing contents of rooms, desks and cupboards in a great primary and middle school in Tokyo. I find many hands across the seas. Here is an American motion picture machine. But the films shown in it are Japanese-made. They depict the glory and predict the future of Japan. Some of them are ethical. "Ethical" means to a Japanese anything that will inculcate the abnegation of self and the glorification of Japan and the Emperor. Others are historical, reviewing Japan's always successful wars. Geography, science, literature, art,

even mathematics, all presented from the distinctly Japanese standpoint, are covered in other reels.

Japanese education takes the cinema very seriously. Every middle school and high school has its motion picture study club. Foreign pictures are not disregarded. Grave consideration is given to the comparative art of Garbo and Dietrich; and a study group announced as a subject for discussion: "Mickey Mouse—Analysis of Motivations and Reactions."

But chief attention is paid to Japanese subjects. The reason for special stress upon the cinema is the belief of educators that Japanese students are peculiarly eye-minded. Therefore the Board of Education itself produces a large volume of films, not leaving this important pedagogic task to commercial concerns. Also it is insisted that the films be used, not as supplementary or extra-curricular material, but as an integral part of class-room work.

The seriousness of the cinema, and its use in school, do not sour the student for attendance at the commercial cinema theatres. The Japanese are the world's most zealous movie-goers. They import three-fifths of all films made in America—also German, French and Russian pictures. All these do not satisfy them, and they make their own. Japan actually produces more films per year than the United States. To be sure, they are made at a fraction of the cost of American films. But they are true Japanese, flashing with the swordplay of samurai days, or revealing the ancient spirit of Bushido persistent in the life of modern Japan.

We visit the natural history laboratory. At first it looks exactly like its English or American counterpart. But all those birds and mammals in the cabinets are Japanese. The

roving flashlight suddenly makes two white human skeletons leap out of a closet. They also are short, squat and native.

We find western influence strong in the music-room. Here is a grand piano on one side and an electric gramophone on the other. There is no sign of *koto* or *samisen*. And when I open a book and study the notes of a song, I renew acquaintance with "Darling Nelly Gray." Yet some notes have been subtly changed, strangely Orientalising the southern belle. And when the Japanese verses are translated to me, they have nothing to do with Nelly at all. Their theme is purely Japanese.

Other notes unmistakably reveal "Annie Laurie," though a bit slant-eyed. And here are many other old favourites—"Old Folks at Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "Comin' Through the Rye," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "The Minstrel Boy," "Home Sweet Home."

Many foreign songs have made themselves so thoroughly at home in Japan that they are regarded as native-born. Christian songs, picked up from the mission schools and re-strung with secular words, blaze with the national spirit. Liberal use is made of the tunes of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," "Jesus Loves Me This I Know." A stirring marching song by which the children goose-step back to the classrooms after recess has been salvaged out of "Shall We Gather at the River." And I remember hearing "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood" tapped out with one finger in a cinema theatre to accompany a picture of Manchukuo troops in pursuit of bandits. But in all this there is no thought of sacrilege. Words have been so changed that students to-day have no idea of the former associations of the melodies.

"Why not use Japanese airs?" I ask.

"Because the minor scale used in Japanese music gives it an element of pathos as compared with foreign music. It is dark, passive, reflective. It is not in tune with the new Japan. We need stimulating music. That is why some of your church tunes are so useful. They were written to inspire confidence and faith; and they do it quite as well for patriotism and veneration of the Emperor as they ever did for Christianity."

Even the English language has put on a kimono in Japan. English is taught in all middle schools. Sometimes the teachers are Americans or Englishmen, but in the vast majority of cases they are Japanese. The result of this preponderance of Japanese teachers of English is that an extraordinary brand of English has grown up. An Anglo-Saxon would hardly recognise it as his native tongue. This peculiar Japanese pronunciation of English has now become standardised; it makes a new spoken language in the world! Students taught by Anglo-Saxons have difficulty in passing the university entrance examinations, their pronunciation being at variance with accepted Japanese English.

But the chief value of English to the Japanese lies not in the ability to speak it, but the ability to read it. This they can do—and the whole range of English literature is open to them. A student tells me that in high school his assignments during the first year alone included the reading of *Essays of Elia*, *Sesame and Lilies*, *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Twice Told Tales*, *Literary Taste*, *Pygmalion*, *Queer Feet*, *Not that it Matters*, *Playboy of the Western World*, *The Woman who Rode Away*, and *Palgrave's Treasury*. In addition to these

he read, outside of school, perhaps a score of English books, as well as books in French and German—not to mention Japanese translations of many western books.

But a change is taking place. Less time than formerly is being given to the study of alien languages. A few years ago, in high school, twenty hours a week were so devoted—now only fifteen. Also, geographies and histories which were formerly printed in English are now printed in Japanese.

The result is that the older men know English better than those of the new generation. The English language, instead of spreading in Japan, is to-day suffering a backward swing of the pendulum. Japan is still eager to adopt everything of value from the West. But she feels that in the wholesale absorption of foreign cultures there is something she has lost—and she means to regain it. To-day we see a curious straddling, an effort to hold all the ground that has been won, and at the same time step back to the ways of the past.

"We must return," declares General Araki, "to the spirit, ideals and moral traditions of old Japan. All ideals from abroad which conflict with the Japanese spirit must be barred. As the basis for this, the educational system must be radically reformed."

Besides reducing over-indulgence in foreign languages, there is a distinct effort to Orientalise foreign literature, to make it have special meaning for the Japanese—give it naturalisation papers. On a teacher's desk I find a copy of Irving's *Sketch Book*, English on each right-hand page, Japanese on the left. The text breathes still of Sleepy Hollow. But the numerous illustrations, by Japanese artists, present an Ichabod and a Rip Van Winkle that

Sleepy Hollow and the Catskills never knew, but that the Japanese countryside would claim as its very own.

A glimpse of the two-sided life of the Japanese woman may be had in school sewing-rooms. There we find foreign clothes in the making. But there also are Japanese kimonos and *obis*. Why this confusion of cultures?

It means that the Japanese girl has not completely sold out to the West. She makes world-clothes for school-going because her school is a world-school—but Japanese clothes for home use. She looks like a robot in foreign clothes, like a rare flower in the native costume. At school she improves her mind, at home her appearance. At school she is trained for a career, at home she thinks only of a husband. And Japanese men prefer the simple wife, not one full of *weltshmerz*. At school she wears atrocious leather shoes, at home the *tabi*, the little, white bifurcated socks that Lafcadio Hearn likened to faun's feet. At school she perches on a chair, longing to draw her feet up under her. At home she subsides comfortably upon the straw *tatami*. At school she competes with men. At home she sits in the background and waits upon them with gracious humility and the immemorial charm of a daughter of the samurai.

East and West have met, but not displaced each other, in the Japanese woman.

Japan has made use of the West, but will never be "Westernised." She will retain her own values. The benign ambition of the Nordic to make all men in his image has suffered a setback here. The conversion, if any, will be mutual.

And Japan is already beginning to do her share. As I enter a primary art-room and look at the children's

exquisite water colours, far surpassing anything to be seen in a European or American school, I remember what a profound influence Japanese art has had in the West: first through Whistler and Sargent, and now through our so-called modernistic trend, which, one has only to visit Japan to discover, is pure and ancient Japanese. European artists acknowledge the debt; but many American artists are still under the impression that the present cult of decorative line and unbroken colour masses, which came from Europe, began there.

And in the manual training-room, I find strikingly "modernistic" furniture, low, of plain woods, with pure line. It is the very sort of thing being sold in Fifth Avenue shops as new art for the ultra-modern—but the designs are little changed by their trip through Russia, Germany and France from their home in the severely beautiful palaces of old Japan.

It is a bit disconcerting to the Occidental who thinks of the West as modernising the East, to find the East giving modernistic art to the West. From the supposedly devious Oriental we have acquired a simplicity and sincerity of art expression which violates all that our Victorian grandparents taught us to hold dear in scroll, ornament and furbelow. The prediction of Frank Lloyd Wright that Japan would re-teach the world in art seems possible of fulfilment.

But there is one department of the school in which I find no blending of East and West. There is one feature in which Japanese education allows no influence from the outside.

## CHAPTER III

### INSIDE THE STEEL VAULT

**I**N the masters' room we stand before a great steel vault. The headmaster informs me, in hushed tones, that within this vault are the portraits of the Emperor and Empress.

If through fire or other misfortune these portraits are injured, the headmaster must resign. On notable occasions they are taken out, placed in frames which always stand ready for them in the auditorium, and worshipped by all the students. Also, on the first and fifth of each month, the students assemble in the school yard to pray for the health of the Emperor. And they continue such veneration all their lives.

The Emperor-worship itself is not so significant as the fact that all the people join in it. It serves as a focal point for the hopes, prayers and ambitions of the nation. Every people needs focus. Japan has it, of burning-glass strength.

The Chinese have often been likened to disintegrating sand; the Japanese, to clay. In China the family is everything, the state, nothing. In Japan also the family is everything, but the family includes the state. The mystic Emperor is the father. All are his children; and filial piety is the chief of virtues. The result is a family pride, staunch brotherhood and singleness of purpose unknown else-

where in the world. The Japanese nation moves as one man; more accurately, as one family.

Not a day passes that this lesson of the family-nation is not taught in the schools. Each one for all—that Japan may survive. Not only does it enter into the teaching of every subject, but two hours a week every week for eleven years are given to "Morals." This has nothing to do with morals in the Puritan sense, but means filial piety, obedience to elders, respect for the Emperor and a complete willingness to die for him. All children in the Empire are put through the mill of this doctrine.

Students wear uniform that they may remember their kinship and forget their dissimilarities. They are not encouraged to think for themselves, but for the state. They are not trained for democracy. Japan has always scorned democracy. Just as children do not know what is best for them, so, as Hegel said: "The people is that portion of the state which does not know what it wills." No, the Japanese are being trained to follow their leaders and make a solid impact upon history.

Japan feels it necessary to strike a body blow at the giant that has imprisoned her—the giant of Status Quo. That sentinel was created and put on guard by the powers after they had all they needed. He is the jailer of the Japanese. Somehow Japan must break jail. That, she considers, is inevitable, in view of the steady expansion of population within an unexpanding cell walled in by sea coasts.

Although her trouble is lack of territory, she is only secondarily interested in sending her people to occupy new territory. What she wants most is sources of raw materials, a vast industrial system to transform these materials, and

access to world markets. Thus she can support her millions.

To this end she relies upon education. Education of the most utilitarian, "how to do" sort. Japan, as yet, has no time for culture. Or, as some of her pragmatist educators say, she already has culture, two thousand years of it—what she needs now is machine-knowledge.

I secure an appointment with the Minister of Education. The personnel of this office changes frequently; but policies remain unchanged, and whoever is Minister holds in his hands, while he occupies that office, the future of Japan. The Minister of War leads the nation. The Minister of Education makes a nation that can be led.

Upon entering his office, I notice that he sits with his back to the windows which look out toward the ancient moat overhung by venerable pines that give an air of deep Confucian contemplation to the Imperial palace grounds—and he faces the windows framing modern Tokyo, concrete buildings, three great wireless towers, a busy crossing where honking automobiles watch the stop-and-go signs.

He talks of many things—but constantly comes back to the practical nature of Japanese education.

"It is through the influence of American education," he says, "that Japanese education tends to be on practical lines. Subjects of study are selected that will make education useful in daily life. Efforts are being made at the same time toward the development of vocational education as well as vocational guidance."

He praises cultural studies. But he evidently feels that culture will not win the race for industrial leadership any more than a knowledge of Sanscrit will put a runner over the line.

For an ideal system, he grants that too much energy is being concentrated upon the infusion of scientific knowledge. But that cannot be helped. Such defects will be remedied later—after the race is over.

He puts in my hands various reports and surveys describing the amazing array of special schools organised to fit students for the machine age. Here are schools in textile manufacturing, spinning, weaving, sericulture, making of rayon, metal industrial arts, industrial designing, precision machines, industrial chemistry, ceramics, chemical engineering, brewing, mechanical engineering, electricity, radio, automobile mechanics (Japan already exports automobile parts and is beginning to manufacture automobiles), aviation (Japan makes her own aeroplanes), naval architecture (Japan builds ships for herself and for the world), colonisation, diplomacy, foreign affairs, foreign languages.

There are many schools that give thorough training in foreign trade—how to gather samples of what the natives of other lands are wearing and using, how to copy and improve such merchandise, how to manufacture it so cheaply that competition will be impossible, how to market it, how to handle credits.

The most striking object in the Minister's office is a symbol of Japan's pragmatic education. It is a glass-enclosed model of a square-rigged barque in full sail. He explains that the original is one of four training ships of Japan's nautical schools. A great foreign trade requires a great Mercantile Marine. The best way to train officers for the sea is on the sea—hence the ships. And the best way to make a man of the world is to take him to the world—hence two cruises, each five months long, are made

each year, one generally to America, and the other to the South Seas and Southern Asia.

The ships are equipped with power so that the men get practice in modern marine engineering.

Then why the sails?

The answer to this question reveals the greatest thing there is in Japanese education—the core, the very heart of it.

The sails are there to make it hard for the students. "There is nothing to equal work on a deep-water square-rigger," runs a report of the nautical schools, "to harden and toughen a youngster. Training on a wind-jammer brings out qualities of iron nerve, quickness to act in emergencies, physical toughness, all of which are necessary to the future steamship commander."

This toughening process is the unique characteristic of all Japanese education.

Nothing is made easy. Under the public school system there are six school days a week. The number of school-days in the year are from 220 to 240, as against 147 in the United States. Summer vacations run from four to six weeks in length.

Primary school theoretically requires six years, middle school five years, high school three years, university three years. That adds up to seventeen years. Actually, however, examinations are so stiff that any student who can complete his education in seventeen years is a prodigy. Many a student must retake his examination three or four years in succession before he wins promotion to the next higher school. The vast majority cannot make the grade—the few who do are graduated from the university at an age of from twenty-five to thirty.

Primary school is compulsory. The higher schools are not—and only ten per cent of primary school students ever see the inside of a middle school. When middle school graduates bend over their high school entrance examination papers, they do it with the bitter knowledge that only one in fourteen can hope to pass. And of high school graduates who take university examinations, a third will get through.

Knowing these hurdles which they must leap to get anywhere, Japanese students apply themselves with such grim zeal that even the failures among them are brilliant successes as compared with western students of the same age.

Curricula are overloaded—as they must be since Japan means to learn everything, from all the world, simultaneously. The President Emeritus of Ohio's Western Reserve University, upon visiting Japan, was astonished to find that "the Japanese student takes more lectures in a week than the American student in a fortnight, or possibly three weeks."

The hardest task of the Japanese student is to learn his own language. Added to its own difficulties are the difficulties of Chinese—for modern Japanese contains a sprinkling of more than 50,000 Chinese characters. The primary student toils over his own language seven hours a week in class, seven hours a week at home, a total of fourteen hours a week for six years. At the end of that time he has mastered only about 3,000 of the Chinese ideographs (each having five or six different meanings). He can read a newspaper. But he is still baffled by a magazine or book, unless written in the most colloquial speech.

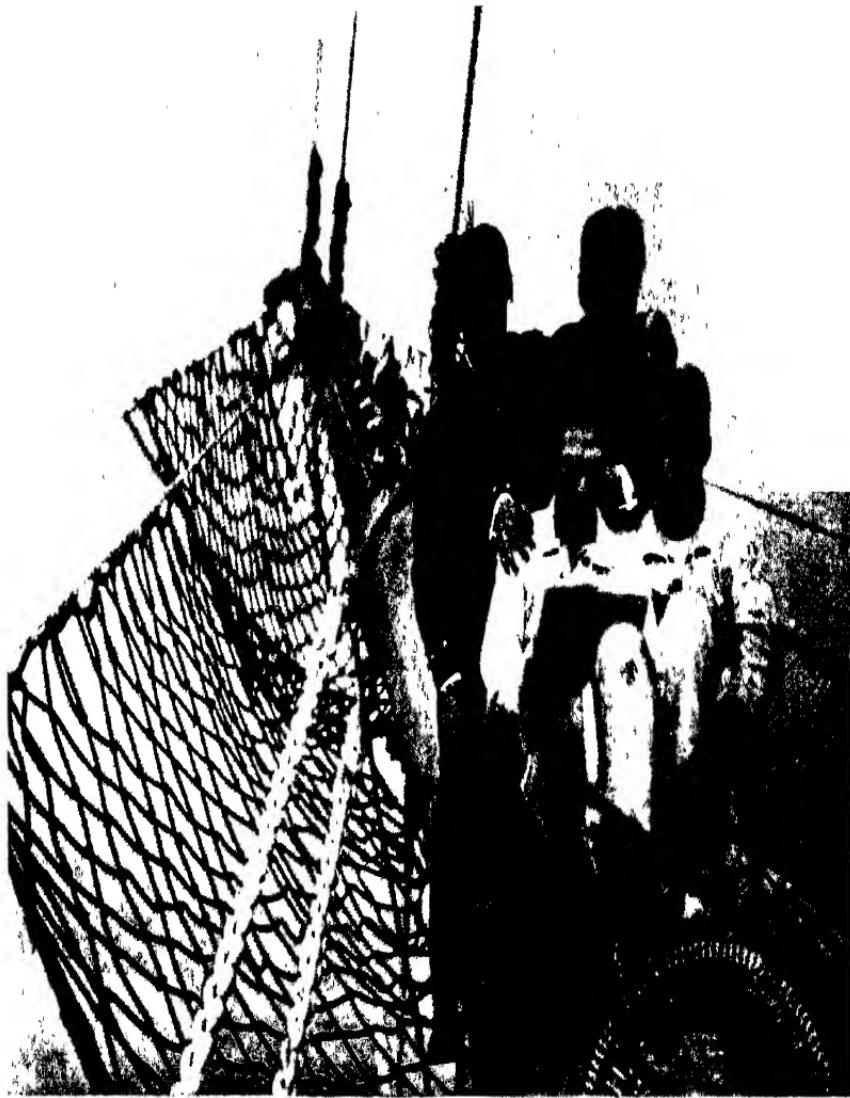
Even university students have a very uncertain knowledge of the literary language. It is supposed to be used

in the composition of letters, articles, books. A young friend of mine in Tokyo Imperial University, principal institution of learning in Japan, confesses that his uncle rarely hears from him—because any letter to him must be written in the old literary form, and its composition is a long and fatiguing task. Even the greatest scholars cannot write without a good dictionary at hand. Educated men find it easier to read old Japanese classics in English translation than in the original.

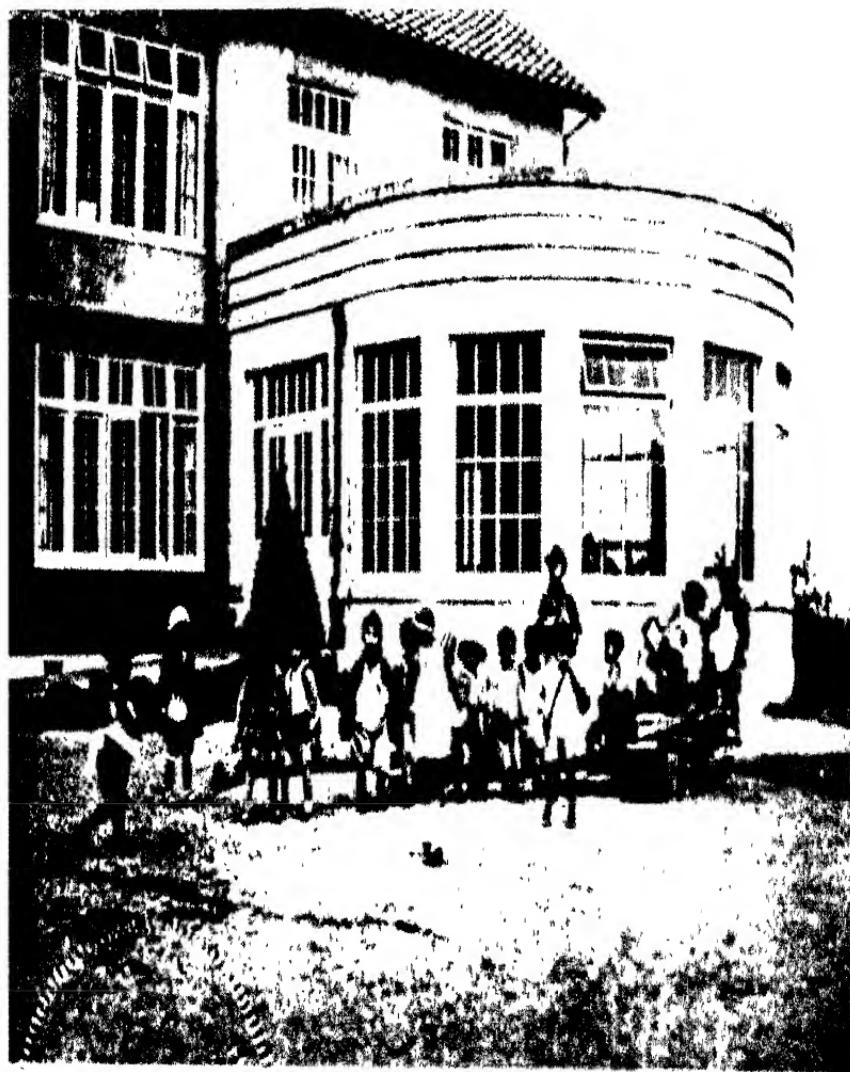
It is also difficult for a Japanese to learn foreign languages, since they are not at all cognate with his own. But he must learn them, and many of them, not in the academic fashion of the western student, but so that he can actually use them in daily conversation and communication. Industrialism requires the languages of industrialism. And foreign trade will go to the trader who can understand the speech as well as the needs of his customers.

The strain of preparing to meet all the world on its own terms means physical breakdowns, nervous disorders, a frightful toll of tuberculosis, and a suicide cult.

An English student would hardly commit suicide if he failed to pass an examination. But education means everything to the Japanese. His family is probably undergoing severe privation to send him to school—for there are no scholarships. If he repeatedly fails he cannot bear the disgrace. There are more than three thousand student suicides a year. The craters of the great volcanoes, Aso, Mihara, and Asama, receive most victims. A relief corps is kept constantly on hand at the top of Aso to rescue those who strike a ledge and, terrified by the boiling hell close below, decide that even school is less formidable. Mihara on the island of Oshima is more popular since,



STUDENTS IN A FLOATING SCHOOL, ONE OF THE SHIPS THAT TRAIN OFFICERS  
FOR THE MERCANTILE MARINE.



FOREIGN MODELS ARE FOLLOWED IN BUILDINGS AND CURRICULUM BUT  
NO FOREIGN INFLUENCE IS ALLOWED TO INTERFERE WITH TEACHING OF  
THE "JAPANESE SPIRIT."

once the leap is made, there is no possibility of change of mind. But some cannot wait until they reach the island. During the small steamer's trips across Tokyo Bay to the island during the one month of July last, twenty-two candidates for oblivion leaped into the sea. Asama, far inland, is not so easily accessible—yet this Moloch receives its offering of many young lives each year.

Where the educational strain does not break a man, it makes him. The Japanese educated mind is a precision machine. It can be geared to any problem and will grind away at it with an impersonal zeal. It has been disciplined to go on and on, without fatigue.

The body too has been severely disciplined. Dormitory life is monastic, the rooms chill, the food meagre. Students, no matter how rich, are expected to share the simple life of their teachers—and the average salary of teachers in Japan is 60 yen, less than £4 a month.

My Imperial University friend, whose father was high in the Imperial Cabinet and whose samurai family includes a judge, a procurator, a governor, an adviser to Manchukuo and the president of a great political party, does not mind being a bit out at the elbow and down at the heel. A right-angle tear in the knee of his uniform has been awkwardly sewed up. These things are badges of honour—signs of the stoic. When I protect my effete feet with three pairs of woollen socks against the winter chill of a Japanese floor, he is comfortable bare-footed. On schooldays his lunch consists of a bit of rice wrapped in seaweed. Fish and vegetables suffice for his other meals. And yet his stalwart frame casts doubt upon the conclusion of Hearn who saw no chance of the Japanese becoming great on greens and fish.

"The thoughts that have shaken the world," Hearn said, "were created by beefsteak and mutton-chops, by ham and eggs, by pork and puddings, and were stimulated by generous wines, strong ales, and strong coffee." But that was written in an age of the glorification of meat. To-day Japan's simple fare is not only endorsed by scientists but verified by the brute strength of the Japanese on the farms, their endurance in the educational mill, prowess in the Olympics, and fortitude in war.

Physical training in Nippon's schools is rigorous, and has been credited with increasing Japanese stature one inch in the last thirty years. Bodies are built that will endure Manchurian winters, tropical heat. A jiujutsu school in Tokyo perversely holds its classes at the chilly hour of 4 a.m. during the coldest winter months, and at noon during the hottest summer days.

In all schools, military training is compulsory. Whereas four-fifths of American teachers are women, four-fifths in Japan are men—and these men are all soldiers. Normal school is so akin to an officers' training camp that graduates are required to spend only one year instead of the usual two in the army. They come out of school trained soldiers.

These soldier-teachers start inculcating the soldier-spirit in their youngest charges. From that time, throughout school, and until the end of the term which every young man must spend in the army, the cult of simplicity and severity is supreme.

The chief outcome of all this is not mere physical toughness, but an ethical edge that will cut through obstacles. Plain living, hard schooling, unquestioning obedience, the habit of application, the passion of "patriotism," and the

code of death rather than surrender, combine to make men who are obtuse to discomfort. They seem not to know when they are cold, hungry, weary.

And every quality that serves them in time of war serves them equally well in the unremitting industrial conflict. For industry is military. It is manned by soldiers. The soldiers, it must be remembered, are not a class apart in Japan. They are Japan. Every able-bodied man is a soldier, subject to call to the colours, and in the meantime enrolled in the industrial army. Japan's economic march is being made by soldiers, disciplined, hardened, intensively trained.

Japan's entire educational system is marked by an excess of zeal. To the Westerner, there seems to be too intense a military atmosphere, too much "patriotism," too much emphasis upon the destiny of Nippon, too merciless an eye-strain, nerve-strain, and brain-strain in the rush to learn. Japan is impelled by a vision that is sometimes almost a frenzy. She sees herself with a rôle to play not merely in Asia but in the world at large second to that of no other nation on earth. And she is preparing.

## CHAPTER IV

### DISCIPLINE OF DISASTER

NOT only the schools, but the elemental forces of nature itself, are educating the Japanese in stern national hardihood for the conquest of the future.

If there are blessings in adversity, surely Japan is bowed under the palms of continuous benediction.

Disasters, like everything else in this methodical country, come with almost clock-like regularity. Storm, fire, flood, drought, deluge, tidal wave, earthquake and eruption—they follow each other like scheduled classes in a school of misfortune.

"I wish there would be an earthquake," says the new arrival in Japan. He soon has his wish. "Not bad at all," he comments, greatly pleased with the novel rocking sensation.

The second one does not please him quite so much. The third makes chills go up and down his spine. The fourth brings out the gooseflesh. He thinks: "I wish they would stop that."

But there is no way to stop an earthquake. And the newcomer's increasing uneasiness is due to his growing realisation that there is nothing he can do about it, that this is something beyond his control. There is no way of telling whether the shock will be trivial or fatal. Perhaps only a vase will fall from a shelf. Perhaps the house will collapse and kill all the inmates.

This is a land of the unpredictable and unexpected. It is in a peculiar sense in the lap of the gods. And they are nervous gods—trembling, stormy, explosive.

Japan is a geological and meteorological novelty. It may owe its very existence to seismic and volcanic outbursts—these, say the geologists, raised it up out of the sea. That Japan once lay at the bottom of the ocean appears from the fact that on the mountain-tops one may find fossilised sea-shells.

According to Japanese legend, Fuji and her lesser companions rose in a night. According to geology, it took a few million years more than that. But according to anyone's casual investigation, it is plain that the upheaval was tremendous. Japan is a land on edge. It is eighty-five per cent mountainous and two dozen of its mountains are between 8,000 and 12,000 feet high. Compare Ben Nevis, 4,400 feet; Snowdon, 3,500 feet.

Japan is an island floating upon a sea of fire. Recently fifty-eight of her 192 volcanoes have been active. There are nearly a thousand hot springs. There are four earthquakes a day, one severe earthquake every thirty months, a disastrous shock every lifetime. Typhoons are frequent. Also tidal waves. Floods. Conflagrations.

Dean of disaster is the beautiful Fuji. Robed in virginal white, she is a devil at heart. Herself dormant, Fuji is a volcanic and seismic centre. The fires still burn below, and burst forth through other volcanoes or shake the earth with quakes many miles away. Fuji has been constituted a Shinto shrine, and thousands of pilgrims climb it yearly to beseech the spirit of the mountain to have mercy.

The name Fuji is an aboriginal Ainu word with two meanings—"Goddess of Fire" and "to burst forth." In

either sense, the name is appropriate. Standing 12,400 feet high, the majestic cone represents the greatest "bursting forth" that has ever occurred in Japan. It has the shape of a perfect ant-hill, and, like an ant-hill, it was formed by material forced out from beneath. It has been compared to a titanic crucible out of which in past ages the surrounding country has been poured. Its most recent great eruption was in 1708; then, in the words of a priest whose temple stood at its base, "Fuji-no-yama suddenly opened in a place overgrown with splendid trees to vomit fire. . . . Showers of stones and ashes lasted for ten days, so that fields, temples, houses, were covered with ejected matter more than ten feet deep. The dwellers in the neighbourhood of Fuji lost their homes and many of them died of hunger."

To-day only steam spurts from holes in the crater's rim; pilgrims cook their eggs in the jets. But Fuji may become weary of speaking only by proxy, through the mouths of other volcanoes. The people fear her, knowing well how dormant or supposedly extinct volcanoes suddenly throw off all reserve . . . how Bandai, for example, roused from a thousand-year sleep to blow off her snow cap and kill four hundred persons.

So the Goddess of Fire, who is supposed to sit in the white-hot centre of the snowy cone, is worshipped more devoutly than any other deity in Japan with the exception of Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess. Contrarily, the Sun Goddess is besought to bring heat, while her subterranean sister is begged to withhold it.

Of the fifty-eight active volcanoes, Asama has been most vicious of late. For five years she has been greatly disturbed and seems to be preparing for a major catastrophe.

The crater is boiling furiously, now and then spurting streams of red-hot lava. Showers of incandescent rocks kill many climbers. Ashes and cinders pour down upon the roofs of houses twenty miles away and violent quakes make life uneasy in the near-by resort, Karuizawa, where British and American residents of Japan spend their summers. The volcano is twice as high as Vesuvius, has a more deeply buried Pompeii near its base, and a greater record of activity.

Asama means "Without Bottom," but the name is a misnomer. The crater's bottom may now be seen at a depth of six hundred feet, and is steadily rising. This gradual filling of a crater is usually a prelude to a major eruption, and seismologists have already given warning that the catastrophe of 1783 may soon be repeated. At that time forty-eight villages were buried a hundred feet deep by a great river of boiling lava. The river then cooled and hardened, and to-day you may walk a hundred feet above the houses and the bodies of the victims, for ever imprisoned below.

I climbed Asama and shall not soon forget the experience. Not that the climb would be difficult to the hardened mountain-climber—but the fact that it must be made at night, and that the trail is easily lost, and that the mountain gives constant promise of annihilating the human midget, lends spice to the adventure.

Being ignorant of the way, I attached myself to a group of Japanese students—but soon found that they were no wiser. We were soon quite off the trail, clambering up through lava boulders, and skidding in cascades of cinders. While escaping the day's heat, we encountered a chill night fog. It drenched us so thoroughly that we could wring the water from our clothes. The darkness was

profound, illuminated only by the occasional flash of an electric torch. The fog smothered even this, and the light of a climber fifty feet away could not be seen.

Now and then we would climb out of a cloud. It lay below us against the mountain-side like a sea against a shore. Roofing us was another sea and into it we would climb.

Dawn found us fog-bound, lost, and shaking with cold. We huddled in the lee of a big rock, the swift, cold tide of cloud sweeping by us. The rumbling mountain had taken to hurling out red-hot stones which went sizzling through the liquid air above us. This should have been terrifying, but in our chilled condition the thought of being struck by a few hot stones was not altogether unpleasant. From our pockets we collected scraps of paper, made a small fire, and warmed our cramped hands.

Where to go? The obvious answer would seem to be "Up!" But Asama is not a cone, and the top of the mountain consists of miles of hills. Therefore the way to the crater is quite as likely to be down as up.

Suffice it that we found it. We came suddenly to an abrupt brink and looked down into a cloud-filled void. We could see nothing, imagine anything. A deafening roar smote us. Down there a titan was hurling hills, tossing up sky-rockets made of incandescent boulders, splashing about in his morning bath of boiling lava. Or was it the sound of a thousand trains going over a thousand bridges? There was also a fluid note in the tumult, reminding one of Niagara Falls—but the fluid in this case was liquid rock. Again, it could be a foundry, Vulcan's workshop, but equipped with all the most ear-splitting modern machinery. What grinding, gritting, bursting,

rending! One of the students spoke to me. I could see his lips move but could not hear his voice.

Belches of sulphurous smoke seared our eyes, made us gasp for air. The changing wind would at one moment cook us in hot steam, then chill us with a bath of cold fog.

We scattered, lost to sight instantly, each bent on some bit of exploration along the rim. There were nine of us . . . when we came together again there were only eight.

One had seen it happen.

"He left this letter," he said when we had descended to a spot of comparative quiet.

The letter was to the boy's mother. We did not open it, but his fellow-students could guess the message.

"School was pretty hard for him," they said.

Even when one knows that there are three volcano-suicides in Japan every day of the year it is a shock to have one come within close range. At least it is a shock to the foreigner—but to the Japanese, suicide is an orderly and recognised procedure, and my companions were only a little quiet as we went down the mountain. We went rapidly, for the titan did not seem to have been appeased by the pathetic human sacrifice, and we did not forget that six descending pilgrims had been hurried into eternity only a few days before by a volley of hot stones. Another had been caught on an island in a stream of lava . . . the island became smaller until the glowing river kindled his clothing.

Many of Japan's most vigorous volcanoes are on islands. Mihara, a few hours' boat ride from Tokyo, is a favourite suicide resort. Sakurajima smokes as a constant reminder of its most brilliant achievement, the burying of a whole town of ten thousand people. Mount Niidake recently

trapped on its tiny island a party of scientists who came to investigate it. The flanks of Uracas, a cone which rises abruptly out of the sea, often gleam at night with streaming lava, and ashes strew the decks of passing steamers.

Other volcanic islands rise out of the sea, stay long enough to collect a few inhabitants, then sink. Near San Agostino an island two and a half miles in circumference rose in 1904 and disappeared in 1906. Smaller islands frequently pop up, get themselves on to a chart, then mock the chart by vanishing. South of the Ogasawara Islands there are many submarine volcanoes which at times capsize schooners by their sudden explosions, spewing up great rocks, and leaving nothing at last but a few floating spars and the stench of sulphur.

There is one profitable by-product of Japan's volcanic energy—the hot spring business. Thousands of hotel-keepers have reason to thank the fiery gods responsible for 954 hot springs to which bathers make pilgrimage by the hundreds of thousands. These springs are of many sorts, simple thermal, carbon-dioxide, alkaline, salt, bitter, iron, vitriolic, sulphur, radio-active. Farmers near spas use warm water in their fields, thus hastening growth; others economise on manure by fertilising with water from ammonia springs.

The city of Beppu has steam heat. Live steam is diverted into the stoves for cooking purposes. There are hundreds of *jigoku* or "hells" where one may enjoy boiling himself in bubbling mud. Even the sand of the sea-beach is steaming hot and one witnesses the remarkable spectacle of thousands of human heads projecting from the beach. The bodies are baking below.

Less spectacular perhaps than the volcanoes, but more

deadly are the earthquakes. The earthquake of 1923 earned distinction as the greatest natural catastrophe of all history. Half of Tokyo was destroyed by the quake and ensuing fires, and all of Yokohama. Official figures disagree as to the number of lives lost, the estimates ranging between 96,000 and 157,000. There was far too much confusion to make an accurate count possible. It is known that in a single square in Tokyo 33,000 people were turned by the holocaust into 150 cubic feet of ashes; an Earthquake Memorial Temple built upon the spot now enshrines the ashes.

On that fateful day there were 222 shocks between noon and midnight. A Japanese friend tells me: "So much dust was jarred out of the walls into the room that I couldn't breathe. I ran out and climbed a tree. Foolishly, I tried to count the other trees in the yard. But I couldn't tell whether there were four or five—they were moving so fast."

The earth split and burst. People in the country ran to the shelter of bamboo thickets—for the bamboo roots go deep and inter-tangle in such a way as to hold the earth together. But it was necessary to crouch low, for the trees beat together, sometimes flailing each other into kindling wood. The quake upset kitchen fires—the cities were soon in a blaze. Thousands fled to the shore of the Sumida River. Other thousands came behind them. The fire followed, and the struggling mass was pushed over into the river.

There was occasional comedy relief. The walls of the Grand Hotel fell away and exposed a lady in her bath on an upper floor. She gesticulated wildly but would not step out of the tub; young gallants climbed up and rescued her, tub and all.

Thousands who did not lose their lives lost everything else. There were estimated to be three million sufferers in all.

Japan outstrips Italy, her nearest competitor, in number and violence of earthquakes. During the ten years following 1923 there were 21,845 quakes strong enough to be felt—besides tens of thousands detected only by the seismograph. The death toll is heavy, the nerve toll heavier. The Japanese do not become used to earthquakes; they heartily dislike and fear them.

What causes earthquakes? Seismologists say that they are due to volcanic disturbances beneath the earth's crust, the steam generated by the infiltration of water to the deep fires, the burning out of subterranean caverns followed by the collapse of these hollows, the slipping of submarine mountains. Earthquakes show affinity for great depressions, and the Pacific basin is the deepest depression on the globe. Therefore the great circle comprising Japan, the Philippines, New Zealand, and the South American and North American coast up to Los Angeles and San Francisco is subject to earthquakes.

If earthquakes cannot be bridled can they at least be foretold? Japanese seismologists have naturally given more study to this problem than scientists elsewhere, and they are now having a fair measure of success in predicting earthquakes in specific localities several months in advance by recording changes in terrestrial magnetism. But there are still plenty of surprises to lend spice to life in Japan.

When disaster does not come from below it comes from above. Rain is the angel and devil of Japan. It makes crops grow with unexampled speed, but it annually causes





AN OSAKA STREET AFTER A TYPHOON, CHOKED WITH LIGHTERS AND BOATS WASHED  
IN FROM THE WATERFRONT A QUARTER MILE AWAY

devastating floods. Rain has made "peaked deserts" of many mountains, despite the efforts of reforestation men, and down these bare slopes rush deluges which swell rivers, sweep away bridges, flood the country, make thousands foodless and homeless. Floods, together with tidal waves and typhoons, drown six hundred a year. Even Tokyo, one of the driest spots in Japan, has more than twice the rainfall of London. In the western mountains, winter snow forms to a depth of eighteen feet, covering the low houses so that tunnels must be dug down to the doorways. This snow melts in spring with dire results. Flood control is expensive—even the wealth of the United States has not accomplished it—and Japan feels compelled to spend upon her army the money that, in a more peaceful world, might be devoted to controlling the rashness of nature.

What the malicious gods above cannot do with rain, they accomplish with wind. Wind means fire. The glow of a forgotten coal becomes the holocaust of a city. Japanese cities are built of wood, favourite food of fire. Japan has 18,000 fires a year, destroying 20,000 houses. In certain parts of Tokyo it used to be taken for granted that the average house would survive for only three years. Modern fire-fighting equipment has changed that . . . but still there are city plans drawn up for new thoroughfares, fatalistically awaiting the inevitable fires that will open the way for their execution. The most recent serious fire was that in Hakodate three years ago, taking two thousand lives and leaving 150,000 people homeless. Japan's most haunting fire fear is of the burning of her wood-and-paper cities by incendiary bombs dropped from Soviet aeroplanes which could readily make the short flight from the near-by Soviet stronghold, Vladivostok.

Earthquake and fire affect chiefly the cities; they do little damage to the farms. The typhoon is impartial. It destroys all alike.

Consider, as a study in calamity, the account a young farmer gave me of his experiences as everything he had worked for was wrecked in one night by a typhoon.

He tossed in his floor-bed. Outside in that dark fury, his farm was being ruined. There was nothing he could do about it. Only lie and wait for morning.

The house shook as if in a perpetual earthquake. Heavy tiles were torn from the roof. A rending crack now and then told the fate of another tree.

Flying timbers that struck the house could only mean that other dwellings of the village were being torn apart. His own house might collapse at any moment.

Although the house was hermetically closed for the night as is the Japanese custom, wind blew through the rooms. A burning wind, straight from the south seas. A wind heavy with sand and salt . . . although the nearest ocean beach was a mile away. He could feel the sand on the covers and the saline spray of the sea on his lips. A bad night for sailors as well as for farmers!

The roar of the wind was no mere roar. It was more like the ear-splitting shriek of a high-powered circular saw. If his sisters called from the next room he could not hear them. He had better see how they were.

He went in to them and turned on the light. They lay tense, staring up from their pillows. Japanese women do not weep, wail or indulge in hysterics. They are used to living on the edge of disaster.

"The worst of it is past, don't you think?" Fujiko said.

"Bound to blow over soon," replied big brother Taro,

perhaps adding bitterly within himself, "and take everything with it."

His entire farm, two acres, wiped out in one night!

After his parents' death, his younger brothers had gone to the city to make a living. It was his duty, as elder brother, to stick to the farm. And, for a Japanese, to question Duty would be like cross-examining the Emperor.

So Taro had no thought of deserting his farm . . . even when he looked out through the greenish-yellow dawn and saw that he no longer had a farm. What had been his farm was a lake. In the midst of it was a powerful current marking the course of the river. But the river was flowing backward!

Then this flood was not river-water nor rain-water, but ocean. Tidal waves, rolled up by the terrific wind, were rushing up the river-bed and overflowing to destroy scores of farms. Grain needs water—but too much is even worse than too little. And this water, when it finally did disappear after some weeks, would leave a heavy impregnation of salt and sand. It would take years to restore the land to its former condition.

As for the near future, there would be no more food out of the soil this autumn or winter.

He went to the kitchen. The girls were getting breakfast.

"Don't bother," he told them. "We'll have to get along on one meal a day now. We'd better have it at noon."

He did not add that soon even one meal a day would not be possible. But they sensed the truth.

"Well, at least we can feed the silkworms," said Natsuko.

Human beings may not be able eat mulberry leaves, but silkworms thrive on them.

Taro opened a storm shutter. "Look," he said.

The mulberry bushes, projecting above the flood, were stripped. Not a leaf remained. The worms must die. There would be no silk this year.

There was someone in the village that morning who had a ready solution for the problems created by natural disasters. He had come on an early train from Tokyo. He had immediately asked which houses contained personable young girls. Late morning found him calling: "Ohaiyo!" at Taro's door.

He was ushered in, leaving his shoes in the entrance. There were some general remarks about the storm. One does not state one's business abruptly in the Orient. The day's only meal was ready . . . courtesy demanded that it be shared with the visitor.

He helped himself liberally. When he had quite finished, he made known the purpose of his visit.

"You will be under great expense to restore your farm," he said to Taro. "Draining the flood, clearing the land, buying fertiliser, seed, new shrubs and trees. Your sisters will wish to help you. Fortunately I am able to be of service to you. I represent interests in Tokyo. Your sisters are attractive and I believe we can use them. It might be possible for us to pay our top price, two hundred yen for each."

The girls were silent. True, it was their duty. Young people of Japan are expected to sacrifice themselves for their parents, and, after their parents' death, for their elder brother who becomes the head of the house.

"What interests do you represent?" demanded Taro suspiciously.

"You have guessed," smiled the oily man, "but I assure

you . . . Don't be hasty . . ." as spade-hardened hands closed on his collar and propelled him toward the door, "think of your farm . . . we might even make it three hundred yen each!" But he was now out in the rain. His shoes came hurtling out after him.

Of course that solved no problems but it was a great satisfaction to Taro.

Which concludes the story of these three, leaving their desperate difficulties unsolved. A quite typical ending, for that is exactly the way the difficulties of hundreds of thousands have been left, following recent disasters in Japan.

Typhoons are annual visitors. An autumn typhoon of 1937 completely destroyed five hundred homes and was accompanied by a tidal wave which flooded thousands of homes and farms. The most serious typhoon of recent years was that of September, 1934. Arriving in Japan with a velocity of 130 miles an hour, aeroplane speed, it not only stripped and flooded farms, but killed three thousand people and injured nine thousand; wrecked eight thousand steamships and sailing craft, blew several trains from bridges, destroyed two hundred and ninety schools, inundated one hundred and five thousand homes, and caused a total loss of sixty million pounds.

As if that were not enough, there was drought in Kyushu which cost the farmers six million pounds, floods in Hokuriku which incurred damage to the extent of two millions, cold weather in Tohoku causing a five-million pound crop failure.

The plight of Northern Japan is desperate and apparently chronic. Barnyard grass, roots and bark are used as food. Bean slabs imported from Manchuria as

fertiliser are eaten. Undernourished children collapse in the classroom. It is estimated that two hundred thousand children suffer from malnutrition. Altogether, seven hundred thousand people live on the verge of starvation.

Persons who can get themselves put into jail are considered fortunate. Grandfathers and grandmothers, too old to work, commit suicide so that they may not be a burden upon others. An investigation in a typical village revealed the fact that the wealthiest family in town did not possess more than one yen (a little more than one shilling) in ready money.

The Government is not idle in such emergencies. Extensive relief measures are for ever in progress. Nevertheless, not only in the north but throughout Japan, the farmer's savings have vanished and his debt is steadily increasing; the average debt of the Japanese farmer now being sixty pounds. And he must pay to the moneylender from ten to twenty per cent interest.

While writing this, I hear heavy cannon booming at the near-by naval base, Yokosuka. Every thirty seconds an explosion jars the house—although the guns are five miles away. This has been going on for an hour. If the cost of that gun practice went into daily living . . .

But in a world full of hates, greeds, suspicions, no nation feels that its people are safe from disaster unless prepared to bring down upon their heads the greatest of all disasters—world war.

Therefore the Japanese endure willingly that the nation may survive. They do not clench their fists or grit their teeth or go through any of the pantomime of endurance. These impossible people only smile. They answer catastrophe with "*Shikata ga nai*" (It can't be helped), and

rebuild. Hardship only tempers the edge of Japanese purpose. Disaster in one form or another as the daily food of Japan has bred a stoical, bull-headed people who know how to fight because they have had a hard drill-master, Brute Nature. There is also a Mother Nature in Japan, gentle, lovely, artistic to a high degree. The charm of the Japanese environment, together with the rigour of physical forces, must have had much to do in the moulding of that curiously two-sided individual, the Nipponese . . . æsthetic and indomitable . . . a man compounded of cherry blossoms and iron.

## CHAPTER V

### DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

JAPAN'S dangerous thoughts are turning from red to black.

Thoughts are scrutinised as carefully as actions in Japan. Men are arrested, tried, executed, for harbouring "dangerous thoughts." Usually these have been of a communistic tinge—but there is now a change in their character.

The war in China and the expectation of a crisis in international relations during the next few years is wiping out the effects of a decade of patient Soviet propaganda in Japan. Naturally the "thought police" claim credit for the suppression of communism. But there has been a corresponding increase in dangerous thoughts along the line of a reactionary and fascistic nationalism. Which makes it appear that the change is to be credited, not to the "thought police," but to the critical position of the nation.

Japan expects trouble—even more than she already has in China. She demands place as one of the three greatest world powers; greatest of all in the Pacific area. She means to hold the mandated islands regardless of any possible decision of the League. She projects a "southward advance" to be backed by the navy. She realises that the Manchurian question cannot be called settled until the powers recognise Manchukuo. She sees the nations throw-

ing up tariffs against her goods. And she does not look for smooth sailing in her relations with Soviet Russia.

In short, Japan stands alone against the world.

This isolation has aroused a patriotism that has had a blighting effect upon communism. The Kyoto Imperial University student, known as a communist, who suddenly appeared in a black shirt as evidence of his change of faith, typified the passing of a vogue.

Communism has been a fad among Japanese students. It was something new, different, imported. There was the zest of danger in it. They approved of it because the "thought police" did not. Few of them knew much or cared much about it. It satisfied the "secret society" instinct of a schoolboy. It prospered because of suppression.

And now it is dying in spite of suppression.

A true communist puts his communism first and his nationality second. But a true Japanese, even though he be a communist, is first and always Japanese. And Japanese students have come to recognise this truth about themselves during recent months of universal talk and daily newspaper comment on the coming crisis. Their games of incendiary talk in dank basements lost zest as the movement for the defence of Japan gained force.

Now those who are in jail are recanting and those who are out of jail are coming in considerable numbers, to police headquarters to announce their change of belief. So strong is the tide away from communism that the present period has been called by the vernacular Press: "Tenko-Jidai" or "Changing-Faith Time." Doubtless there will be backwashes in the ebb tide, outbreaks on the part of communist leaders in an effort to hold their own.

But a full returning tide, even after present emergencies are past, is improbable. The conclusion of statesmen that communism has been a superficial vogue in Japan is based upon the following significant facts and figures.

Since 1928 a total of more than 30,000 communists have been arrested. Of these, 27,000 were so shallowly rooted in communism that they recanted at once and were released. About 3,000 were indicted. Up to date all but 800 of these have recanted. Several trials are yet to be held during the coming year or so and, on the basis of past experience, it is expected that all but perhaps 200 of these steadfasts will renounce their faith before or during their trial. Two hundred remaining true out of 30,000.

Since two arrested leaders, Sano and Nabeyama, belied their faith in 1934, recanting has been the order of the day. That started the ebb. Sano, sitting in jail awaiting trial, decided that the world revolution aim of the communists did not take into account the peculiar needs and character of the Japanese people. When he came to trial he abjured world communism and laid before the court his new plan for "solo state socialism," a somewhat Fascistic scheme patterned for the Japanese Empire alone.

It is a long way from communism to monarchical socialism. Yet four leaders, Nabeyama, Mitamura, Takahashi and Sugiura, took it in their stride during their meditations in prison pending trial.

Another communist leader, Tanaka, decided that the Emperor meant more than Karl Marx to Japan. He came to court in a white kimono (white being the mourning colour), in tribute to his mother who had committed suicide because of his disgrace, and as evidence of the purification of his ideas.

Kishi, former chairman of the League of Communist Youth, used the witness-stand as a confessional to repent of his past and espouse a black-shirt type of state socialism for Japan.

Five sons of Peers, accused of attempting to communise the Peers' school, all renounced communist beliefs. The Board of Peerage and Heraldry of the Imperial Household Department undertook to discipline them, therefore the courts did not prosecute.

"Thought surveillance offices" established in all important cities in 1937 found few communists left, and those quick to repent.

The younger sister of Prince Iwakura went to death by her own hand for the reason that she had disgraced her distinguished family and betrayed her Emperor by connection with the communists. A lad whose thoughtless toy ing with communism had caused his father's resignation from official position threw himself before an electric train. There have been many such suicides of the disillusioned and conscience-stricken.

Now this is most significant—that persons are willing to go to death for the wrong they have done their families, but not willing to go to death in the cause of communism.

Why does not Japan raise up martyrs to communism? Do Japanese lack the courage of martyrdom? Does the prospect of punishment dismay them? Out of 30,000, why do only 800 hold to their faith, and they unsteadily?

When a prisoner recants on the eve of trial the obvious conclusion is that his profession of conversion is insincere. He wants to escape prison and death. That is obvious until one takes note of Japanese character. No people

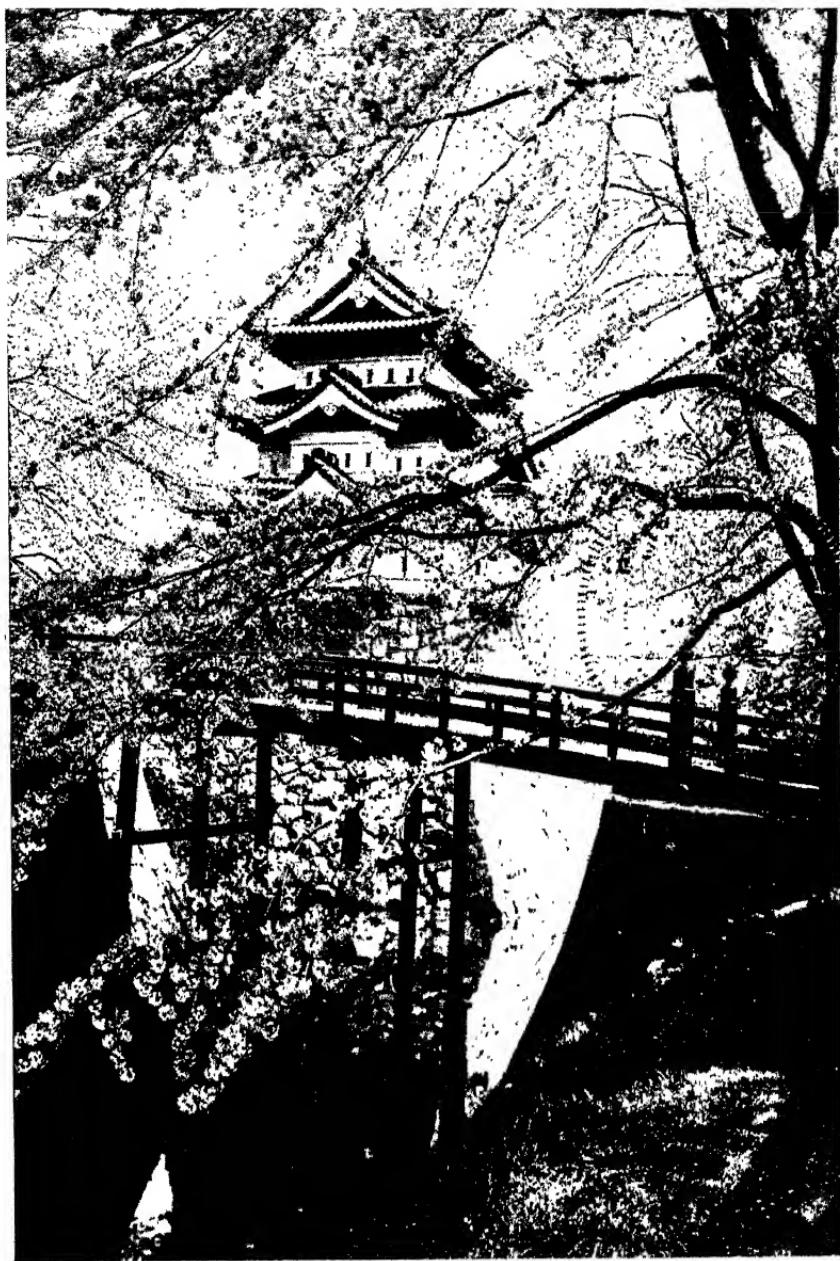
on earth court death as do the Japanese. It takes only a moderate amount of righteous indignation to cause a Japanese zealot to plunge a sword into his abdomen. Young men, displeased with Japan's naval negotiations with the other powers, kill themselves at the doors of the responsible statesmen. Hara-kiri is known throughout the world along with the cherry blossoms as characteristic of Japan. No heroes are so venerated as the forty-seven ronin who committed *seppuku* in loyalty to their lord. Their example is followed every year by thousands of conscientious objectors to cramping conventions and champions of lost causes. In Mihara Volcano alone there are more than 800 suicides a year.

No, Japanese do not lack the courage to die. Nor are they easily shaken from a purpose—witness their tenacity in their Asian adventure. Let a true Japanese get his teeth locked on the bit of a conviction and he will hold to it through hell and high water.

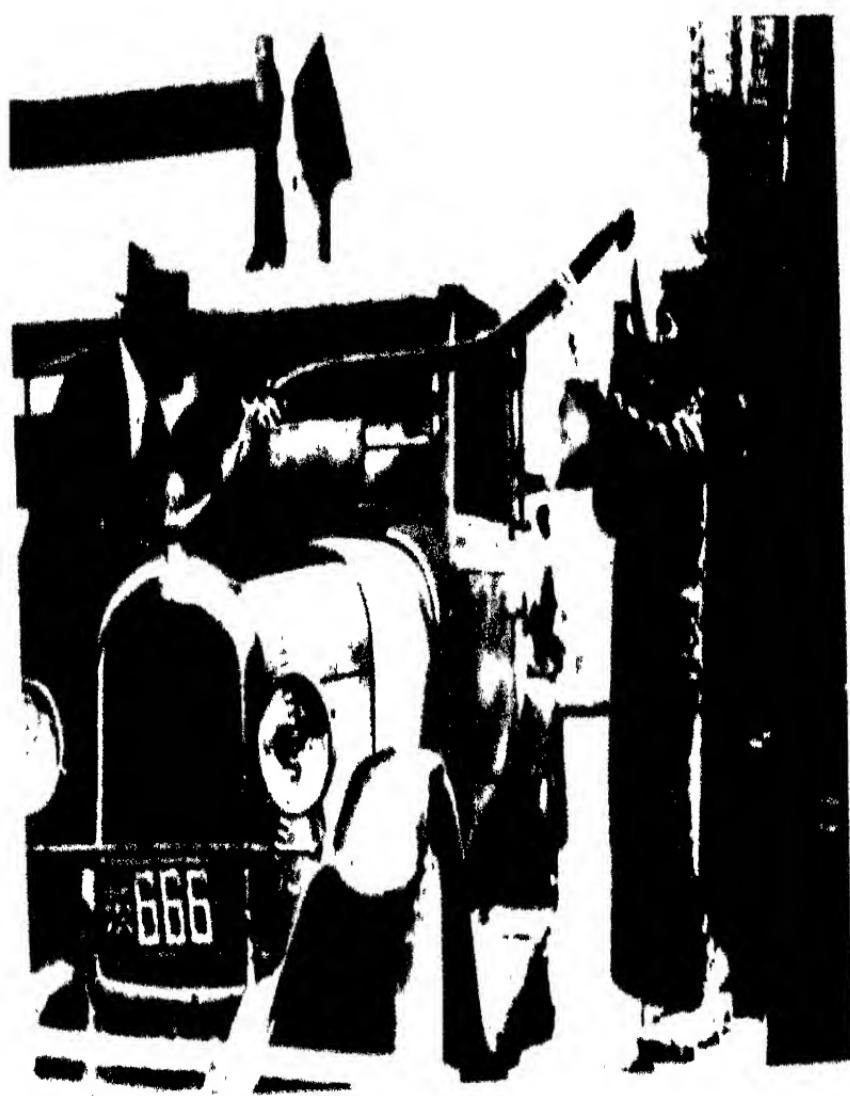
Then why do they not hold to communism? Because communism in Japan is a conceit, not a conviction.

Doubtless there are some insincere recanters. But in most cases the recanting is probably sincere. It was the communism that was insincere.

Communism in most countries has grown up out of poverty and need. There is plenty of that in Japan, but communism did not grow out of it. It is not a product of the soil. It is an intellectual import, from Russia. It attracted, not chiefly the exploited workers and starving farmers, but the students. Planted in the country by the Third International as the result of a conference of Japanese socialists in Moscow in 1922, it has always been a foreign growth. Until 1929 it was entirely supported by



FEUDAL CASTLE OF HIROSAKI. JAPAN'S TRADITIONS PREPARE HER  
FOR AN INTENSE NATIONALISM.



GIRLS TAKE THE PLACE OF THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN CALLED TO  
THE COLOURS.

funds from Russia. Efforts since that time to raise funds in Japan have largely failed.

Students have thoroughly enjoyed communism. It has furnished a live subject for discussion in debating and literary societies. Even in the Imperial University, ward institution of the Government, there have been many communists. Three times a year they have staged a riot strongly reminiscent of a flag rush. They scatter handbills in the college buildings, then gather at the central gate, rush to the Yasuda tower, go through the form of capturing it (from nobody), and hang out white banners bearing slogans scoring militarism, imperialistic invasion, Emperor-worship, censorship and capitalism. They sing the song of the communists written to the tune of "Maryland My Maryland." They make speeches. The reserves are called from the nearest police station—by a communist himself if no one else will call them. They arrive. Without them it would not be a party. They demand that the orators cease. They do not cease. The police mark them, and all others who appear active, on the back with white chalk. Every time one distributes a handbill, applauds, or in some other way shows active interest, he is chalk-marked by the nearest officer. At the end those with the most marks win a trip to the police station. There they are asked some very entertaining questions, and generally released with a warning. And a good time has been had by all.

That is not communism—it is only mischief. But mischief has a way of leading on by easy stages to burning, pillage and assassination. The sport-loving student finds himself gradually involved in deep plots, probably of foreign invention. Prison doors close on him. In the quiet

of his cell he sees his "communism" in its true perspective as only a game that has now been played out—and he sincerely renounces it.

Sometimes real grievances stimulate communism. In Nagano Prefecture poor crops, low prices for rice, and high taxes, caused acute suffering among the peasants. The sons and daughters of these peasants in the schools, and their teachers also, seized upon communism as a possible remedy for all their ills. Groups for the "study of philosophy" were formed. Efforts to make teachers donate a part of their salaries to relieve local government finances stirred the resentment of teachers and intensified the communist movement. Teachers taught communistic ideas, thinly veiled. Stories in the school readers were given new interpretation. Momotaro's conquest of the Island of the Demons, a noble deed by the old lights, was now disapproved as seizure of property to which he had no right. Students were told to write essays on their own poor living conditions, fixing the blame upon the social system. Communistic plays were written by teachers and acted by students. The movement spread to sixty-six schools.

The police, aware of what was going on, quietly spread their net. Suddenly 600 persons were arrested, including 208 primary school teachers. Remember that communism in this prefecture had been fertilised by real grievances. And yet these 600 recanted *en masse*. Only 27 were sentenced, and they on promise of good behaviour were given only short prison terms with stays of execution in eleven cases.

Thus the red weed comes up with one good jerk on the Japanese conscience. It has never been able to take firm root because the soil is already full of the black,

staunch, all-absorbing roots of Japanese nationalism. Particularly as rivalry grows between Japan and Russia, Soviet ideas become less acceptable to the Japanese who is loyal—and what son of Nippon is not?

And there are the looming dangers of the international situation.

So the radical who must eat fire is changing his diet from communism to an intense and reactionary patriotism which would, if necessary, assassinate corrupt politicians, abolish political parties, and unite the nation under the control of the one force that still represents the old samurai spirit of Bushido—the Japanese Army.

Numerous proletarian societies have abandoned their anti-war slogans and turned reactionary. The movement to "restore Japan to ancient and better ways" is sweeping through the schools. In the universities groups have been formed under the military instructors to read old novels, practise the manly arts of *judo* (*jiujutsu*) and study ways to make the island of Japan truly insular, secure against the world that she has too much imitated.

And reactionaries do *not* recant. Of all the patriotic assassins brought to trial for the murder of Japanese statesmen in 1932 and 1933, not one was penitent. Their unshakable conviction in the justice of their cause and their calmness in the face of prison and death made them national heroes. They were memorialised in song and story. Popular opinion would not allow a heavier sentence than fifteen years—for murder! Patriotism was accepted as a defence for homicide.

But death was meted out to thirteen young army officers who engineered the insurrection of February 26th, 1936, when leading statesmen were assassinated. Why the

difference? Because, in the latter case, the patriots did not act as individuals. They acted in their capacity as army officers and led 1,300 men of their own companies—with-out, of course, authority from their superiors. Thus they were rebels against army discipline. And in a land where the army wears the mantle of divinity, such insubordination cannot be tolerated, even though the passionate purpose of the young officers in their uprising was to shake off the political shackles that were being fastened upon the army. It was their intense loyalty to the army which prompted their disloyalty.

Their action, so properly condemned and punished by the army, placed the army in a stronger position, which it has held since. The cutting down of Finance Minister Takahashi removed the last strong opponent to the large budgetary demands of the Services. Japan is nearer than at any time in modern history to state socialism under military control.

Powerful and secret forces are labouring to bring this about. It is the ambition of such groups as the Black Dragons, a Fascist organisation pledged to the abolishment of parties, the Blood Brotherhood, the Death Defying Troops, the God-Sent Troops, the Students' Union for Saving the Nation and many other groups with equally fire-breathing names.

Whereas five years ago there were scarcely twenty Fascist organisations of importance in Japan, there are now more than two hundred large, active organisations and several hundred minor societies.

And the chief rite in all these groups is the prayer meeting. Beware of a movement that centres round the prayer meeting!

Communism has no prayer meeting. It lacks the religious fervour of the new nationalism which has all the fire of a Methodist camp meeting. Representatives of Japan go out to world parleys in a white heat of conviction. International adjustments are exceedingly difficult, for to the consecrated there is only one right way, and it is impossible to recant.

## CHAPTER VI

### TRAINED TO DIE

ESTIMATES of "comparative strength," which have become so numerous now that every nation is matching its power against nation, fail in one important particular.

Men under arms are enumerated as so many digits. And the "comparative strength" of the army depends upon the total of these digits.

But how about the comparative strength of the digits?

Japanese newspapers, reporting the new programme for intensifying military training, state as an accepted fact that the Japanese soldier is already the equal of two soldiers of any other nation. He should be made the equal of three. Thus the Japanese army will possess triple strength without increase of numbers.

If this is bombast, yet there is a germ of truth hidden in it. After a study of the making of a Japanese soldier, one realises a difference between his training and that of any other soldier on earth. It is not a question of merit at all. It is just that the soldier of any other nation, like the citizen, is trained to live and make a good job of it. The Japanese soldier is trained to die.

In answer to my questions, Japanese officers have laughingly denied that they consider the Japanese soldier one whit better mentally, morally or physically than the soldier

of the West. Yet they insist that he is a "better soldier." Because, unlike other soldiers, he courts death as his greatest honour.

The training of men who will go to their doom with the unswerving directness of steel robots is a weird and unworldly process. Some account of how this miracle against human nature is accomplished may be of interest.

The training begins two thousand years before the soldier is born. Bushido has taught the Japanese race to think well of itself, and the Japanese individual to regard himself as nothing but dirt to be ground under the chariot wheels of the progress of his race. The One must give himself for the All. What better racial tradition could there be for the making of die-easy soldiers?

Active military training begins at the age of six. Little tots mark time, goose-step, march in platoons. As they get older, they go through the manual of arms with snap and precision.

When the teacher enters the classroom, a young captain brings the class to attention with the sharp command: "Stand up!—Bow down!" The teacher returns the bow and the lesson begins. Decorum in class is almost too good. There is not a whisper. In the playground, games are regimental. Quarrels are exceptional—fights are unknown. The Japanese do not believe in wasting their fighting strength upon each other.

Upon entering middle school at twelve years of age the boys are provided with light rifles and uniforms with brass buttons. They are thoroughly drilled by military instructors. There is a parade-ground and drill hall in connection with every middle school. War songs are sung with fervour, new ones being constantly supplied with the

approval of the government. Excursions to military shrines are frequent. These excursions are no picnics. They often involve hard endurance marches, and Spartan fare in Buddhist temples.

Each year there are military manœuvres of schoolboys. In such a demonstration ten thousand picked students participate. They are divided into two opposing "armies," the one entrenching itself, the other attacking the position an hour before dawn. The "armies" are equipped with blank-loaded rifles, machine-guns, grenades and field-guns and are commanded by regular army officers.

Perhaps more important than all this is that from age six to seventeen the future soldier is drilled in "Morals" with an imperial M—loyalty to the immediate family, the larger family which is called the nation, and the Emperor who is the Father of all. This goes on until many students when asked: "What is your dearest wish?" will sincerely enough set down this answer: "To die for my beloved Emperor."

After graduation, the Young Men's Association continues the good work. This militant body is hardly to be confused with the Young Men's Christian Association. The Young Men's Association has a branch in every village, usually under the direction of an ex-soldier, and its aim is to make patriots.

Then comes conscription. The young Japanese must put forth his best effort to be conscripted, and usually does so, for it is considered an honour. He must first pass a stiff examination. Those who pass are further weeded down by a ballot so arranged that only one out of eight can succeed. The others are drafted into the Reserve.

The new recruits are acclaimed by the commanding



BURNING INCENSE AT THE TOMBS OF THE FORTY-SEVEN  
RONIN WHO DIED AT THEIR OWN HANDS AFTER  
AVENGING THEIR LORD. DEATH IS PECULIARLY  
HONOURED IN JAPAN.



officers in special ceremonies, and letters of instruction are sent to their homes so that their families may know the conduct becoming to the relatives of a soldier. His life, which has been claimed by the Emperor, they must consider before their own. They must under no circumstances be a handicap to him in the performance of his duty. Many a mother has committed suicide rather than be a burden upon her soldier-son. No great sensation was created recently when two small boys who would have no one to care for them if their father obeyed the call to service in China, bared their bodies to his sword and died with the Emperor's name on their lips. Another conscripted father gave his motherless daughters to a brothel. It is not uncommon for wives to be divorced and sent back to their parents when the call to the front comes.

If relatives willingly endure hardship for the soldier it is because the soldier himself is the high priest of hardship. If he did not find the army sacrificial he would desert it in disgust—as people desert a religion that makes too few demands upon them.

But the army comes up to the ideals of the most Spartan. The conscript drills all day, cleans equipment in the evening, and, by way of amusement, listens to lectures on the duties of a soldier.

His pay is too small to be called a salary or even a wage, but as an honorarium he finds it entirely satisfactory. He is not allowed to receive gifts of money from his pitying parents. His officers, likewise, some of them from rich families, are not permitted to enjoy private means. They must live the common soldier's life and eat his food—eternal rice and vegetables.

Meat is regarded not as a builder of brawn but rather

as a nerve-irritant. The Japanese peasant who uses his own muscles to do the work that is done in Western countries by animals and machines has long since demonstrated that there is no causal relationship between meat and brute strength.

Peasant lads, by the way, so predominate in the army that it has often been called a peasant army. They predominate because they are the best Japan has to offer in the way of native intelligence, powerful bodies and unquestioning patriotism.

The conscript's required two years with the colours are spent in a graduated course of hardships. Whatever topographical features the country round may possess are used to the greatest possible disadvantage. If there are mountains they must be climbed where the climbing is hardest. If there are marshes they must be waded. Rivers in flood are crossed by raft or improvised bridge. Deep snow is an invitation to an exhausting "snow march." The bitterest days in winter and the hottest in summer are seized upon as appropriate times for field exercises. When the ground is frozen, trench-digging is the order of the day.

All this is intended to give not merely physical training but moral stamina. It does breed a fighting machine that seeks always to submit itself to new tests, and looks upon self-sacrifice as the normal way of life.

Or of death. Death rather than surrender is no platitude in the Japanese army, but a strict rule of conduct. To be taken prisoner is "a dishonour of the greatest magnitude." During the first Shanghai incident, Major Koga, lying unconscious on the field, was taken prisoner. When released he went to a military shrine and committed

*seppuku*. Fellow-officers approved, in spite of the fact that his capture had been no fault of his own. General Araki praised Koga as a hero. "Whatever the circumstances," he declared, "one cannot expect to live after being taken prisoner by the enemy."

It is always a simple matter in the Japanese army to get volunteers to serve as human bombs, or to ride within torpedoes to certain death, or to wedge their bodies into the muzzles of cannon so that the obstruction may blow the artillery to bits before it may fall into the hands of the enemy. This does not mean that the Japanese soldier is braver than any other. It is the natural outcome of the ever-preached doctrine of self-immolation for the public good.

Because the army is the chief exponent of this doctrine of sacrifice it has some right to be called, as University students have solemnly described it to me, "the greatest spiritual force in Japan." The army is Japan's church and religion. Buddhism is weak in comparison. As for Shinto, it has become largely identified with the army. Many of its shrines are war memorials. When Christian students objected to bowing before Shinto shrines the Education Minister issued a statement to the effect that such obeisance was not to be interpreted as an act of religion, but of patriotism. He might have said, "the religion of patriotism."

"The men in the service," an officer told me, "firmly believe that they are duty bound to be the mainstay of the morality of the Japanese race."

The army is the will of the nation. While deeply sympathetic with the people, the military appear to believe that the people are incompetent to provide for their own

welfare. Benignly and boldly the army thinks for the people. Is it best for the people to have Manchuria or North China? The army decides.

"The cherry is the best of flowers, the soldier the best of men." So runs the Japanese proverb, and so also runs the conviction of the average citizen. The Chinese, with scant respect for the warrior and his bloody business, have always put their offscourings into the army; the Japanese give only of their best.

They provide their defender with modern military equipment and a perfectly useless sword. And the sword is more important than all the modern machinery of war. It clanks and rattles like something real, but it is actually a psychological sword, a sword of the spirit, the sword of Galahad. It may never be unsheathed, yet it gives the soldier power over his enemies. It is the old samurai symbol of devotion and sacrifice. With it beside him he feels that his strength is as the strength of ten; because the honour of bearing it permits him no thought except the service of his Emperor, and its sharp blade assures him of death rather than dishonour.

## CHAPTER VII

### IRON MEN FROM PAPER HOUSES

I HAVE mentioned some of the harsh influences that prepare Japan for a grim future in the world—over-crowding, education for domination, the steeling effect of disaster, an intense nationalism, training for death. But there are gentle influences also which work to the same end.

Those influences centre in the Japanese home. It must be acknowledged that the Japanese home has much to teach not only to the East but to the West as well. And it is impossible to understand the Japanese merely by watching him on the drill ground. In fact, there he is an enigma. His home helps to explain him.

A foreigner never really lives in Japan until he lives in a Japanese house. In no other way can he get a better introduction to Japanese mentality. For at least his first year in Japan, he should live so. He will not be entirely comfortable, and after it is over he may or may not revert to western type with a sigh of satisfaction, but he will have learned some of the reasons for Japanese strength.

Simplicity, for example.

Sit down while we talk about it. No, don't look for a chair—on that cushion on the floor. Have some sugarless, creamless, lemonless tea in a handleless cup.

Now, glance round this “-less” room. Furnitureless,

rugless, curtainless, pictureless. Practically wall-less too—for you would hardly call those sliding paper doors, walls. And spotless.

But, although there is no apparent attempt at colour, the place is not colourless. The sunlight upon the *shoji*, as the creamy, translucent, rice-paper doors are called, makes the whole interior glow like the inside of a yellow lantern. The unpainted woodwork gleams as if it contained light rather than merely reflected it. The golden straw of the resilient, three-inch-thick mats (*tatami*) which floor the house, looks molten. The room is filled with a multitude of soft tones, too delicate to be called greens or reds or blues, etherealised ghosts of the trees, flowers and sky outside. In other words, it is the outdoors that makes the indoors of a Japanese house.

Now what is the general effect? Bare? Hardly the word, you say. Spacious, free, clean—but not bare, any more than a clear sky would be called bare, or a placid forehead.

Looking at it, you realise that simplicity need not be stark. Simplicity can be as ample as complexity can be void.

"When will we learn afresh from Japan that lesson of proportion, of fitness, of sobriety, which Greece once knew so well?" So Professor Basil H. Chamberlain, formerly of Tokyo Imperial University, once asked. Architect Ralph Adams Cram, visiting Japan, observed that a plain house makes those who live in it seem less plain, as a simple frame enhances a picture: "Free from the rivalry of crowded furnishings, men and women take on a quite singular quality of dignity and importance. It is impossible after a time not to feel that the Japanese have adopted an idea of the function of a room and the method of best

expressing this, far in advance of that which we have made our own."

I said "pictureless." As a matter of fact, there is one picture. It is a *kakemono*, a narrow strip less than two feet wide but extending almost from ceiling to floor. It hangs in the *tokonoma*, a shallow alcove with a floor of beautiful sandal-wood raised a few inches above the level of the straw floor of the room. It depicts chrysanthemums.

Why? Because this is the month of chrysanthemums. In another season the picture will be of cherry blossoms; in another, of scarlet maple leaves; in another, of falling snow. If the master goes fishing, an aquatic picture may be used. During the annual boys' celebration there may be a picture of a brave carp swimming up stream, or of a tiger, representing strength. Each festival calls for its own illustration. Also the vase which stands beside the *kakemono*, as well as the flowers in the vase, will be changed to suit the changing seasons.

Which brings us to another unique characteristic of the Japanese house. There may be plenty of things in the house—pictures, vases, objects of art, small delicately-fashioned pieces of furniture—but they are kept shut away in closets! The house is well equipped with cupboards, cabinets, chests of drawers, all unsuspected because they are of the "built-in" variety. In them everything is stored, leaving the rooms clean and clear. If the householder is wealthy his more valuable possessions fill a separate fire-proof go-down or treasure house. It would never occur to him to strew them all about his dwelling as if to say, "See how many things I have! Imagine how rich I must be!"

From their dark retreat they are brought out one at a time. They are placed in the *tokonoma*. This alcove is

semi-sacred. Not in any religious sense, but as a shrine dedicated to the worship of beauty. One must never step into the *tokonoma*, sit in it, or even sleep with his feet towards it. The seating of guests is determined by the position of the *tokonoma*, the most honoured guest sitting nearest.

In this respected spot the few treasures are placed, enjoyed for a day, a week or a month, then superseded by something fresh and appropriate.

Contrast this with the ordinary procedure in other civilised lands. We surround ourselves with miscellaneous pictures, each one saying something different at the top of its voice, and leave them there until long after they have ceased to say anything to us. We put things on the mantel, things on the bookcase, things on the table, things, things, until they pass in a meaningless blur before our eyes. The room goes stale. Its staleness back-eddies into the owner's personality.

Stripping oneself of ostentation is like stripping a runner for a race. The Japanese have that advantage. They do not try to run under a burden of possessions. The effort spent by most peoples in that form of civil war known as "keeping up with the Joneses" the Japanese conserve for the foreign war of making a place for their nation in the world.

Avoiding the flabbiness that comes from a clutter of comfort, they get the refreshment of new environment. A change of surroundings is as refreshing to the spirit as a change of air to the lungs. The interior decorator in Japan cannot merely "do" a house once for all and be done with it; either the householder, or the decorator himself if the householder does not trust his own judgment and

can afford the services of the professional, must, every few days, "do" it again.

Do not get the idea that the house is restlessly ripped up and laid down again every few days. Nothing is changed but the contents of the *tokonoma* in each room. The continuity and comfort of the house remain unbroken—yet there is always a note of novelty about it; the newly-introduced treasures being all the more gratifying because of the extreme simplicity of everything else.

Japanese young people do not need to postpone marriage for years until they can acquire a gallery of gewgaws. They can start on scratch. Japan's sensational advance in world trade is largely due to the simplicity of the Japanese home. With few needs, the worker is content with low wages, which means that goods can be manufactured at prices that defy competition. The Japanese have not been beguiled by the fallacy that the mere spending of money for things, however unnecessary, brings prosperity. The race of the nations will go to the thrifty, not to the spendthrift. And a full house does not mean a full life.

Moreover: although the Japanese live in an artificial age and like it, yet they manage to keep in touch with nature. The Titan could not be vanquished so long as he kept his feet on mother earth.

As applied to houses it means, make the indoors and outdoors one. The Japanese regard the room and the garden as a unit. There cannot be a picture of the Roman Forum or the Egyptian Sphinx inside if there is no such thing outside. The house is not to be a museum for the study of world history and geography, useful as museums may be. It is to be a home, integrated with its surroundings. Its chief decoration is nature without:

Even when the *shoji* are closed, the sun throws upon the glowing paper the soft shadows of pine, bamboo and butterfly. The pane of glass in the centre of each *shoji* frames a lovely natural picture.

But we clap, the servant appears and slides back the *shoji*, or removes them entirely by lifting them out of their grooves.

Now we are in a house not of paper but of glass. Outside the narrow veranda which surrounds our room on three sides are sliding glass doors. The older Japanese houses had no glass doors, but they are of advantage when the weather is inclement.

We are now in the garden although still in the house! The three glass walls are a continuous natural landscape mural uninterrupted by the Bridge of Sighs or the cabinet portrait of an esteemed relative.

The day is pleasant—back with the glass doors! Or they may be lifted out if we wish to open the house entirely. Now there is nothing much left to the house but a roof supported on uprights, and a floor.

The garden comes into the house on a wave of fragrance. Leaves, butterflies, drift in. Birds fly in one side of the house and out the other. Indeed, birds often honour a Japanese house by building their nest in it, much to the delight of the children.

The house is not a fort against nature with one narrow door like a drawbridge to the outside world, and narrow embrasure-like windows smothered with curtains mustily challenging the outside freshness, "Come no farther!"

The house is a continuation of the garden.

And the garden is a continuation of the distant scene. For every tree, bush, hillock and rock in the garden is



VASE, SCROLL AND FLOWERS IN THE SACRED ALCOVE—THESE ARE  
USUALLY THE ONLY DECORATIONS OF A JAPANESE ROOM.





placed to harmonise with those trees that tower beyond the garden and those mountains in the distance. On one side of our house we look out over a river-valley to a range of mountains; on another, over terraced rice fields; on another, up a heavily-wooded mountain-side; and on the fourth, over a bay of the sea to peerless, towering Fuji, snow-crowned. In each case the designer of the garden has used his skill to make the near view blend with the far.

I have seen a gardener plant and replant a small tree six times, taking a whole day for it although he was paid by the job, not by the hour; standing back after each planting to view the effect from every angle. It reminded me of Lafcadio Hearn's observation as he watched two gardeners at work; "These two old men are composing a mysterious thought with their little trees, changing them, transferring them, removing or replacing them, even as a poet changes and shifts his words, to give to his verse the most delicate or the most forcible expression possible."

In the two-thousand-year development of the art, each tree used in garden composition has acquired a philosophical meaning, a special purpose, and a name of its own. The gardener does not think merely in terms of pines, maples and willows. The trees to him are the "Tree of Upright Spirit," which must be straight and aspiring, the "View Perfecting Tree," the "Tree of Solitude," which gives a solitary wooded aspect, the "Cascade-Screening Tree" suited for use beside the waterfall, the "Tree of the Setting Sun" to interrupt the glare of the setting sun, the "Distancing Pine" suggesting a far-away forest, the "Stretching Pine" which knows how to sprawl its branches over water, and so on.

One lesson from our Japanese garden is avoidance of bilateral symmetry. That applies also in Japanese interiors. Never is there anything resembling the regular, paired-off pattern of the western rug, wall-paper, curtain, ceiling or formal flower-bed.

This garden also illustrates the relative unimportance of flowers. Of course the Japanese are fond of flowers and use them in their gardens—but always give them a secondary position where their early demise will not disturb the general effect. For the garden must be a thing of beauty not only during a brief flowering season, but throughout the winter. Therefore all sorts of evergreen plants, shrubs and trees are combined with artistically-moulded miniature hills, valleys, water-courses, bridges, stepping-stones, lanterns, to form an intimate landscape pleasing to the eye in any season.

Water is always introduced when possible, perhaps in the form of a brook and waterfall. There may be a tiny lake of irregular outline surrounded by rocks, flowers and shrubs.

If water cannot be had, then association of ideas is used to suggest water. The twisting brookway may be so deep and overhung with shrubbery that the absence of water in it is not noticeable, the dry waterfall is still beautiful because of the rocks with compose it, and the tiny pond is floored with creamy beach sand half concealed by the shrubs and rocks along the shore.

Rocks! A flat garden can be transformed by the artistic use of rocks. Beautiful rocks (and they can be grey boulders from some river-bed and still be beautiful) are in great demand among the Japanese. Frequently the rocks in a garden will cost more than the house! A water-worn

rock is sometimes placed on a rich pedestal in the *tokonoma* as an object of art.

I have noticed announcement of a gift from Japan to the University of California. It consists of a load of rocks! As if California, land of stony canyons, did not have enough rocks! But this flinty cargo is a very costly and beautiful gift—we may only hope that it will be appreciated. The shipment is accompanied by a landscape blue-print drawn by Jiro Harada of the Imperial Museum showing how the assortment of boulders, stepping-stones and pebbles may be used in conjunction with a stream which flows through the campus.

Irregular stepping-stones, harmonious but never matched, form the paths in the Japanese garden. Of course no path is straight. The shortest distance between two points is of no interest to the wanderer in a garden.

At the garden limit there is no sharp disillusionment in the way of an iron or wire fence, or even a stone fence built of artificially-hewn blocks. A bamboo fence preserves the natural effect.

All this time that we have been in the garden we have not left the house. And whenever we turn our eyes within we are conscious of the fact that here too care has been taken to preserve the flavour of nature. The outdoors has come in, not only in such obvious guises as the flowers in the vase, the singing cicada in the bamboo cage, and the twenty-year-old pine tree a foot high growing in a tray—but, more important, in the sincerity of the natural wood used through the house.

"Japanese architecture," said Cram, "is the perfect style in wood as Gothic may be called the perfect style in stone."

The keynote of this perfection is frankness. In a western

house, the uprights and transverse pieces that support the structure are concealed from view and covered with an ornamental surface. In the Japanese house these structural features are in plain sight and are themselves used as ornament. The sturdy posts which rise to support the heavy tile roof, and the beams below and above the sliding doors throughout the house, are beautiful in their own right.

Except on the lacquer table, not a drop of paint, stain, varnish, polish, oil, filling or any other surfacing has been used inside this house—or outside either, for that matter. The outside has weathered to a pearl-grey. The inside wood looks exactly as when it came from the plane of the cabinet maker. It is warm, full of life, swirling with veins, marked with knots and burls. Where the sunlight catches those posts they look like columns of cream-and-tan silk, much too ethereal to hold up the roof, the most ponderous part of a Japanese house. Yonder post with its surging grain resembles an upward eddy of smoke. Another is like ivory, except that ivory lacks the vital character of natural wood. Nor would ivory give off this delicate, woody perfume.

Just as all human beings differ, so every piece of wood in the house has a different expression on its face, and something different to say. That would never be true if a common bath of paint had submerged all these varying personalities.

The frames of the paper doors, the occasional wooden doors each made of a single, thin, wide, superbly-grained board, the window grills, the *tokonoma* platforms, the floors of corridors and verandas, all offer pleasant variations in tint, texture and pattern.

The floors just mentioned gleam like satin. But you

may examine them in vain for any trace of wax or polish. The curious explanation of their gloss is that they are briskly rubbed with a cloth moistened in used bath water; the sebaceous secretions of the skin, together with the elbow grease of an industrious maid, serving to impart the glow to the wood.

But the most delightful wood in the house is that of the ceiling. Being indisposed for a day loses much of its curse if the patient may look up at a Japanese ceiling. The infinite variety of exquisite grain in each board will keep him exploring long after the possibilities of the western patient's traditional standby, the regular-pattern wallpaper, would be quite exhausted.

The Japanese who is out to buy a house looks at the ceiling first. It may be worth more than all the rest of the house. The habit of some occidentals of lavishing expense upon an ostentatious front entrance, leaving the back bare and sordid, seems quite contrary to the Japanese. He leaves the street-side of his house severely plain, and exercises ingenuity in making attractive and comfortable the sides bordering on the garden. But his chief treasure he puts into his ceiling. The beauty and wealth are there for anyone willing to crane his neck, but are not thrust into the face of the guest who does not care to be impressed.

In the West we speak of "standardised houses" as a new development. The East has had them for more than a thousand years. You have only to tell the lumber-dealer whether you want a twelve-mat house or a sixteen-mat house or whatever (for the straw mats are always the same size, three feet by six, and are used as a unit of measurement for a room or a house.) The chances are he has all the lumber cut to size and tied up ready for assembling.

The saving to Japan of this method of construction has been incalculable.

The chief building materials are pine, maple, cryptomeria and bamboo; but use is also made of teak, sandalwood, cherry, mulberry, beech, magnolia, elm, cedar, paulonia, wistaria, persimmon and Spanish chestnut.

There are certain walls, for example, those of the *toko-noma*, which are finished not in wood but in—what shall we say? "Plaster" is the English word used, but it is totally inadequate. Plaster, to the western mind, is a cheap material that provides a flat surface which is then to be covered with something better. In Japan it is an end in itself. There are great artists in plaster. It may be any neutral colour. Although as solid as stone it looks as soft as velvet. It may resemble smoke or mist—or it may be more like a deep, woodland shadow against which a *hakemono* of cherry blossoms glows brightly. Sands of various delicate hues may compose it. Or it may be shot through with light by the use of particles of shell, crystal or gold.

Another interesting feature of the Japanese house is the extreme flexibility of the room-space. Rooms may be made large or small at will. Between the rooms slide paper doors; these are not translucent *shoji*, but thick, opaque screens called *fusuma*. The *fusuma* slide in grooves below and above. They may be pushed back, or easily lifted out, making two rooms one. In five minutes all the *fusuma* in the house can be removed and placed in a closet, turning the entire house into one great pavilion open to the garden. The advantage of such an arrangement when many people are to be entertained is obvious. Also it is a blessing on hot summer days. To a Japanese accustomed to the

freedom of the four winds in his home, the permanently segregated and sealed rooms of a western-style house seem like cells.

The Japanese does not routine-ise room functions. He does not understand the Westerner's insistence that this room must always be the living-room, that the dining-room, that the study, that the bedroom. He rests, dines, studies or sleeps in any part of the house. This side is most popular when the iris is in bloom near-by, that side when the wistaria hangs full-blown over the edge of the roof, the seaward side when there is a fine sunset over the ocean.

If bathing influences character, the Japanese bath is a factor of no small importance in civilisation.

We western barbarians know little about bathing. Our bathing history has been brief. The western bathtub is a modern invention—and an atrocious one. Our none too ancient ancestors were content with a bath every Saturday night. But these Japanese have been bathing, morning and night, every day, for two milleniums. By this time they should know something about it; and they do.

The foreign resident in Japan, no matter how obdurately western he may be in other matters, is an early convert to the Japanese bath. The foreign-style house may be thoroughly New York or London in other particulars, but it goes native in the bathroom. Sometimes the Japanese *narikin* (*nouveau riche*) who wishes to ape the West in all things, puts in an American tub. But he does not bathe in it. One such tub I saw was used as a goldfish pool. In an adjoining room the owner had installed a genuine Japanese bath.

Such a bath has a trilogy of virtues.

First, the entire floor is, in a sense, a part of the tub.

That is, water may be spilled, splashed or dashed anywhere with perfect abandon—it will find its way out by a drain. The actual soaping, scrubbing and rinsing operations are conducted upon this floor.

Second, when you are ready for the tub, you step up over a foot-high wall and down into a pool three feet deep. You subside in water up to the chin. All the supposedly impossible and extravagant luxuries of the ancient Roman baths are yours. Deep-water bathing is unknown in the bathrooms of the West. Our tubs hold enough water to provide a satisfactory bath for a lap-dog. Some of the tubs in Japan would comfortably accommodate a youthful hippopotamus. And as that animal loves to sink chin-deep in a steaming river, so the human body luxuriates within this high-collared coat of hot water, suffusing comfort, opening tightened pores, relaxing drawn muscles. What a joke it makes of the foreign tub and its futile effort to bathe a six-foot man in six inches of water! What America needs, much more than a good five-cent cigar, is deeper baths.

Third, the water is hot. A furnace built into the wall of the tub keeps the temperature at 110 Fahrenheit. Too hot, says the new arrival in Japan. But when he has learned what the orientals knew before our chronology began, namely, that while a tepid bath may induce to a chilly reaction, colds and rheumatism, a very hot bath has no such after effects, he is thenceforth a hot-water addict.

The fact that the Japanese are the most-bathed people on earth not only affects their own character but it gives them an evangelistic power in an orient that sorely needs the gospel of cleanliness.

The Japanese home is not superior to others in the East

in the matter of sanitary plumbing, kitchen convenience, labour-saving devices. It has no basement. No central heating. And any person trained from childhood to adjust his body to the rigid contour of a chair would not be permanently comfortable living on the floor.

But the Japanese home reveals distinctly certain Japanese characteristics which cannot but have strong impact upon the coming history of the orient . . . a delight in stern simplicity, a love of the natural, a strong sincerity which the West perhaps had not suspected to be a Japanese trait, a freedom from the rule of things, a cleanliness of body which cannot but affect the spirit, and a devotion to doing things in the most direct and economical way possible. It is these finer traits in combination with the harsher ones already noted that inevitably make Japan—whether for good or evil, or both—a determining force in the Pacific world of the future.

## CHAPTER VIII

### 'PLANE'S-EYE VIEW

A LONG arm has been flung across Asia. The actuating shoulder is Japan, the upper arm is Korea, the forearm is Manchuria and the fingers tap uneasily on the border-line of Russia.

You are to fly the length of this arm. Beneath will unfold a panorama of Nipponese personality ranging from practical achievement to unspoken dream.

Or if you wish to forget the personality that seeks to remake Asia, and merely enjoy the scenery, you will hardly find a trip on earth more picturesque than this jaunt along the volcanic backbone of Japan; above that perfect picture, the Inland Sea done in water-colours; over the sails of the Straits; up through hermit Korea; and across sweeping Manchurian landscapes to the Russian drosky bells of Manchouli.

Waiting for the 'plane to warm up, the passengers have time to look each other over.

The American automobile salesman has been in Japan so long that he buys his clothes there—and they do not fit him. Beer-barrel trousers on a bean-pole figure. With every step one of his shoes asks a question and the other replies in the negative.

There is a major behind a phalanx of medals. He is on his way to Manchukuo to join a punitive expedition. He

looks like a piece of granite. But he crumbles a little round the edges when he sees the geisha.

She is a snare and a pitfall. Her sunburst of kimono and obi, her mountainous coiffure bedecked with Christmas tree ornaments, her becomingly coy little made-up face, all give warning that she has broken off diplomatic relations and mobilised on every front. The squeaking salesman is enthralled by a shy smile, just for him. She gives the major an occasional flash, as if to keep him in the running. But her main barrage falls upon the bandit.

Really an ex-bandit, and now governor of a district in Manchukuo. But he looks capable of reverting to type at any moment. A romantic devil, tall, straight, a mixture of Mongol and Manchu, powerful as a bull, yet polished. A little the intellectual prizefighter type. He speaks good English—and it comes out that the smack of erudition which he has used so successfully in his chosen profession of banditry was acquired at Harvard.

There is a guard who bulges with revolvers. It seems that there is some bullion in the baggage compartment bound for Mukden and he is along to see that it gets there.

And if these travelling companions do not make you nervous, as they seem slightly to make each other nervous, you are invited to fly with them in imagination for a 'plane's-eye view of Greater Japan.

Up—and over Tokyo, dizzy contrast of new and old. In the distance, the Imperial Palace—over which the 'plane would not fly even if near enough to do so, for no man may look down upon the Son of Heaven. Round the Palace, hoary stone walls. Hanging over the walls, giant pines and cryptomerias, admiring themselves for centuries at a stretch in the waters of the old moat. Within that ancient setting,

the oldest ruling dynasty in the world, its unbroken line reaching back more than two thousand years and claiming divine descent from Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess.

Outside the moat, modern Tokyo, and an almost continuous city to and including Yokohama. Wireless towers, cinema palaces, department stores, streets black with fifty-sen taxis. Samurai in coats and pants. A general air of breathless haste. Must catch up with the rest of the world—and pass it.

The orient slow? Take aviation, for example. Japan showed air-mindedness three hundred years ago when her strategists tied themselves to kites to get a look at enemy fortifications. More than a hundred years ago, Kokichi, a paper-hanger, graduating from step-ladder adventures, invented a glider. Whether he did his walls in it is not recorded, but the story is told of his descent frightening away the feasters from among blossoming cherry trees, whereupon he devoured the feast and was exiled by the hard-hearted police to a distant land. Not for feasting, but for being so mad as to fly.

In 1874 another inventor of a glider was refused permission to conduct test flights for the reason that "although the idea was praiseworthy, it was a mistake for man to imitate mere birds."

But nothing was said about beetles. In 1894 an entomologist who was also a kite enthusiast observed that the hard wing-case of a beetle give it buoyancy while the soft winds underneath enable it to fly forward. He built a 'plane quite like the 'plane of to-day, except that it was motorless.

Experiments multiplied. The army became interested. A motored 'plane was built in 1910. The builder, Captain

Hino, together with Captain Tokugawa, were sent to Europe to study the new science. They came back with four 'planes.

But it is significant that, from the first, Japan was not willing to accept ready-made 'planes from the West. Japan always wants to roll her own. Captain Tokugawa, within a year, succeeded in building a biplane after the Farman model. Captain Hino turned to engines, and produced a forty-horse-power aero-motor which he installed in his monoplane. Thereupon he quit the service to become a motor manufacturer.

He soon had plenty of competition. To-day the manufacture of aircraft is one of the major industries of Japan. Most of the 'planes in use in Japan are made there. Also Japan is beginning to export 'planes, motors and parts to the rest of the world, including the United States.

The war bogey spurred Japan to make her own 'planes and to depend upon no other country, least of all her possible enemy, America. Jingo journalism, on both sides of the Pacific, lost American manufacturers a golden opportunity in the East.

The air is alive with 'planes as you wing past the Yokosuka naval base. The major is much excited. He points to a white monoplane, then writes on his conversation pad:

"Donated by the barbers."

There has been something in the paper about it. Ten thousand barbers so increased the persuasiveness of their "Shampoo, sir?" that they were able to present a 'plane to the navy. Another thirteen thousand barbers in the island of Kyushu, by similar patriotic super-salesmanship, have added one more fighting 'plane to the army.

The whole nation takes enormous pride in the air force.

The *tofu* (bean-curd) association of Tokyo recently advanced the price of *tofu* one sen a piece, and made 'planes out of *tofu*. Primary school-teachers to the number of 220,000 contributed one sen monthly from their salaries to provide two 'planes, one for the army and one for the navy.

Schoolboys and schoolgirls have given many 'planes. A student will cheerfully go without a meal a day to help put one more 'plane in the sky for the glory of Japan. When the 'plane is commissioned, a half-million proud students will assemble to see their ship take to the air. A solemn patriotic ceremony is held in which they pledge anew their readiness to sacrifice themselves, to die if necessary, for their Emperor.

The larger schools and universities have their own 'planes. These are supplied by the Aviation Board of the Government. The Board also supplies instructors to train the boys. All the young flyers are affiliated in an organisation known as the Japan Students Air Navigation League. Each year a thrilling air contest between schools is held. Every one of the aviators is a student. He has had to squeeze his flying practice in between classes and homework. Yet one sees half a dozen 'planes, each painted with the colours of a school or university, doing the loop, spiral, falling leaf, split S and even the dangerous tailspin-maneuvres that would be necessary in a fight. Recently when a 'plane crashed in flames, burning its young pilot to death, the spectators sang the national anthem—but there was no break in the programme aloft. Of course the object of the Government in thus encouraging student flying is to build up a corps of flyers who will serve their country in war.

You slide past the Miura Peninsula where Commodore Perry once landed and stirred Japan out of her medievalism —little realising what he was starting!

Now, far out to sea, appears the smoke of the volcano Mihara on the island of Oshima. Why should this crater, so difficult of access and so lofty, be the most popular suicide shrine in Japan? It would seem that anyone who has the energy to climb a mountain to commit suicide has energy enough to keep on living.

The underlying explanation is that the Japanese regard suicide not as a disgraceful, sneaking exit from life to be skulked through, but as an offering to the sacred fires. There is something of the old Moloch-idea in it. If Earth will not have them, they shall give themselves back to the gods. The volcanoes are constituted Shinto shrines. They are the special abode of spirits. If life must be given, it should be given where it will appease the unknown powers and benefit the nation. Thus volcano suicide takes on some of the heroism that colours *seppuku* (*hara-kiri*).

On the other side, Fuji's gleaming cone of white seems visibly to grow as the 'plane approaches. Like a huge inverted fan (a favourite Japanese comparison) Fuji seems suspended in the sky as if held above by some invisible hand.

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Tea is served by the air hostess. She is a trim little moga who acts as conductress, waitress and guide, and speaks all languages with an equal lack of facility. The party loosens up. Scribblings and shoutings become more frequent. The major seems to be making a definite pass at the geisha. The bandit notices it and his bushy brows huddle. The

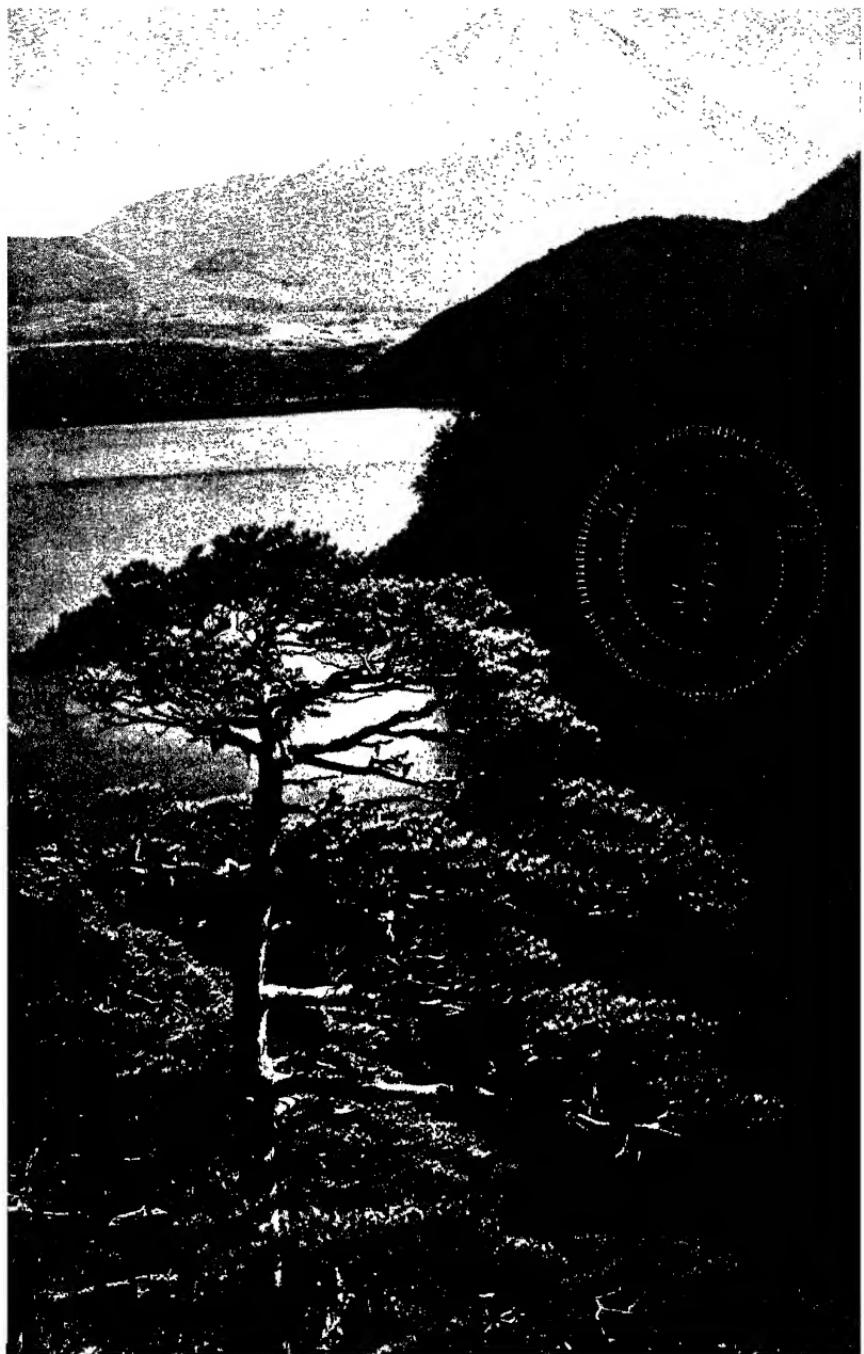
major gives her an air pillow. The bandit puts a shot of something in her tea. She leads them both on. The Japanese geisha, with all her exotic trappings, is just another slice of the eternal feminine. She exemplifies the old truth that "every woman is as old as the earth—but a man grows up green every spring." Too bad neither suitor can sit beside her. But the eight seats of the tri-motored, Japan-built, Fokker-F-VII-type landplane are arranged four on either side of the cabin.

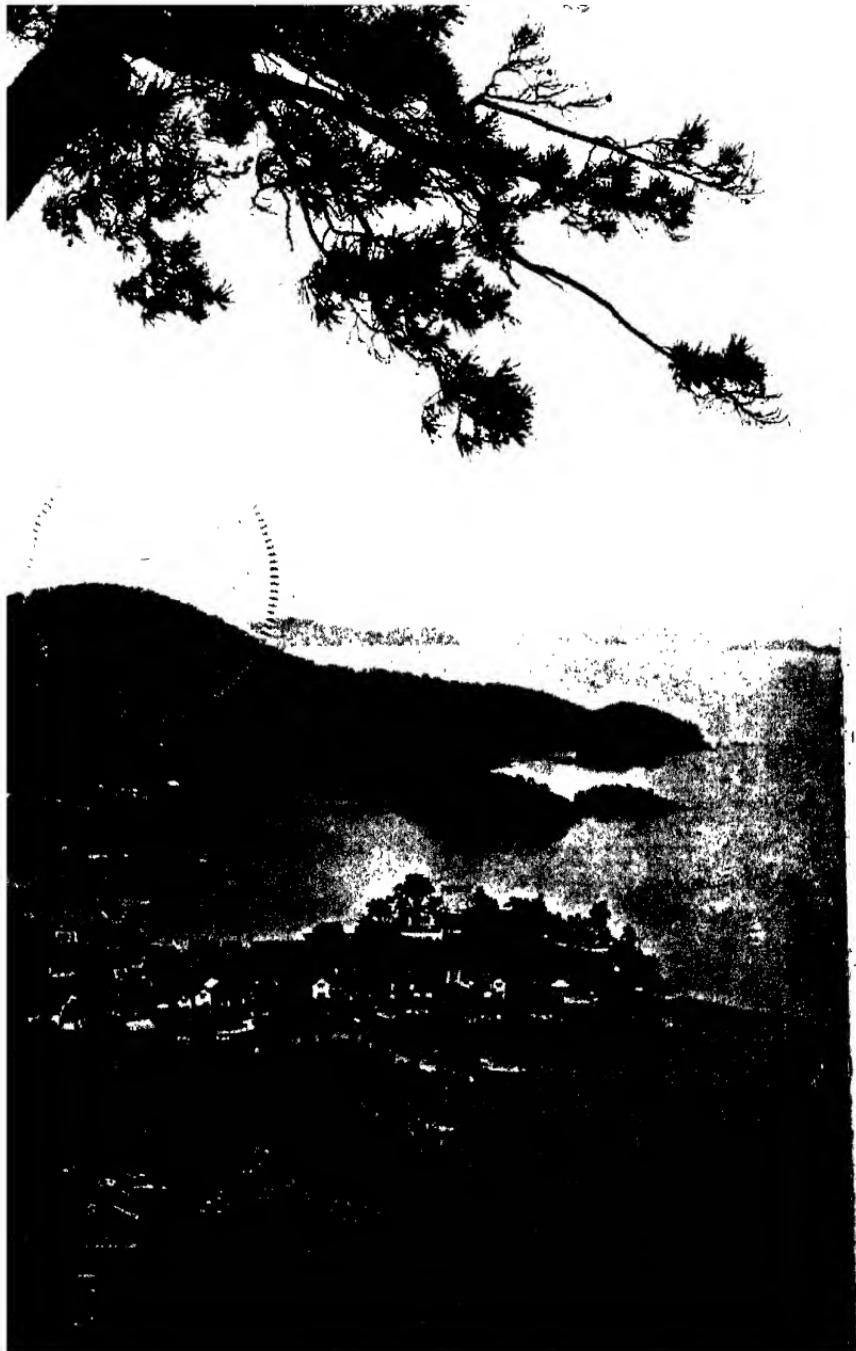
"To-night we'll see who's who," scribbles the salesman. Cupid is handicapped in a 'plane. But all passengers must spend the night in some Fukuoka hotel.

The 'plane begins to bump. Below is Lake Ashi (Hakone), surrounded by mountains. And farther inland, past Fuji and beyond, more mountains as far as the eye can see. But Japan is little more than a mountain range—a rough duplicate of the Rocky Mountains set out in the sea. Except that here seventy million people try to live, a feat certainly not attempted in America's Rocky Mountains. Those who cannot find room in the narrow valleys climb the slopes, and some of the less difficult mountains are terraced with fields to their summits.

In one way the mountains are a blessing, for their swift streams provide abundant water power. Nowhere else, not even in America, is electricity so widely used in remote country districts.

Ise Bay is crossed. Far out may be seen the tip of the Ise Peninsula, famous for its piety and pearls. On the shore is the Japanese Mecca, the most sacred shrine of Japan. In the water are the Mikimoto pearl fields where violated oysters are forced to have pearls whether they want them or not. An unfeeling operator insinuates a grain of





neither to the continent nor to the Pacific, divides its allegiance between the frigid and the torrid zones, and twists the air into knots with its icy mountains and warm Japan Current, the pilot has to worry about 286 pressures a year, 148 days of rain, and many more of hand-before-your-face visibility. The swirling mists of Japan may delight the artist, but not the pilot. Because of the difficulties he is to encounter, the pilot in Japan must undergo a far stiffer preparation than in America. He makes a good pilot—and yet, thanks to the elements, crashes are frequent.

The clouds which suddenly smothered the ship above Osaka, suddenly part, as if drawn aside by a master showman to reveal Nature's prize pageant, the Inland Sea. This magnificent waterway is 240 miles long and varies from three to thirty miles in width. It is a maze of mountainous islands. Hundreds of white-sailed fishing-boats and a few black-plumed steamers weave their way through the labyrinth.

Quaint, isolated island-villages suggest old-time Japan. But in one of them the peering occupants of the low-flying 'plane see a motion picture company at work with a score of actors and elaborate equipment, cameras, sound apparatus, even Klieg lights to supplement the fitful sun. The motion picture producers must be everlastinglly at it in a land where the average show lasts from three to four hours, and two full-length features as well as numerous shorts are presented in each programme.

The geisha shrilly sang the theme song from a recent American picture—in Japanese translation. She continued to entertain with the Japanese lyrics set to the tunes of "Auld Lang Syne" and other old favourites. The salesman

joined her in "Old Kentucky Home," matching her Japanese version with the English.

Then, on his own hook, he burst forth with "Maryland my Maryland." The geisha frowned. The major turned and glowered. The bandit stared. It was enough to embarrass even a salesman. He stopped.

"What's the matter?" he wanted to know.

"This song," said the major. "You know what it is?"

"Of course. An American song. 'Maryland my Maryland.' "

It was the major's turn to look astonished. "*Sa! So desu ka?* I did not know it was an American song."

"What did you think it was?"

"The same tune is used by the communists in Japan—for their song of revolution. Very dangerous to be heard singing it. The police would not know it had ever been a foreign song. They would not believe you. You would go to jail."

The salesman experimented with no more songs. The major occasionally scrutinised him doubtfully out of the corners of his eyes.

That is a sample of the way the East has so thoroughly assimilated some things western that she does not realise that they ever were western. Frequently, in speaking about some object as occidental as a sewing-machine, or a Whirlwind engine, Japanese friends ask the visitor from the West: "Do they have that in your country too?"

"Fish 'planes,'" shouts the major, indicating three ships flying not more than thirty feet above the glassy surface. "They locate schools of fish for the trawling fleets."

Thus the oldest industry of sea-girt, fish-eating Japan, has been modernised. When a school is discovered, the

'plane reports to a central fish research office on the coast, a siren rouses the villages and the men take to the boats.

Aeroplanes are also extensively used in Japan for surveying, planning reforestation projects, readjusting agricultural holdings so that the average farm will look like a farm instead of a patchwork quilt. Government maps are made from the air. Railroads never attempt new lines through the mountains without preliminary air charts. Cities use aerial maps in systematising postal delivery.

JAPAN IN MANCHURIA



## CHAPTER IX

### TO FARTHER JAPAN

DOWN at Fukuoka . . . off to a Japanese inn . . . and all meet again in the bath. The geisha does not look so attractive without her clothes. The bandit, on the other hand, gains by nudity. He is a Mongol god. The major, too, has lost nothing by removing his uniform. He is a military man through and through and, even in the tub, looks as if he still had his sword.

The American salesman remarks that he can feel the rebuking shade of his grandmother near him in that bath. "Grandmother not only bathed in strict privacy, but used to cloud the water with bran."

The bath is the only public room of a Japanese inn. There is no lounge, no dining-room. Social life is limited to the bathing hour. Once towelled, kimono'd and out, there is nothing doing the rest of the evening, except a quiet meal in your own room.

Solitude—unless you call in a geisha. That is what the bandit does and the geisha is his travelling companion. Her voice, raised in song and accompanied by samisen, pierces the paper partitions. The bandit, as the saké warms him, roars like the bull of Bashan. In the corridor the major stands, smiling, near the *fusuma*, the sliding paper doors, of the bandit's room. He is talking quietly with the guard responsible for the safe arrival of the bullion in

Manchukuo. The major seems in the best of spirits, anything but heart-broken.

You arrive at the airport in the morning to see two policemen relieving the bandit of his revolvers.

"He's been placed under arrest," says the salesman, who should have been a reporter, so delicately attuned in his nose for news. "Last night he told the geisha too much. Seems he is still in with some bandit gang in Manchukuo."

"Will he be held here?"

"No. He'll have to go to Hsinking for trial. So he'll travel along with us."

A pleasant travelling companion—a powerful and resentful prisoner! He is not handcuffed. After all, he is still a governor, and unconvicted. He is seated immediately in front of the revolver-bulging guard. That worthy must now watch over both the bullion and the bandit—and observe a nice distinction between them.

The blocks are removed at 8.40 and the ship takes off for the mainland of Asia. Below, a school of porpoises rises and falls like a living black wave in the Straits which separate Japan from Korea. A copper radio antenna dangles from the 'plane and seems almost to touch the sails of the fishing fleets and the top of the white lighthouse where all the family peers out and waves. Then the antenna is reeled up in time to escape being swallowed by a crowd of open-mouthed bystanders who have quit work (if they had ever begun it) to see the 'plane land.

The Korean is the world's best looker-on. Japanese flit past him, but he stands as immovable as the Buddha carved in the cliff of Pirobang. His whole costume is that of a

spectator; surely no man could work in those wooden gondola shoes, the voluminous white skirt, and enormous mushroom hat as expansive as an umbrella. Some vary the style in headgear by affecting a jaunty fly-trap, worn a little off centre, and held on by two ribbons tied in a bow under the chin. Through the loosely woven horsehair of this creation the breezes come and go and the topknot which indicates the married man may be plainly seen. In the topknot is a small steel lightning rod. It is guaranteed to divert the evil spirits, including that of a wife.

Devil-dread is the dominant force in the life of the Korean. Even the airlines feel the effect of it. Once when a little digging for foundation work was done on this landing field at Urusan (Fusan) an official delegation came from the mayor's office to protest. The dragon which protected the town lay close beneath the surface of the soil. If his head or tail should be injured, dire results would ensue. It was found politic to shift the digging operations to a point where, according to a necromancer, the dragon's body would not be touched.

Also it is difficult to find a tract of land for a flying field where there are not a few humpy Korean graves. There is a great to-do if these are destroyed and the vengeful spirits scattered.

The aeroplane, with its devilish-looking motors, is regarded with suspicion. The Korean's science is simple—to him it is not *deus ex machina* but the demons in the machine that make it go. Even to-day the swaying *mudan* (sorceresses) in the devil-houses along the route make protective passes when the roar of a 'plane is heard. Many a sickness is blamed upon the evil eye of the devil-bird.

Japanese schools are doing their best to enthrone science

in the philosophy of the Korean, and with great effect. Yet there is the stubborn persistence of primitive animism. And one reason for it becomes apparent as you fly northward. The country is so mountainous that communities are isolated—buried away in mountain fastnesses along with their pet superstitions. The mountain is the school's enemy; the road, its ally. Roads are being extended by the Japanese with Roman zeal, but the natural obstacles are tremendous. Some mathematician out of a job has had time to figure that if one could take an iron and flatten out Korea it would cover the earth.

Formerly the mountains were dreaded, and properly so. Their vegetation having been torn up for use as fuel, the rains rushed down their bare slopes and flooded the rivers, which in turn ruined the farms in the lowlands. Result, famine. To-day, as may be seen from the 'plane, the mountains are being tamed by reforestation. One of the grievances of the Korean is that the cutting down of a tree has been made a prison offence.

Now, below, appears a beggar with a silk hat. That is the impression given by Seoul, city of squalor and splendour. Its thousands of mean little huts covered with straw thatch rounded at the corners so that they resemble huddling beetles are in sharp contrast to the magnificent buildings of the Japanese Governor General and modern commercial structures. Its old walls, great gates and the crumbling palaces of its ousted Emperor tell the pathetic story of a day when the Koreans ruled themselves.

Forty minutes after noon the ship drops into the Seoul airfield. There is just time to snatch a *bento* (a lunch on the wing) and observe an odd incident. Some time before, a Korean had died in one of the airport buildings. Now



THE SCENE HARDLY LOOKS JAPANESE—YET THIS CATHEDRAL  
AND ITS PRIEST AND 70,000 OF HIS RUSSIAN COMPATRIOTS  
ARE NOW UNDER THE JAPAN-RAISED FLAG OF MANCHUKUO.



that, it seems, was not according to Hoyle. The Koreans believe a man must die at home. Otherwise his spirit will wander homeless. So the relatives of the deceased had come to get his spirit and take it home. A strip of red carpet had been stretched from the point where death had occurred through the building and out the front door. On the end of the carpet, near a waiting taxi, stood a box containing food. A sorceress danced and chanted down the carpet, enticing the spirit to the box, which it entered in quest of food. The lid was clamped on, the box placed in the taxi, and the spirit triumphantly borne homeward.

The punctual 'plane informs Pyengyang by its arrival that the time is 2 p.m. and flies on after a ten-minute stop to Singisyu. The only apparent reason for the existence of Singisyu is that it marks the end of Korea and the beginning of Manchukuo. Passports and customs. Here the Japan Air Transport 'plane (bound for Dairen) connects with the line of the Manchuria Aviation Company—and you change to a 'plane bound for Mukden, Hsinking and points north.

. . . . .

Over Manchukuo at last! Asia's bone of contention, now in the teeth of Japan. Japan's chief reason—but the one reason she cannot give—for demanding armament equality with the other great powers. When the Washington Treaty was signed in 1922 the population of the Japanese Empire was eighty million. Now, with the inclusion of Manchukuo, Japanese dominion controls 130,000,000 people—roughly the population of the United States. Along with this enormous increase in the population for which Japan holds herself privately, if not

publicly, responsible, is a tripling in land area. The Japanese Empire without Manchukuo covers 681,000 square kilometres. With Manchukuo, it comprises 2,097,000 square kilometres. Thousands of miles of new frontier must be guarded. And yet Japan cannot say to the other powers, "Look you! I am also a vast Empire. I need as much protection as you," for she has already committed herself to the theory that Manchukuo is an autonomous Empire.

There is no point in re-arguing here the right or wrong of Japan's occupation of Manchuria. It has been argued often enough. As Coolidge summarised the sermon of the minister who preached on sin by reporting "He was against it," so you may dismiss Japan's past action with "I'm against it"; and devote yourself now to seeing what you can see. With candid eye and open mind.

The country flattens out a little. More fertile than Korea. Large farms. More roads. Among the flat-roofed Manchu houses still a great many Korean beetle-thatch homes, reminding one that there are 760,000 Koreans in Manchukuo. Nearly all of the rest of Manchukuo's 35,822,000 people are Chinese, Manchus and Mongols. Most of the Chinese have immigrated during the last three decades of Japanese influence to escape the chaos and famine south of the Great Wall.

There are only about half a million Japanese in Manchukuo. To date, large-scale immigration plans have failed. But Japan has not given up, and a princely appropriation has just been made to place five million Japanese in Manchukuo during the next twenty years. They will have difficulties, of course—for they will not be coming to an empty pioneer land.

The 'plane's-eye view reveals constant villages, closely placed. In fact, Manchukuo's density of population is 70 per square mile, double that of the United States. And labour is cheap. A Manchukuo workman will work for less than half the pay of a Japanese; even though the Japanese gets less than half that of the European.

The bandit never takes his eyes from the ground scudding below. Like a general studying his field of operations, he surveys this "bandit's heaven."

Something of the pride of the long and honourable tradition of Manchurian banditry is in his expression as he looks down. He is not properly disheartened by his arrest. He keeps smiling, and it is an odd smile. It makes no wrinkles round the eyes; a wolf smile, only with the mouth. Ever since Fukuoka he has seemed quite satisfied with the world and very agreeable to the tattling geisha. The salesman scribbles: "He has something up his sleeve."

At Mukden, it comes out. The 'plane circles over the golf-course patronised by foreigners who take the precaution of carrying a rifle in the bag along with the golf-sticks; over the walled stronghold of the late ex-bandit warlord Chang, and the busy city which the Japanese are spending three million yen to modernise; then slides into the airport.

It has scarcely come to a standstill when there is a salvo of shots. What appears to be a mob of ragged men, some in dirty uniforms, are making a rush on the airport. After the shipment of bullion. Perhaps the Harvard bandit's confederates. That worthy does not move—the guard's revolver is in the small of his back. He continues to smile—but his smile goes into sudden eclipse when every spot of concealment disgorges soldiers, evidently fully

informed in advance of the intended attack. Machine-guns go into action. The disciplined troops make short work of the mob. And when there is nothing more to see yonder but a cloud of dust, the bewildered passengers look back to find that the smile has now side-slipped to the major's face.

The bullion is transferred to an armoured automobile for delivery to the city, the bandit is taken to jail for the night, and his fellow-passengers are escorted to an excellent hotel. They feel a twinge of conscience, perhaps, over the discrimination. All men are sinners—only he has been caught at it.

During the evening the American automobile salesman has a visit to pay to an automobile dealer. He comes back in fine fettle.

"Things are picking up," he says. "There is still a crack in the Closed Door. For my business, anyhow. Imports of American cars have more than doubled. Manchukuo has imported two million dollars' worth of motor-cars and accessories during the past year. Up in that boom town we're going to to-morrow, Hsinking, there were only six motor-cars before September 18, 1931. Now there are more than three thousand."

"A locomotive friend of mine is doing well," he goes on. "And the Manchukuo manager for Singer is doing twice as much as before."

There is another side to the picture. American and other agents for goods which Japan can supply more cheaply have closed up and gone home. No use competing with Japan! Even the great oil companies are gone. Opportunity is limited to the goods Japan cannot supply—or of which she cannot supply enough. Communities of

foreign houses are now deserted villages, or are being occupied by Japanese. It is the miserable end of many fine adventures. Young men who were going to take the world by the horns have been summarily tossed home by the same horns. There is heart-bleed and bitterness.

And yet, wrong conclusions can too easily be drawn from these facts. They would seem to indicate the end of foreign business in this country, but the truth is that foreign business is increasing. The agents for it, however, are now Japanese. Thus Ford and International Harvester continue to import, but through Japanese agencies. A host of foreign companies sell through Mitsui and Mitsubishi. The Britisher has gone, but imports from Great Britain have grown fifty per cent since 1931. American imports have doubled. So have German. Not all have fared so well, but the general trend is sharply up. The lion's share is taken by Japan, whose imports into Manchuria have increased four-fold. The increased buying power of the Manchurian is due not only to the development of the country and reduction of banditry but to the stabilisation of the currency.

The salesman uses his friend, the Singer agent, as a case in point. "Now, the farmers have money to buy sewing-machines. Before, Chang forced them to sell their beans in return for his worthless money—then he sold the same beans to Japan for good money. That more than anything else turned the farmers to Japan—made them favour the 'Manchukuo' idea or anything that would fill their stomachs. Now there's a stable currency. If a farmer gets a note that says 100 yuan, he knows it will be worth just that. The bank won't say to him, 'We're giving twelve for that to-day'."

The next morning the 'plane follows the strongly fortified line of the South Manchuria Railway, to the fastest-growing town in Asia, Manchukuo's new capital, Hsinking. (Changchun, if your map is old.) You look down upon a scene of indescribable confusion. Dust rises in clouds from the wheels of endless processions of wagons filled with building materials. Outside of the old city a new one is being erected. Hsinking has 200,000 people and expects a million. Eight square miles of half-finished buildings show that they are preparing for the future on a grand scale. In the centre of the carefully planned new city is rising a circle of government buildings. Completed structures include a beautiful Education building, an imposing Hall of Justice, a splendid Hall of Finance, Kwangtung Army Headquarters, an imposing bank, and a great bachelor hall for unmarried officials, both men and women. A huge central station will come next. A half-mile away, in a more peaceful section, will be built the palace of the Emperor Kangte (Henry Pu-Yi).

But with all this building it is difficult to find shelter for the night. The major, the geisha and the bandit are provided for. Headquarters, geisha house and jail respectively. The other passengers drive to the Yamato Hotel. No room. The clerk obligingly telephones to other hotels.

"When I came here in 1931," says the salesman, "this was the end of the earth. There were only two other guests in this hotel. Now there are dozens of hotels and all full."

Finally passable accommodations are found. But they avail little, for the din makes sleep impossible. Building operations go on day and night, Sundays and holidays.

It is almost a relief to escape this city-in-the-making,

whose dusty rush makes New York seem tranquil, and fly north along the track of the quondam Chinese Eastern Railway, now Manchukuo's by right of pressure and purchase from Russia, to the half-Russian city of Harbin. Then west, over the Hsingan Mountains. Over magnificent Mongol prairies teeming with vast herds of cattle and horses. Over caravans of camels, moving across the roadless plains, like ships sailing by compass.

Down, finally, at Manchouli on the Russian border.

It is not generally realised, perhaps, that territories under the control of Japan to-day extend from the 116th meridian to the 175th and from the 54th parallel (the latitude of Labrador) to the equator!

The cherry is in bloom in Japan. Coconuts are ripening in the hot sun of Nippon's South Sea Islands. Here in Manchouli snow-flakes are falling. You rattle through the streets in a rickety Russian drosky, its high yoke swaying in the air above the horses' necks, bells on the harness jingling frostily.

But even here in remote Manchouli the streets are lined with Japanese stores. There are clean Japanese inns, and it is only your perverse predilection for the different that makes you choose a dubious Russian one. And as you sip *borsch* that evening and eat *zakuska* you marvel at the stretch of Japan's two arms of destiny, the one to the equator, the other to the snows of Siberia. And you can only hope that upon the shoulders which guide those two powerful arms there is a head that is wisely aware of consequences.

For there is the pulse of danger in the air. A few miles away is Soviet Russia. Japan's adventure in Manchuria has as yet resulted in no benefit to Japan, but it has had

one result—it has roused the Soviet. Manchukuo presses up into Russia like a thorn into the flesh. Nerves, political and economic, carry the sensation to Moscow—and there comes back a motor reaction in the form of fortifications and a permanent Far Eastern Army which, even without reinforcement from European Russia, is said to be greater than the entire armed forces of Japan.

Russia prepares—for what? Hardly to resist Japanese aggression, for Russia well knows that Japan is not interested in pressing farther upward into inhospitable Siberia, but in pushing downward into China and the South Seas. Does Russia await the time when Japan will be embroiled not only in China, but perhaps with Britain and America to launch a new effort to bring true the old dream of a Russian Manchuria?

## CHAPTER X

### ROBOTS OR GENTLEMEN?

A MAN who rose at three in the morning to write poetry must have a soul.

So I reflected as I waited to see the "father" of Manchukuo, Cheng Hsiao-hsu. He had been the venerable tutor of the Emperor, and the first premier of the new state. I tried to visualise him on the basis of things read and heard. He would be courtly, bearing his three-quarters of a century with charm. He would seem young in comparison with the forty centuries of Chinese culture which I should see keeping him ghostly company.

Doubtless he would discourse philosophic abstractions on the beauties of Wang Tao, the Kingly Way. He had held the portfolio of education—he would champion culture, scorn pragmatism. He would be in accord with Mencius who, when asked by the Prince, "What have you of profit to tell me?" replied: "Why speak you of profit? There are only two things, righteousness and benevolence."

The son of the sage, an up-to-the-minute young man in grey flannels, tan shoes, clocked hose, wearing a Manchukuo button in his coat lapel, ushered in a figure from another world and another day, brown-gowned, ascetic, ethereal. I prepared myself for Wang Tao. What I heard was:

"Cultural emphasis in education? That must wait.

Manchukuo has embarked upon one of the greatest Empire-building programmes in history. The extension of communications, the development of agriculture, trade, industry—these are the tasks before us. Our education programme must be shaped accordingly. It will be two-fold; agricultural, industrial. We shall turn out trained mechanics in six years, engineers in twelve. After graduation they will all have jobs. That must be the goal of our education system: occupation for every man and the man trained for the occupation.

"Morals? Classics? Yes, indeed, they must be taught. Our industrial future depends upon them."

Industry paramount. Culture will follow in due time. A pioneer state that must be tilled, mined, built, needs men who can use their hands. If that was the creed of this gentle old scholar, poet, graceful calligrapher, philosopher for philosophy's sake, how much more certainly must it be the creed of the dynamic young advisers from across the Japan Sea. And so I found it was.

"Foreigners may criticise us," said the chief Japanese adviser to the Manchukuo Department of Education, "for centring upon primary and technical schools to the apparent neglect of university education. They may say that we aim to create a 'coolie class' because 'the ignorant are easy to govern.' The explanation is more simple than that. Peace and order are but recent in this country—to maintain them a large budget is still necessary. Since our education appropriation is too small to cover everything, we must be careful to put first things first. The people are 90 per cent illiterate. Therefore the obvious first need is, not universities, but primary schools. We must realise the principle of equal opportunity in education. University

education is enjoyed by only a small privileged class. With the money it would take to build one university we can provide a thousand primary schools.

"At present only fifteen per cent of the children of school age are in school. In Japan the percentage is 99.6. That plainly indicates our task—to provide common schools for all and make attendance compulsory.

"And since Manchukuo is now entering a phase of great material development, this education must be largely technical—even in the primary and junior middle schools. Senior middle schools will be sharply specialised as agricultural, technical, commercial and normal schools."

No mention of the "higher school" (which in the Japanese system follows the middle school) nor of the university.

An interesting phenomenon, this—one of the most literate peoples in the world approaching the problem of the education of one of the most illiterate.

They are choosing a diametrically opposite course to that pursued by Great Britain in India. There, the mass is barely touched and a proportionately large few are highly trained. A backward society cannot make use of so many forward-looking young men. Jobless A.B.s foment trouble. In Manchukuo there are to be few A.B.s and no jobless.

India has raised up gentlemen, cultured, delightful, who prefer no employment to work that is not fitting. They were taught by Englishmen who had had the "Greek bath," as Hegel termed it. The Japanese have not had the "Greek bath." "That general enlargement of the mind," says Charles F. Thwing, "that enrichment of the intellect, that cultivation of the whole man, which Greek has given for

hundreds of years to the leaders of the progressive peoples, the Japanese mind has lacked and lacks still." In Manchukuo the immediate design for education is not the cultivation of the whole man, but the training of his hands.

As to which policy is better, or whether they are both at fault, Time can tell better than I.

But our view of the situation is not complete until we have, along with the statements of officials, the fulminations of a malcontent Chinese teacher.

An intelligent and conscientious objector is John Lu (and that is not his name). Not that he voices his objections to the authorities. He uses the expression, "*Mei yiu fa tzu*" (there is no help for it), the byword of dissatisfied Chinese in Manchuria. But while they usually continue their work under silent protest, his convictions have led him to resign his position as principal of a large school in Mukden. When his resignation takes effect he will go to China. Never will he return, he says, until and unless China recognises Manchukuo.

To take such decisive action, he must have grievances. What are they?

They appeared during a day spent in his school. The first thing that set him off was a broken window-pane.

"Formerly it would have been a simple matter to call in a glazier and get that window fixed," said Mr. Lu. "But if I do that now, I pay for it out of my own pocket. All supplies must be ordered from the Minister of Education. When our chalk is gone we must report to him. All income received by the school must be sent to him. Salaries are paid by him. Centralised control, they call it."

"And what is the reason for it?" I asked.

"To eliminate squeeze."

"Was there much squeeze under the old system?"

"A certain amount. But this is a case where, as you would say, 'the cure is worse than the disease'."

He had some words with a teacher. Evidently there was slight disagreement. When the teacher had gone, Mr. Lu said:

"Centralised control again! That teacher knows that he is responsible to Hsinking, not to me—so he can afford to assert himself. The Minister of Education employs and discharges teachers. Formerly I was trusted to do that in my own school. When the teacher went home on vacation he waited for a letter from me inviting him back. If it did not come he knew he was not wanted. Who should know better than the principal whether the teacher is efficient?

"Another thing—none of the former teachers are accepted by the Government until they have gone to Hsinking and taken a three-months' intensive course of training. Training for men who have taught for twenty years! Also they must pass certain ridiculous tests. One is a reading test—since the majority of the teachers have not even completed the middle school course, some of them do not read easily. And what are they asked to read? The Three Principles of Sun Yat-sen! If they read too fast, they fail, for they show too much familiarity with what the present authorities regard as heresy. If they read too slowly and awkwardly, they fail, for they are thought to be pretending unfamiliarity. So what are they to do?

"And when we get good teachers now, we are not sure of keeping them. They stay a while—then are sent to another school. Because of the danger that they may become too friendly with the students."

"Why is that a danger?"

He laughed. "I'm afraid it is our old Chinese bugaboo again. Squeeze."

We looked in on a "Morals" class. I had wondered whether only negative measures were being employed against the ancient philosophy of squeeze. Here was something that seemed positive.

But Mr. Lu had scant praise for it.

"Old-fashioned," he scoffed. "We did have a very modern course in 'Citizen Training.' It was a practical course in the duties of citizenship. But this 'Morals' is purely ethical, theoretical, emphasising the fundamental virtues. All very good, but without direct bearing upon to-day's problems. Aimed at making obedient subjects, not able citizens.

"And too much time is given to it. Two hours a week. 'Citizen Training' was one hour. The Japanese talk much about the need for character as a basis for this country's industrial growth. They seem to think they are the world's sole repository of character."

I inquired what other changes had been made in the curriculum. Copies of the old and new curricula were placed in my hands.

The new curriculum is eminently practical—in everything except "Morals"; if indeed that subject also is not there for its purely practical value.

Arithmetic leaps from one hour a week to five. That is in the first year of primary. In later years the ratio decreases. But yet, in the six years of primary, just twice as much time as previously is given to arithmetic. Reading and writing (in Chinese) get thirty per cent more emphasis than formerly. Japanese language is injected for two hours

a week during the fifth and sixth years. Formerly some schools had a rather desultory course called "Labour Work." Now every primary school must supply a rigorous course in "Hand Work," either agricultural or industrial depending upon the location of the school.

Stiffening up the pragmatic programme has made it necessary to drop some things. Hygiene is out. Nature Study, which began in the first year, now waits until the fifth. Drawing is cut to half time. Music gets less attention. The study of history and geography, which used to begin on the first day of school, now waits until the fifth year.

So much for primary, covering six years. In the three-year junior middle school, the six hours a week formerly given to English are reduced to three, and Japanese is put in for three hours. During my visit, a student who dreamed of going to a university inside the Great Wall was told, as gently as possible, by Mr. Lu, that his dream could not be realised—because his training in English would not be sufficient to enable him to read the foreign textbooks used in the university. However, because of the affinity between the Chinese and Japanese languages, he would have enough Japanese to attend a university in Japan.

Botany and Zoology are dropped from the new junior middle schedule, but "General Science," which includes Physics and Chemistry, is greatly strengthened. Drawing and Music suffer, but Hand Work grows in proportion. Civics vanishes, its place to be taken by Morals and Classics. Classics dips into ancient Chinese lore to bring up lessons in fundamental morality, "particularly," said Mr. Lu, "loyalty to a monarchical form of government."

All academic encumbrances are abandoned in senior middle school and full time is given to stiff vocational training. One type of school turns out scientific farmers, another, factory foremen, another, business men. Also normal schools are mushrooming, for there is desperate need for trained teachers in the swiftly expanding education programme of Manchukuo.

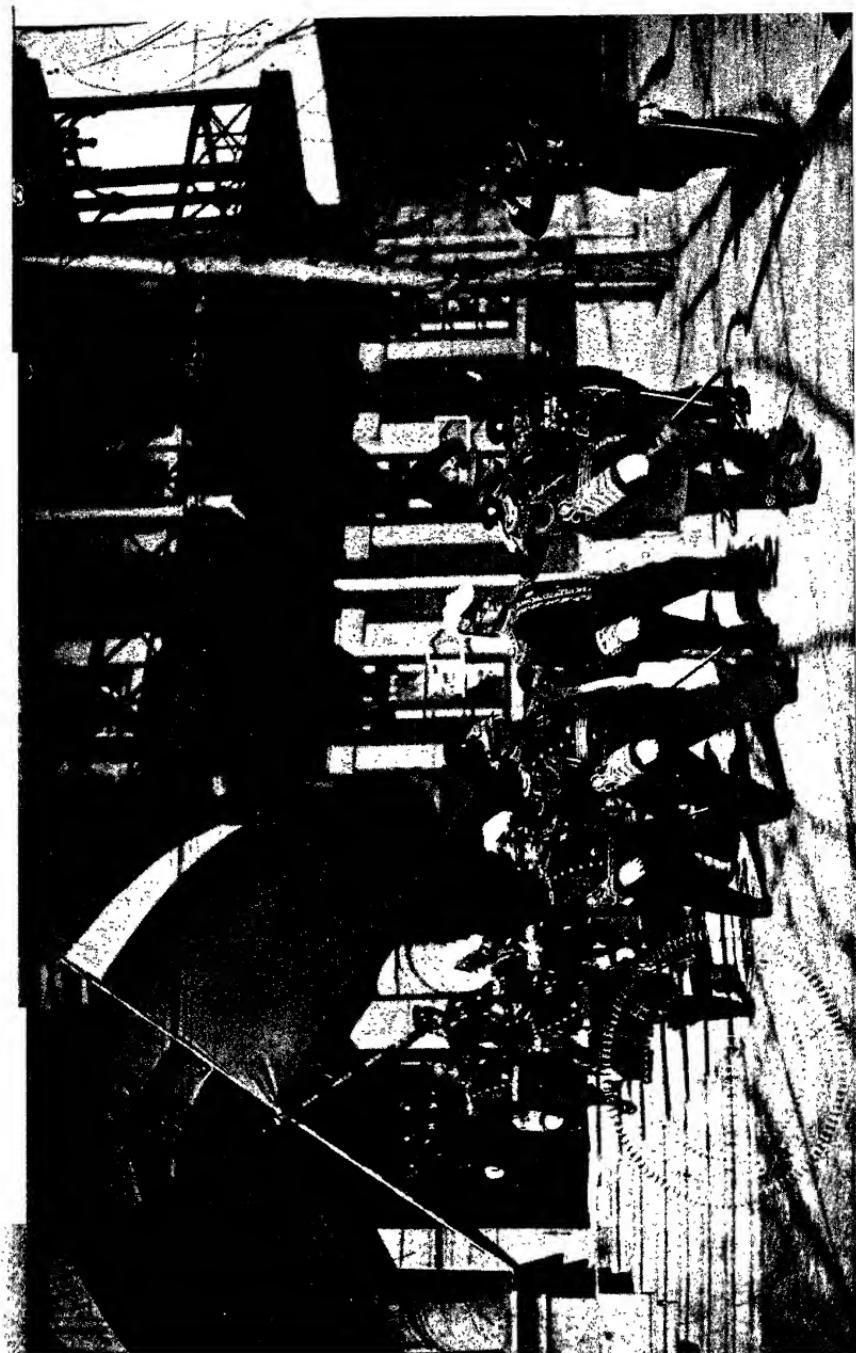
Formerly, as Mr. Lu admitted, the education of most teachers did not extend beyond a point corresponding to American eighth grade. In many cases they held their jobs, not because of teaching ability, but because they needed work and had a friend in a government office.

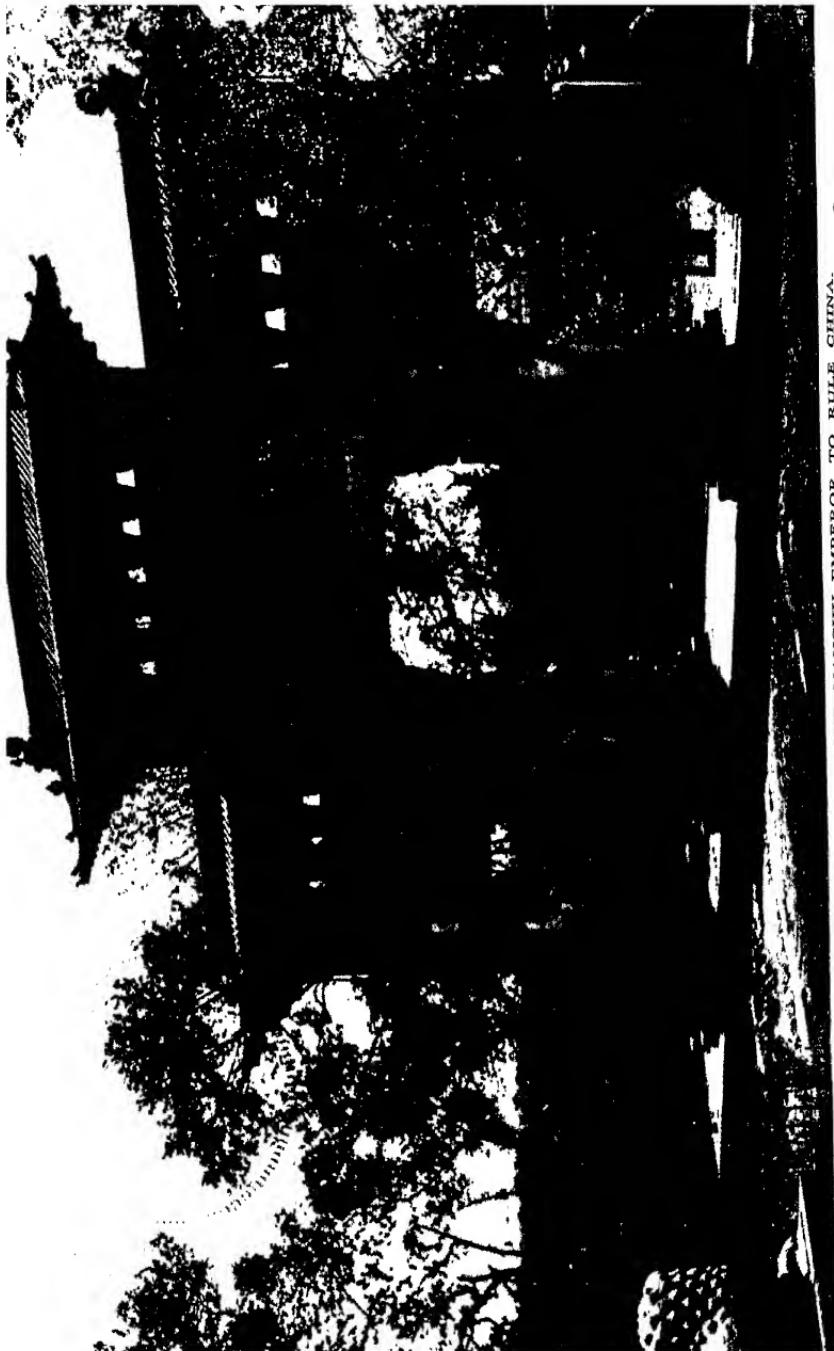
It takes more qualifications than poverty and pull to get a teacher a job to-day. All new teachers must be normal school graduates. That means that they not only know three languages and are well grounded academically, but they are generally skilled technicians as well. These normal schools often look more like truck gardens or factories than halls of learning—for the man who is going to teach agriculture, industry or commerce must get his own hands into his subject.

In all schools may be felt the Japanese shoulder, at work to push the ox-cart of education out of the rut. Human nature, even when as placid as an ox-cart, does not enjoy being pushed. So I was not surprised that what irked Mr. Lu most was the presence in his school of a Japanese teacher of Japanese language.

"If he would stick to language, I should not mind," said Mr. Lu. "But he takes too much interest in administration. He supervises me—although his position gives him no official right to do so."

I saw the Japanese teacher at work. He was pleasant,





PEI-LING, TOMB OF TA-TSUNG, THE SECOND MANCHU EMPEROR TO RULE CHINA.

energetic, evidently well liked by his students. He was telling them, in Japanese, some facts about Japan. "Propaganda," muttered Mr. Lu.

There is every effort to arouse a friendly feeling toward Japan. This effort in school, the Japanese teacher told me, is sometimes neutralised out of school by Japanese *ronin*, rough-neck adventurers, who do not always ask before they take. The Government is now trying to clear out these Japanese undesirables.

But there is no effort, so far as I could learn in this school and the eighteen others which I visited in widely separated parts of Manchukuo, to train youth toward future allegiance to Japan. If Manchuria is some day to become an integral part of the Japanese Empire (and who will say that this is an impossibility?) at least there is no logical preparation for such an event in the present education programme. From childhood up the new generation is being taught loyalty to the Manchu Empire. Once thoroughly rooted, that loyalty will be hard to supplant. The new Manchukuo national anthem is sung on every possible occasion. Daily it rolls from school windows, or up from the parade-ground. And when the student goes home he hears it on the radio. The broadcasting station interjects it at the end of every programme. Students are marched to the railroad stations to wave Manchukuo flags, not Japanese, and to shout cheers of welcome to Manchu officials who have been put forward to receive the public credit, not to Japanese unofficials who are doing the work. Veneration is demanded toward the Manchu Emperor, not the Emperor of Japan.

All this was somehow counter to my expectation.

"But the new textbooks," I asked Mr. Lu, "aren't they

so designed as to turn Manchu boys and girls against China and make them mentally Japanese subjects?"

"Of course," he replied.

"Since I cannot read Chinese," I went on, "would you be willing to make an analysis of the old and new books—so I can see exactly what has been taken out and what put in?"

"Certainly!" And he worked half the night on it.

I found him next morning at his desk facing two piles of books, the old and new. As he turned toward me, he seemed disappointed by his discoveries.

He had come to the conclusion, he said frankly, that there was no propaganda for Japan or against China in the new books.

Not that he could find no fault with them. In the history, he disliked the use of mythology about the beginnings of the race in Manchuria. The sun shone upon the daughter of Ho pei and she conceived and bore an egg from which came a child. He waxed strong, was skilful with bow and arrow, grew very wise and became the father of the Manchu race.

A similar legend in Japan, that of Amaterasu, the sun goddess, from whom the Imperial Line and all the people descended, has been of immense value in inspiring the imagination and loyalty of the Japanese. Evidently the Japanese are taking a leaf out of their own book in placing a parallel story in the Manchu history. That anecdote is not mere mythology, it is statesmanship.

Mr. Lu objected also that there were too many stories about unfriendliness between Manchuria and China proper. There was no recognition of the fact that Manchuria had been a part of China. There was too much

boasting about the civilisation of ancient Manchuria.

The book still contained some Chinese history, but this had been condensed to little more than names and dates, so that it no longer gripped the imagination. Some material concerning Korea and Japan, also in very brief form, had been introduced. World history was ignored—but so it had been in the former book.

The geography textbooks showed Manchukuo as a separate state. "Our country" in the old book had been changed to "China." Here, too, nationalistic Japan and nationalistic China agreed upon ignoring the western world. There was no mention of it in either the old or new text except in the sixth-year book.

The readers were innocent of propaganda, Mr. Lu said. The stories had no political significance. In the entire six-years' course there was only one lesson on the establishment of Manchukuo.

But although nothing anti-Chinese or pro-Japanese had been added in the new books, something vital, he felt, had been deleted.

"In the former readers," he pointed out, "there was many lessons on patriotic subjects: China's humiliation (due to the Twenty-One Demands, unfair treaties, and so forth), changing social customs, the spirit of equality, Chinese heroes, the life and principles of Sun Yat-sen, the use of native goods rather than foreign, the struggle for progress. All this is out of the new books."

"The old books advanced revolutionary ideas. A distinction was drawn between revolution and rebellion—the first was good, the second was not. There were stories of ancient revolutionists. The history of the Chinese revolution and republic was given.

"There are no revolutionary ideas in the new books. That is not surprising. But it is a pity, just the same."

No, that is hardly surprising. Japan has no use for revolution. Nor does she care to have youth drilled in a "national humiliation" charged to her, Japan's misdeeds. There is no doubt that the Nanking Government's school-books, preaching from the text of "Recovery of National Rights," were bitterly anti-foreign and particularly anti-Japanese. It did not go down well, for example, to have the South Manchuria Railway described as "the military staff invading Manchuria." In a Railway report as far back as 1930, we read: "Unless the Chinese authorities alter their attitude and abolish such a process of instilling harmful anti-foreign sentiment in the susceptible minds of the younger generation, not only international peace, but China's own welfare will be threatened." And after the fish-plate cracked on September 18th, 1931, the new régime lost no time in sending to all schools, pending the publication of new books, a list of changes to be made in ink in the old ones. Sun Yat-sen and all things pertaining to him and his principles were inked out. Teachers who persisted in reading under the ink were dismissed.

The stress of the old education was pro-Chinese and anti-foreign. The stress of the new is strongly pro-Manchukuo but anti-nobody. It is less propagandist and more pedagogical than the old. It is too engrossed in training men for the technical conquest of Manchukuo to fill its books and its students' minds with political controversy.

## CHAPTER XI

### EMPIRE MADE WITH HANDS

**D**RASTIC, and sometimes ruthless, is this preparation for the technical conquest of Manchuria.

The great North-eastern University at Mukden, one of the foremost institutions of learning in Asia, was closed. Its professors and students were dismissed and their books sold by weight in the streets of Mukden. The building was reopened as a Railway Training Institute.

The halls no longer echo a class-room murmur of history, philosophy and literature, but resound with the squeal of air brakes and the click of telegraph keys. One thousand men are being trained here. Under high pressure. They are allowed two weeks' vacation a year—and those two weeks are used for an organised railroad inspection tour of Manchukuo!

With railroads extending at the rate of seven hundred kilometres a year, the Railway Training Institute and Work Shop at Dairen was found insufficient—in spite of the fact that it is one of the greatest in the world. Its superintendent, whom I met, would perhaps be inclined to drop the “one of” from this statement. This Shop, he said, with pride, could do a locomotive repair job in a week that would take two weeks in Japan and forty days in the best shop in England.

Such efficiency was credited to training. Workmen are

not simply hired from the outside on the strength of a letter of recommendation. They are caught young and trained rigorously in the Institute for three years, without charge, on condition that they then remain in the employ of the Shop for at least three years more.

The great majority stay after the six years of schooling and indenture are finished. Wages are good. There has been no labour trouble for fifteen years. The 5,000 employees are housed by the Company in a private city of their own of a thousand substantial brick houses on shaded streets, the uniformity of which is pleasantly punctuated by shrines, schools, gardens and parks. There is an excellent co-operative store.

Everywhere, students, feverishly learning. Not just politely looking on in the old Oriental manner, but getting dirt under their nails and grease-spots on their overalls. One group taking a locomotive apart. Another putting one together. Other sweating students, under the instruction of army engineers, equipping an armoured, camouflaged petrol car for bandit scouting service on the railroad tracks ahead of passenger trains. Embryo engineers, running old practice locomotives back and forth through the yards. It is of interest that Japanese, Manchus and Chinese are found to make equally reliable and efficient locomotive engineers. No racial distinction, if they receive the same training.

The great university of literature and the arts is gone, but, besides the new Railway Training Institute, there have been inaugurated a new agricultural college, a new technical college and a new technical normal school. There are plans for enlargement of the South Manchuria Technical College at Dairen, the Medical University

at Mukden, and the very important Technical University at Port Arthur.

I found the formerly rather theoretical Heilung-kiang Technical School at Tsitsihar being fitted up with new equipment to teach "bridge design, strength of materials, reinforced concrete, railway curves and earthworks, municipal, hydraulic, electric and heat engineering, factory equipment, building construction." Every graduate is sure of a job—in fact, there is a waiting list, not of graduates, but of would-be employers.

The Fushun Mining School is training experts to develop one of the richest coal-bearing sections of the earth's crust.

The agricultural schools and connected experiment stations are teaching the cultivation of yellow tobacco of American origin, and American cotton. They are showing how the silkworm of Japan can adjust itself to the new environment and how Oregon apples can be made to feel at home in the vigorous Manchurian climate. They are breeding better sheep and hogs; and improving the Mongolian horse by the introduction of horses from England and North Africa.

Schools are not ready-made; they are fashioned to fit the students. The schools of the Kirin lumberjacks are quite different from the schools of future city clerks. The nomadic Mongols who move their yurts from place to place over the great plains of the north-west and tend great herds of horses and cattle and immense flocks of sheep, are taught the arithmetic of stock-raising, the geography of Mongolia, the hygiene of living in a yurt, the inadvisability of eating raw meat, the value of grains and vegetables in the diet, the planting of trees in a

treeless land. The Mongol boy's schedules are stiff and his vacations brief—only ten days in summer, but somewhat more in winter, depending upon the weather. He must learn Mongolian, Chinese and Japanese. Not English, for he will never have much contact with the outside world. He is not being trained for city life. He is expected to go back to the yurts, raise more and better stock.

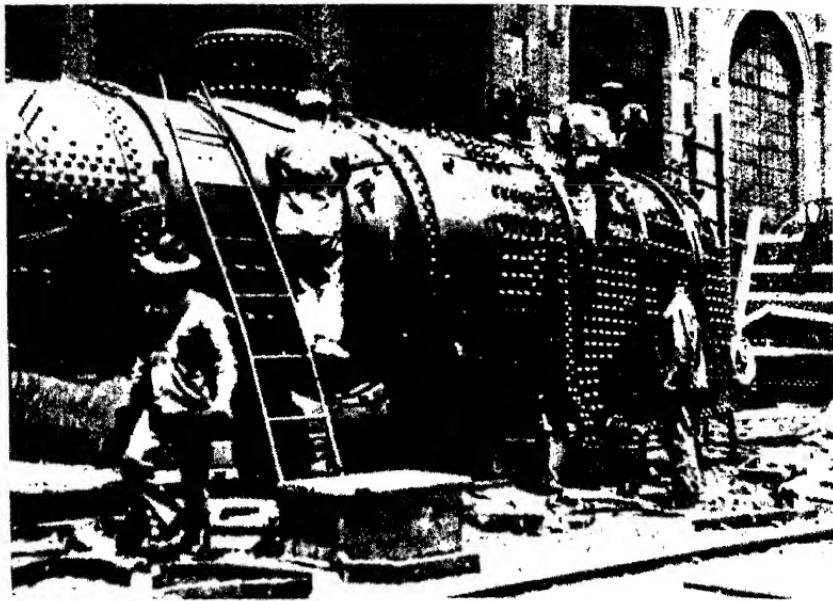
Such "education for environment" is given also to young men of Japan who intend to come to Manchukuo as colonists. Two important schools, the Mie and the Morioka Imperial Colleges of Agriculture and Forestry are exclusively devoted to training Japanese colonists for Manchukuo. Students are taught to raise the things that can be raised in their adopted land, to use farm machinery, to abandon traditional two-acre cultivation methods in favour of two-hundred-acre methods, to eat the foods they will have to eat, to speak Chinese, and to handle machine-guns, grenades and rifles so that they may defend their fortified villages in the dangerous north-east of Kirin Province against bandit attack.

Speaking of bandits, there is also a school for them. It is in Kirin city. Attendance is compulsory—very!—and they are not graduated until they know a trade and agree to follow it in preference to their ancient profession.

Mission schools are being urged to become more practical, to register, and to teach Japanese. As yet, however, they report very little actual interference—much less than under the Kuomintang. They may teach Christianity without hindrance, and, if desired, the head of the institution may be a foreigner—a situation not countenanced by Chinese nationalism.

There could be nothing much more practical than the





PART OF THE TRAINING OF A RAILWAY COLLEGE STUDENT IS TO  
TAKE A LOCOMOTIVE APART AND PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN.



village in the back yard of the Hygienic Institute in Dairen. Here are perhaps twenty miniature houses. Each is built of a different material—cement, wood, hollow tile, red brick, Chinese grey brick, and so on. One roof is sheet iron, another, tile, another, rice thatch, others are made of synthetic materials. No house is occupied—except by instruments which record the effect of the weather upon the inside atmosphere. Research experts trained in the technical schools keep graphs showing how the various materials withstand moisture, wind, heat, cold. The most sanitary, comfortable and economical house for use in Manchukuo is here being evolved.

In the Tokyo University of Engineering I had witnessed similar experiments. Various building materials were submitted to the test of a Manchurian winter. But since Japan does not normally supply such a winter, it was created in a great insulated vault where a temperature of forty degrees below zero was maintained.

The most unique institution of this character serving Manchuria is the Central Laboratory of the South Manchuria Railway in Dairen. This is the seventh heaven of the technical student. If he can finally be accepted here as a research specialist he has won the highest academic honour of this utilitarian Empire.

Here the poser propounded to experimenters seems to be, "How can we make the natural resources of Manchuria serve as many purposes as possible!" Beans, kaoliang, magnesite, clay, coal, shale—how many Protean changes can they be put through? How useful can they be made to the industrial progress of the new state?

It may at some time have been thought that a bean was a bean and nothing more. Through the magic of the

research scholars the bean has developed an undreamed-of versatility. Here, in the Laboratory, is an exhibit of the venerable bean and his progeny, some bearing not the slightest family resemblance. Bean foods. Great cart-wheels of bean cake to be used as fertiliser. An emulsifier made from the soy bean and used to mix oil and water for the softening of leather. Salad oil. Sugar. Flour; together with a portrait of two rats, the smaller having been fed on wheat flour alone, the larger on wheat flour 90% and bean flour 10%. A bottle of Vitamin B derived from bean oil; with a before-and-after picture of a pigeon, at first twisted up with polyneuritis, then quite normal after treatment with Vitamin B.

Henry Ford is among those who have profited by the research of this Laboratory; and to-day many automotive gadgets . . . steering-wheels, gear-shift knobs, light-switch handles, dashboard panels, distributor covers, window-trim strips . . . are made from beans.

The giant sorghum, *kaoliang*, favourite flower of the bandits since full-grown it offers perfect concealment, is used not only as a gruel and a fuel; from it have been derived a starch similar to corn starch, also ethyl alcohol, butyl alcohol, acetone, soy sauce and an inferior paper. And they are not done with it yet.

Magnesite has fathered *geta* (the cleated clogs of the Japanese, usually made of wood), rods lighter than aluminium, brick, tile, cement—and the experimenters are only now getting down to work on it in earnest.

There is an air of feverish intensity in this Laboratory. But that may also be found in every research and educational institution in the pioneer state. Schedules are heavy. Students are loaded to the extreme point of

endurance. Manchuria must burst from the head of Jove, and that quickly. The Japanese education chief is greatly interested in English experiments with the "nursery school." The idea of beginning education at the age of two appeals to him!

It was symbolic, perhaps, that the first of the great new Government buildings to be erected at Hsinking was the Education Building. Even Army Headquarters came later. From the budget point of view the army comes first, and must until banditry is eliminated and borders are felt to be safe. The education budget is very small but growing rapidly. And the money spent is no measure of the energy spent. It does not cost the Government any more to assign the student twice as much homework. The high-pressure education of Japan is being carried over and given a fresh intensity by a new purpose: the industrial conquest of Manchuria.

## CHAPTER XII

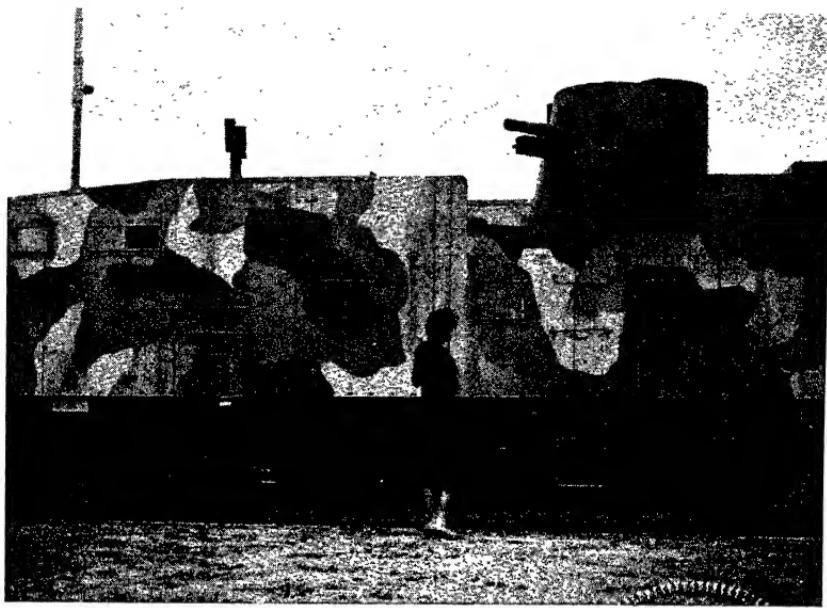
### BANDIT'S LAST STAND

THE bandit is losing ground. The time is approaching when his field of operations may be limited to the remotest fastnesses of Asia and certain American cities. His traditional paradise, Manchuria, is casting him out—or holding him and making a respectable citizen out of him, which is just as unpleasant.

Since Manchuria became Manchukuo in 1932 “by the unanimous will of its thirty million inhabitants,” the bandits have found the place uncongenial. Surely they should have been excused from the Japanese estimate of thirty million enthusiasts. A more dissatisfied, disillusioned crowd it would be hard to find.

Time was when the bandit was not without honour. Society was so organised, or disorganised, as to permit his rise to high position, and Chang Tso-lin himself, greatest of war-lords and ruler of Manchuria, was a bandit. His provincial governors were graduated from the same school and not infrequently dropped back to alma mater for post-graduate work.

Bandits did not roam at random. They settled down. They were as much a part of the respected community as the banker, the mayor or the chief of police. Often they actually were the banker, the mayor and the chief of police. They indulged in few blood-curdling adventures. They



ARMoured TRAINS ARE IN FREQUENT DEMAND TO REPEL BANDIT  
ATTACKS UPON MANCHURIAN RAILROADS.





were business bandits, "racketeers," and simply levied a tribute upon everything that went on in their community. They were as prosy as tax-collectors, and just as inevitable. They did not menace the peace of the community unless the community menaced them. They were simply a recognised and established drain upon its finances.

Take, for example, Racketeer Feng Sui, who was doing right well in South Manchuria and is now probably repeating the process in China proper to which he has been exiled. He had been a petty officer in the Manchurian army. He deserted with some soldiers, set up headquarters in a mountain temple, and thoroughly marauded the country round for a year.

Then he invited the prefects of eighteen villages to a dinner.

After the banquet, he said:

"Friends, I have a proposition to make to you. You all know how this district was terrorised by bandits last year. If you will all write to your magistrates and have me appointed police commissioner, I promise that you will have no more trouble—and it will cost you only fifteen cents per field per month."

Now it happened that these eighteen villages were in a corner where three counties came together. So he was appointed concurrently police commissioner for three counties, and since there were 10,000 fields in that area, his collections amounted to \$1,500 monthly.

Then the world turned. Manchuria became Manchukuo. In came the barbarian Japanese who did not know the ancient and honoured ways of civilisation. They set about ousting the bandit-warlords, bandit-governors and bandit-chiefs of police—including Feng Sui. This proceeding

outraged the racketeers and even astounded the communities in which they were honoured parasites.

The 200,000 bandits of 1932, when Manchukuo was founded, have now been reduced to about 10,000. But 10,000 desperadoes still make life precarious in the new state. Not a week passes without report of an attack upon a train, or the kidnapping of a too venturesome traveller, or the looting of a village and slaughter of its inhabitants.

On the trunk line of the South Manchuria Railway, travel is as safe as from New York to Philadelphia. On branch lines in outlying country there is evidence of official nervousness. Half a mile ahead of your train runs a pilot car, looking for trouble. It is an automobile on tracks, petrol-driven, camouflaged, steel-plated, and mounted with searchlights and machine-guns. The train itself swarms with soldiers, most of them rather scared-looking young Manchurians who look as if they would hardly know what to do with a rifle except to give it to a bandit who asked for it. More reliable are the few Japanese soldiers, hard as knots, inviting trouble. At the end of the train is coupled a movable fort in the shape of an armoured car with embrasures from which the business ends of machine-guns project.

At each end of every bridge is a small fort where sentinels are always on watch for men with bombs. Other smaller forts, called "pill-boxes" by foreign visitors, appear at frequent intervals along the track. Vulnerable stations are surrounded by cobwebs of barbed wire and barricades of sandbags. Frequently a sentinel is posted on the roof of the station or in a high tree near-by.

Punitive expeditions have been mainly responsible for the reduction of banditry.

To see just how these punitive expeditions work I obtained permission to accompany one in Kirin Province. It was reported that a thousand bandits were terrorising a group of villages which had been unable to pay tribute. Since such stories are usually exaggerated, the army discounts them ninety per cent. So a sufficient force was dispatched to clean up one hundred bandits.

The company consisted of about thirty Japanese and seventy Manchukuo soldiers. To bring Manchukuo soldiers in contact with bandits is always an experiment. There is always some doubt as to which way their sympathies will carry them—for many of them have themselves been bandits in the halcyon days of the past. But the Japanese believe themselves capable of disciplining and developing a Manchukuo army. It is significant that they have no such hope in Korea. There are no Korean soldiers. The conclusion would seem to be that the materialistic Chinese of Manchuria who think any rule is good that brings them business, safety and sound money, have already accepted Japanese domination more completely in six years than have the prideful and politically-minded Koreans in twenty-seven. Whether that is a sound conclusion, time will tell. The present fact is that Japan-controlled Manchukuo is using 100,000 Chinese soldiers with some success.

In our company each man, whether Japanese or Chinese, was equipped with a rifle, 150 rounds of ammunition, two hand grenades, a sword, three meals in parvo, and a blanket. Also the company took along a trench-mortar and two machine-guns. A wireless instrument and several cages of carrier-pigeons completed the outfit.

We went to the nearest point by train, then on foot.

Up and down. Much of Manchuria is as level and bare as a billiard-table. But Kirin Province is mountainous, and heavily wooded with great trees which make it at once a lumberjack's heaven and a perfect hide-out for bandits. It remains the chief stronghold of banditry in Manchukuo because of this excellent, all-year-round cover.

Elsewhere the shelter is seasonal. The *kaoliang*, a millet which grows to a height of fourteen feet in summer, furnishes a two-months' screen. A field of *kaoliang* will conceal a whole army of bandits, even from the scrutiny of aeroplanes. A sharp increase in banditry is always expected during the *kaoliang* season. To protect the railroads, the ruling has been made that *kaoliang* may not be planted within half a kilometre of the tracks. The white flower of the *kaoliang* has recently been adopted by the State Council as Manchukuo's national flower. But it has long been the favourite boutonniere of the bandits!

In the timber country there is little *kaoliang*. But the bushes, trees, crags and caves more than make up for it. When this beautiful, Japan-like country is cleared of bandits and opened to colonisation it should attract more Japanese than all the bleak balance of Manchukuo put together.

To save time, no scouts were deployed. The column marched in single file along a narrow trail between high ridges. One machine-gun in the bushes above could have wiped it out.

Because of the current bandit scare, small villages were deserted. The refugees had gone to Kirin City, where I had seen them huddled in temple courts. The fact that I had observed no rafts of logs, as advertised in tourist handbooks, on the Sungari River at Kirin was explained by the

statement that river racketeers had become so numerous, each demanding his toll to let the rafts pass, that they had killed their goose. The loggers had quit in despair. The lumberjack had vanished and there was no sound of axe or saw in the forest.

In the late afternoon we came upon a walled village of considerable size. This was one of the communities which had called for help. Its inhabitants had refused to flee before the bandits and had put up a stout but losing fight. Our Captain said it was probably the first time this village had ever been visited by Japanese troops. Therefore I was interested to see the reaction. Lined up before the great gate of bolted timbers which was the only entrance to the village, were the officials and police. There was an infinite amount of bowing and smiling—but no real cordiality. The villagers were plainly suspicious.

From age-old experience they were accustomed to think of the soldiers who came to rescue a village from bandits as but slightly less of a problem than the bandits themselves. The troops ordinarily helped themselves to the town's treasures, provisions, wines and women. And then, not uncommonly, sold the town out to the bandits, if they could get a good price.

But these villagers must be made to understand that times had changed. So the "Propaganda Unit" was put to work. Each expedition has its "Propaganda Unit" made up of two or three men whose only business is to talk. Our three propagandists selected pulpits for themselves—one a compost heap, one a wagon, and one a post by the gate—and swung into action. They spoke in Mandarin, Shantung dialect and Korean—thus representing the three sources of immigration to this section. Peking, Shantung

and Korea. Their speeches dripped altruistic honey concerning the big-brother act of Japan in the new Manchukuo. They trod on more solid ground when they referred to the new and sound currency, banking reforms, the building of roads and railroads, the increasing prosperity of the people. A gramophone was set going. Medicines and chocolate bars were mechanically dealt out and stolidly received.

It did some good. What did more good was that the soldiers lived up to the promises of the preachers. One Japanese was billeted with every two native soldiers to keep them straight. In anticipation of our visit, our good hosts had buried everything of value that could be buried. But they could hardly bury their daughters and wives, and were gratified when these were not molested. Every item of food was paid for—also the sleepless and fleaful bed on the hard brick *k'ang*.

The bandits did not attack. Doubtless there were numerous spies in the village to warn them that the time was not propitious.

A child who had been captured by the bandits and later released upon payment of ransom was brought in to arouse the sympathies of the Captain. When the ransom had not been paid promptly a finger of the child had been cut off and sent to the parents. The next day another finger came. Then they paid without further delay and a wailing child was delivered to them. Now, two days afterward, the child still cried incessantly, perhaps as much from nervous shock as from the pain of the mutilated and swollen hand.

When the villagers had professed inability to pay more tribute, the bandits had carried off thirty hostages. Eighteen had been released upon payment of petty

ransoms, several were known to have been killed, one had come wandering back insane. The rest were still held.

At dawn, on the basis of a doubtful report, we set out for the supposed lair of the bandits in a deep wooded ravine. We were led by a guide whom our Captain shrewdly suspected of being in league with the bandits. Therefore, instead of doing as the guide would have us do and marching up the dry stream-bed of the ravine, exposed to fire from the two slopes, he deployed his men along the two high ridges. The guess proved correct. The bandits were found ambushed in dense cover half-way down the slope on either side of the ravine, waiting for the innocents to march up the stream-bed into the trap. Instead it was the bandits who were trapped. They surrendered with little resistance, several hysterical hostages tried to weep on the Captain's shoulder, and the expedition with twenty-five captives set out for Kirin City. There the lawbreakers would be turned over, not to the shooting-squad nor to the hangman, but to the Bandits' School, where an effort would be made to turn them into good citizens.

The bandits are considered too valuable to be killed, unless all other measures fail. They are bold, hardy and often intelligent men, just the sort needed in the building of the new state.

But although the bandits of Manchukuo are four-fifths eliminated, the campaign is not half won. As Lieutenant-General Doihara of Mukden gave me the paradox: "The less the banditry, the harder it is to deal with."

When the bandits travelled in large groups, a thousand to three thousand in a gang, regular military methods

could be employed. The gang was too large to hide. It could be located, and with superior force it could be demolished. But to catch a small, fast-moving gang of three or a dozen or fifty men is "like swatting flies, only harder," complained a young officer who had tried it. Bombing-planes could be employed against the large concentrations; now they are useless.

As the problem becomes smaller and harder, it is more a battle of wits than of military force. College-bred young officers sit at their desks thinking up plans rather than sending out platoons. Military measures are still necessary—but not so potent as seeds, roads, school-books and nude women.

Whoever thought up the nude women idea modestly disclaims credit for it. The Huang Sha Huei are a fanatic band of outlaws who believe that no bullets can harm them if they chant a certain spell as they advance—but that the spell will be broken by the sight of naked women. Someone therefore made a logical suggestion as a horde of chanting fanatics approached the town of Chihsienchen. Women from the brothels were ordered to stand naked on the walls. The dismayed besiegers broke and fled. Pursuing townsmen killed three hundred of them.

Which was so encouraging that the method was made standard practice. Troops sent to hound out bandits of this persuasion move against them with a vanguard of women; whose morals may be amiss, but whose courage cannot be questioned.

"Religious bandit" may seem a contradiction of terms. But there are many groups of religious bandits in Manchukuo. Chief among them are the Great Swords and the Red Spears. The latter wear upon their breasts bullet-

deflecting paper charms in which they have implicit faith until their dying day.

It may be well to mention the chief classifications of Manchurian bandits: first, the religious fanatics; second, political bandits, remnants of former anti-Japanese armies, said to be receiving aid in some cases from Soviet Russia, in others from China; third, and most numerous, the racketeers.

All bandits, no matter what their brand, are known as *hung hu-tzu* (red beards). Two explanations for this name are current: one, that the old-time bandits disguised themselves with red beards to terrorise the people, red being the war colour; the other, that the Cossacks who were formerly the most dreaded bandits of Manchuria were red-stubbled.

Of the more serious anti-bandit plans the five-kilometre-zone idea is important. Farmers within five kilometres of the tracks are enlisted in the protection of the railroad. Whereas they were formerly passive when bandits bombed tracks and looted trains, and even co-operated upon occasion, now they have been rather successfully organised into an intelligence corps from which the railroad gets advance news of the approach of marauders. This conversion has been accomplished by generous distributions of seeds, pigs, tools and other material benefits. Or so it would seem to the outsider. But the general manager of the South Manchuria Railway, in explaining the plan to me, was inclined to give the credit to the work of the Propaganda Units. That a man could be more influenced by seeds than by principles is inconceivable to a Japanese. To him loyalty is more vital than food, or life itself. The evangelistic Japanese have

faith that the people of Manchukuo can be fired with the conception of "each for all," which has made Japan. Let us hope they may be right.

But the idealistic Japanese is also practical. While he waits for the people to catch the vision of peace and goodwill, he collects their guns. The old plan was to arm farmers so that they could defend themselves against bandit attack. The new idea is to disarm farmers so that brigands can get no arms from them. Of course, it is hard on the innocent farmer. One wealthy farmer whose entire family-clan lived together in a large compound surrounded by walls and turrets and guarded by sentinels, owned forty guns. The day after they were surrendered to the police, the bandits came and took all his possessions.

Yet the plan has its points. A farmer with a gun too easily turns bandit. Most bandits are one-time farmers—or part-time.

Moreover, the chief aim of bandits in raiding a village is to get arms and ammunition. With these they can repeat the process elsewhere on a larger scale. But if they exhaust their own ammunition and can get none to replace it, their career is nipped.

Half a million rifles along with ammunition have been taken up. In some cases the rifles are paid for at a nominal price of five yen each. In other cases, where the owner is not free of suspicion, they are confiscated. There are perhaps two million rifles still outstanding. But of these more than half are old-fashioned, home-made wooden guns of low power, called *yambo*. They are not much more dangerous than air rifles. Of the balance, many are registered and legitimately held by members of the "Self-Defence Corps."

The Self-Defence Corps represents another ambitious plan. The need of such an organisation will appear if we relate a bit of the sad history of Yi Tung Hsien, a town only thirty miles from the capital city, Hsinking. This town is girdled by a high wall and a deep moat. Two hundred men could defend the place against a thousand. The difficulty was to find the two hundred honest men and true. Some time ago, when the town was attacked by bandits, the defending militia dispatched a secret message to them reading about as follows:

"If you will permit us to loot first, and give us safe conduct with the booty, the town is yours."

The bandits agreed. The militia looted their own town and were allowed safe passage with the goods. Then the incoming bandits picked up everything else that was loose and constituted themselves the town's militia. A reign of terror began. Not only were the rich reduced to nothing, but the children of the poor were abducted for the sake of petty ransoms. Many a child was killed for the lack of three dollars.

The bandits tyrannised the town until a Japanese un-official official was sent to take matters in hand. This practice is becoming common in Manchukuo. Every large town especially if it is a county seat, has not only its Chinese magistrate who is nominally in control, but its Japanese *tsan shih kuan*, or "policy determiner."

This adviser "suggested" to the magistrate that the bandits who had constituted themselves militia be dismissed, many of the police likewise, and that the substantial citizens be organised as a home guard of vigilantes under the name of the "Self-Defence Corps." These responsible men had something to lose. Their integrity was

insured by self-interest. They alone, except for a newly organised police force, were permitted to hold arms. All other weapons in the town were confiscated.

This policy is being put into effect throughout Manchukuo. It is not regarded as a permanent plan. Manchukuo soldiers and police are being trained who will take over in time.

Banditry will die hard. It is in the blood. Education will help, by training bandits' children for other careers. Also the bandits themselves are being absorbed into industry. There is work for everyone who will take it. So the brawny porter carrying your baggage or the waiter serving your meals may be a diverted, if not converted, bandit.

Lo was of this class. Formerly a bandit chief, but now a locomotive engineer, he could not refrain from describing to me, a little wistfully, some of his past exploits. He was spending a busman's holiday riding in a passenger coach on his own line across Kirin Province—a region doubly familiar to him, for it was here that he had formerly operated as a Robin Hood. It was the courage of a railroad man that had persuaded him to give up banditry for railroading. As we gazed out of the train window at riddled forts, a recent wreck, and other signs that train hold-ups are not obsolete in Manchuria, he made the visitor's mind no easier by his story.

"I took two hundred men and attacked a night express near Tumen. We loosened the rails, let the scout car go by, then ripped up the track just before the old Pacific came roaring along at about thirty-five. I'll give the engineer credit—he brought it to a stop in a hurry, regardless of knuckles and drawbars. But even at that, the engine

took a sidetrip into the brush. The engineer had only to slip off it and he would be safe. Of course we were back near the coaches where the money was. But the engineer didn't take his chance and came blundering back to interfere with us. With his revolver he killed half a dozen before a knife got him in the shoulder and he went down. We left him as dead and climbed aboard.

"We took the guns from these Manchu soldiers. It's like taking cakes from children—we had more trouble with the crew and had to shoot them up. Then we went round with the hat. We collected a good amount, then picked six passengers who had been carrying the most and took them along with us as likely subjects for ransom. Five Japanese and one American.

"When we got out, eight of our men crumpled up and we couldn't make out for a while where the shots were coming from—until we saw that the engineer had come to and was firing from where he lay. We took him prisoner. It was a mistake to let him live. One night he got free, released the passengers, and killed four guards before he was killed. By that time the passengers had escaped."

The troops got Lo. Since he was an able man, they gave him a choice of hard labours, and he chose railroad-ing. He began with a pick and was now a locomotive engineer—and immensely proud both of himself and his profession.

It was getting dark. Gloomy forests and an occasional mud-walled village flicked by. The conductor came through fingering his abacus. The Manchukuo soldiers put down the fly swatters with which they had been dealing out death and took up the rifles with which they are quite harmless and began to peer nervously out of the windows.

"The best guard this train has is a bird," said Lo. "You want to see him? Then perhaps you will sleep comfortably." He spoke to the conductor, who went to the luggage van and returned with a pigeon. A black tube was tied to its leg. "Carrier pigeon," said Lo. "If the train is attacked, a message is slipped into this tube and the pigeon goes for help. So you may sleep soundly and trust the bird. He's a good railroader."

## CHAPTER XIII

### WILD WEST OF THE FAR EAST

THE Wild West of cowboy, bronco, lasso, gun, endless prairie without fence or road, ten thousand cattle in one herd, the scream of thousands of stampeding wild horses, white square miles of sheep, the stock-raiser's paradise, the old hell-raising, six-shooting, man-hardening West.

Gone. No longer to be found in America, except in the movies and the pulp magazines. But it still lives in the land of the Mongols.

At five o'clock in the morning I stepped off the Trans-Siberian at Hailar in that part of Mongolia contained in the far north-west corner of Manchukuo.

I might have been on a Hollywood lot devoted to "westerns!" A complete set of a cowboy town! Hitching posts. Soft dirt streets imprinted with the hoof-marks of flying horses. General store. Feed store. Windows full of saddles. Interior glimpses of bars and bottles. Early morning horse fair in progress down the street. Cowboys (pig-tailed and slant-eyed but nevertheless real cowboys) who sped by on horses that scorned any vertical bobbing motion and flattened out into a horizontal streak.

But there was one automobile in town. I chartered it for the day. The Chinese chauffeur, in fixing his price, took full advantage of his monopoly of the town's motor facilities.

I wanted to see stock-raising and Mongols. Once clear of the town, my chauffeur scanned the horizon as if he were a captain on the bridge. Then, abruptly leaving the hint of a road, he struck off at forty miles an hour over the sea of green toward a brown skyline.

The brown proved to be cattle. Not a polite Texan bevy of a few hundred head, but more thousands than I could estimate. A grey skyline resolved itself, as we approached, into ten acres of horses and a white horizon became a mile-wide blanket of sheep. To give an exotic touch to this Wild West, there were also herds of Bactrian camels, sarliks and oxen. All these herds were tended by fast-riding Mongol cowboys, each armed with a fifteen-foot pole at the end of which dangled a long loop of rope used as a lasso.

Instead of ranch-houses, we found occasional groups of dome-shaped, felt-covered tents or yurts. Here the herdsmen and their families lived, gypsy-fashion. We visited some of the dirty and fly-infested yurts.

"But these Mongol herdsmen," I said, "are not the real owners. I suppose these herds are owned by wealthy Chinese or Japanese or Russians in the cities."

"No," said the chauffeur, "they belong to the Mongols. Some of the Mongols are immensely rich. But they go right on living in their yurts just the same."

Eleven o'clock. I was walking about an interesting camp of yurts, taking photographs, sidestepping savage dogs. Suddenly my chauffeur announced that we would now return to Hailar.

I reminded him that our contract was for all day and at such a price. No, he said, all day would be double that price. I was reminded of the boatmen at Hongkong who



OUR CAR IS INSPECTED WITH INTEREST, BUT WITHOUT ENVY, BY A MONGOL COWBOY.



THE INEVITABLE CUP OF  
TEA, EVEN AMONG THE  
YURTS OF MONGOLIA.



get you half-way across the harbour, then stop and demand double fare.

We were fifty miles out from Hailar. A boundless green sea spread on all sides until it reached the inverted bowl. One felt like a sailor adrift on a spar in a very wide ocean.

But these Mongols were human beings.

"I'll stay here," I said. "To-morrow I can get a cart from these people to take me back to Hailar."

He laughed. "You can't do that," he said easily. "They wouldn't keep you. And if they did—the food would kill you. The yurts are full of fleas—and worse. And half these people are bandits. You would be held for ransom."

"As at present!" I said.. "It seems to be only a choice between bandits. I prefer these."

He rode off in high dudgeon but stopped a mile away, waited half an hour, then returned. Finding me in the same mood, he at last took half the day's fee and departed in earnest, the car swiftly diminishing to a speck on the horizon, leaving me with a sinking feeling and a collection of savage-looking companions with whom it was positively necessary to make friends. Although this was not my first journey through Mongol country I had never before shared bed and board with the nomads. But had not Marco Polo said that the traveller never knows the native until he has eaten and slept with him?

My elected hosts were rather bewildered by the turn of events. They stared after the now microscopic car. I pointed to one of the four yurts which made up this isolated colony, laid my head on my palm and closed my eyes. At once they smiled and nodded vigorously. One hastened to pour tea. An old man produced a snuff-box, and we each took a ceremonious pinch.

Meanwhile a lad was dispatched on horseback over a near-by rise, and came back presently in the company of a fine-looking young fellow who greeted me in very acceptable English:

"How do you do? Yes, I learned English in America. My Banner sent me there to study stock-raising. And to Argentina. Do you speak Spanish?"

Even before Manchuria became the official responsibility of Japan, the Japanese helped to send promising youths abroad to learn the best methods of developing the resources of their own country.

And here was one of them. His name, he said, was Genghis. Yes—he claimed proudly—a true descendant of Genghis Khan, mighty Mongol who overran all Asia and Europe from the Yellow Sea to the Baltic and the Adriatic.

"Greatest Empire in the history of the world," said the modern Genghis.

And one of the briefest, I thought, but did not dampen his enthusiasm by saying so. After all, a dweller in an evil-smelling tent needs some noble tradition to buoy his pride.

The Mongols may still be proud of the extent and wealth of their domain. Mongolia in all is nearly as large as the United States. To be sure Outer Mongolia is under Russian influence, half of Inner Mongolia under Chinese and Japanese, the other half contained within Manchukuo. But Mongols still dream of a day when all Mongolia will become an independent Empire, perhaps not without the assistance of Japan.

The next great convulsion in the orient may centre in Mongolia. If Russia and Japan come to grips, it will probably be over Mongolia, not Manchukuo.

And what an El Dorado! Even the Gobi Desert is

fabulously rich in minerals, and responds promptly to cultivation when water is supplied. But the Gobi is only a small fraction of Mongolia as the American desert is of the United States. Surrounding it are thousands of miles of ideal grazing country, already the greatest stock country in Asia and well on the way to being the greatest in the world.

"Great open spaces" are necessary for stock raising. America used to have them in her West. But to-day America must accommodate 128,000,000 people.

Even with only five million people from which to draw its herders and shepherds, Mongolia has to-day more than two million horses, two million horned cattle, half a million camels, twelve million sheep and goats, as well as unestimated millions of fur-bearing animals, fox, wolf, bear, tiger, lynx, polecat, skunk, squirrel, marmot, sable and ermine.

That is to-day. But to-morrow is another day, and a greater. Although the wild animals may decrease in number, the domestic animals are due for a sharp increase. The five-year plan of the Manchukuo government includes provision for two million more horses, four million more sheep, and an additional two million seven hundred thousand cattle. More noteworthy than mere increase in numbers is the fact that all these animals will be of improved breeds, utilising the best experience of Europe and the Americas. Already, model specimens in great numbers have been going on board ship at Buenos Aires, New York, Hamburg, and Algiers, bound for the Mongolian plains. And some of them had come to Genghis.

"Would you like to see our herds?" he said.

A horse was saddled for me. Genghis and I rode toward

a low hilltop. I wondered if the centaurs looked anything like this man and his horse who seemed to be so much a part of each other. Genghis had seemed a plodding sort on the ground. Now he moved like a breath of air.

The Mongol wears boots many times too large for him so that they can be padded with wool in the winter time. They are intended to keep his feet warm in the stirrups. They are not meant for walking. His walk is a ducklike waddle. He has all the grace of a walrus out of water. But a walrus does not expect to be out of water and a Mongol does not expect to be off his horse—that is why he affects no better walking gear. His home is on horseback. Four-year-old boys, and girls too, ride. If they cannot stick on they are strapped on. Each spring in the children's races at Urga youngsters of this age are tied on and sent at full speed over a mile-long course. Seven-year-olds ride, untied, in a twenty-mile race.

Anything that cannot be done on horseback, the Mongol hardly considers worth doing. One reason why he never raises a vegetable or a spear of grain is because he cannot manipulate a shovel and a hoe from the deck of a horse. "A Mongol would make a splendid cook," Roy Chapman Andrews reports a foreign resident in Urga as saying, "if you could give him a horse to ride about on in the kitchen."

Standing in short stirrups and leaning far over his horse's neck, Genghis soared up the hill. I laboured up after.

What a panorama of animals we saw from the top!

Nowhere, not even in Argentina, could one see the like. Cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, camels, in vast herds, but each herd distinct, were spread over two miles of

slope to a shallow lake which was also half full of animals.

All these belonged to Genghis, his brother and his uncles. "Rich as Croesus," yet they lived in tents! One of his uncles, I learned, was governor of a district. Did he have a house? Yes, to entertain Japanese and Chinese guests—but in the backyard was a yurt and he lived in the yurt.

Before me was Genghis' bank. The Mongol counts his wealth in heads of stock, not in money. He rarely uses currency. With all his means it is doubtful whether Genghis could have lent me the price of a cup of coffee. Purchase is by barter. If the family wishes to buy an alarm clock, they take a sheepskin to town and trade it for one.

Larger transactions are carried out in the same way. A thousand head of cattle will be sold without a dollar changing hands. And without a word being spoken. The two bargainers sit quietly smoking, each with one hand up the other man's sleeve. Onlookers might suppose them to be half asleep. But although the lips are silent the fingers are voluble. Pressing, nudging, stroking, pinching, with various numbers and combinations of fingers, straight, or doubled, the traders are using the age-old bargaining code of the Mongols, almost as intricate as the finger-language of the deaf. At last they burst into a roar of laughter, withdraw their hands, and exchange snuff-boxes. The deal is closed.

This method of secret negotiation is very useful in a land where there are no soundproof partitions.

Every spring the camel caravans of great city merchants encamp on the plain and spread out an alluring display of crockery, piece goods, fancy goods, flour, brick tea, ornaments, before the eyes of cowboys and their wives who

have assembled from all the yurts within a radius of perhaps forty miles. The first day is spent in mutual admiration. On the second day, busy fingers up sleeves trade wool, hides, furs, and entire herds on the hoof, for enough clothing, snuff, tobacco, manufactured articles and city foods to tide through another year.

## CHAPTER XIV

### NOT BROUGHT UP LIKE LADIES

**W**E rode down to see the horses.

They thundered away as we approached, leaving a few mares who remained steadfast beside their foals—and a dead horse upon which two cowboys were at work. One was salvaging hair from the tail. The other was hacking out some meat.

"The hair goes to America," said Genghis. "The meat you will have for dinner." He eyed me to see how I was taking the news. "I know foreigners don't eat horse meat but you will like it. Foreigners have strange ideas. But then," he granted magnanimously, "I suppose they think some of our ideas are strange too."

"Did they slaughter that horse?" I asked suspiciously.

"Oh, no!" declared Genghis. "We never slaughter animals. There are always enough of them dying from one disease or another to furnish us with plenty of meat."

"But you must slaughter animals in order to sell hides and sheepskins."

"Never!" Genghis said. "We are Lamaists—our religion does not permit the taking of life. This is the greatest hide-shipping country in Asia. But ninety per cent of all the hides sold are from animals which have died a natural death. As for the other ten per cent—the animals have been

bought alive from us by unbelievers and slaughtered by them."

A few hundred of the horses, enticed by curiosity, charged back past us in a swirling stampede. Magnificent animals, a bit small, but all muscle. They live on grass the year round—no grain, not even hay. In winter they must muzzle the grass out from under the snow. They have no shelter against north winds that pull the temperature down to forty degrees below zero. The result is that only the hardiest survive—and they can stand anything and eat anything. "Not brought up like ladies," said Genghis. One could understand why the Cossacks in the World War preferred the unlovely but tough Mongolian horse.

In the herd were a few dozen horses that stood a head higher than their fellows. Their beauty, grace and speed marked them out as Arabs and Anglo-Arabs. By cross-breeding these imported animals with the native, Manchukuo is producing what visiting British breeders call the finest piece of horseflesh in the world—aristocratic in appearance, lithe and swift, but with muscles like cables and an appetite as catholic as a goat's. Thanks to their progenitors, who came from the icy steppes and the burning Sahara, cold and heat mean little to them.

The horse is the Mongol's express—the camel is his freight train. A good camel will carry a load of five hundred pounds seventy miles a day. If there is no food or water to be had, he will not worry. With his disdainful nose in the air, as if so rapt in the contemplation of higher values that he cannot give thought to creature comforts, he will go ten days without eating or drinking. He lives on the "tinned goods" which he has stored away in his two humps. As the nourishment is drained from them





they sag and droop. Among the camels of Genghis I noticed some with completely collapsed humps.

"They had just come back from a long journey through bad country," he explained.

The wind was blowing large balls of brown wool across the prairie. A boy was pursuing them on horseback, hanging almost head down from the saddle to catch them. This was camel's hair—a valuable article. But the Mongol never combs or shears it from the camel. He waits until it falls off—then chases it. The reason is that the camel, with all its appearance of hardihood, is really a delicate animal, and succumbs to the cold if suddenly deprived of its wool.

We rode over to see the sheep. A cloud of tiny flies about them made it undesirable to approach them too closely. The shepherd was on horseback. On his back was a large bag in which to deposit newly-dropped lambs. In his hand he carried a pole-lasso.

What need would a shepherd have for a lasso?

"Does he lasso the sheep?" I inquired in surprise.

"No," laughed Genghis. "That is for wolves."

Another reason, besides boots, why the shepherd rides a horse! He must be ready to pursue wolves when they tear at his flock. He rides down the marauder, lassoes it and drags it to death; or if he is more brutally vengeful, pegs it to the earth, skins it all except the head, and sets it free.

The Mongol has intense hatred for the wolf. He does not fear it. Russians and Chinese run from a pack and are sometimes killed. The Mongol goes straight to meet his enemy; not only because he is naturally courageous, but because he is used to Mongol dogs, which are even larger and more dangerous than wolves.

The sheep is the Mongol's general store on four legs.

It supplies meat, milk, butter, cheese, wool for clothing, felt for the walls and roof of his yurt, rugs for the floor, hoods for his carts, leather for boots and ornaments—and *argol*. The dried manure of sheep and horses, called *argol*, is the only fuel in this treeless land.

The Mongolian sheep is large, the male standing thirty-one inches high and weighing more than one hundred pounds. It is marked by an extraordinary fat tail which often weighs eight pounds. These animals are hardy. They can stand weather that would send the herdsmen to shelter.

But their wool is poor, coarse and straight. Therefore the government is introducing merino in large numbers and, by crossing has combined merino wool with Mongolian hardihood.

In the flocks of Genghis and his clan were two thousand of these cross-breeds, large, heavy-coated animals, the objects of immense pride.

Japan to-day imports most of her wool from Australia. She wishes to become self-supplying—but there is no room in Japan for sheep. Therefore she has launched the Japan-Manchukuo Sheep Raising Association through which the textile manufacturers and the government join in subsidising a ten-year programme for the improvement of the quality of sheep and a large extension of sheep-raising in Manchukuo.

The left ear of every sheep was nicked in peculiar fashion, and when we went to look at the herds of cattle we found branding going on much as in the American West.

"Do you lose many cattle?" I asked.

"Not unless we sell too much milk," replied Genghis.

"What has that to do with it?"

He smiled deprecatingly. "You would probably call it

a superstition," he said. "But we Mongols believe that if we sell milk the cattle will follow it. That is, they are apt to stray away and be lost. Therefore we must brand them, and guard them day and night."

Because of this belief, the Mongols formerly sold no milk. They endeavoured to use it all themselves, thus keeping the cattle at home. Milk and milk products are still the chief articles of the Mongol's diet. He delights in sour milk, sour curds, vinegarish cheeses, rancid butter and, most atrocious of all, an intoxicating milk liquor about as palatable to western taste as kerosene. I tried it at dinner!

But congested Japan had no space for cattle (except, to a limited extent, in Hokkaido). She imported butter from Australia, powdered milk from America, cheese from Europe, hides from Argentina. That would never do. So while the great experimental farms established by Japanese initiative in Manchuria have been breeding up the quality of Mongolian cattle, Japanese pioneers with the help of some White Russians ambitious to enter the butter business have been breaking down Mongol superstition. They have bought milk on a guarantee to repair any damage the gods might wreak upon the sellers of it. But there have been few dire results and the export of milk products has rapidly increased.

Several butter factories have sprung up in Mongolia. The butter is an improvement on Australian butter. Samples of it sent to London met with the highest approval. It is now being exported, along with milk and cheese, to all parts of Asia, particularly Japan and China. Its low price and high quality are even winning for it a sale in the butter-and-cheese countries of Europe, historic strongholds of the cow!

"What in the world is that?" I asked Genghis when I saw a woman holding up what appeared to be the trunk of a calf, legless and headless, before a cow that was being milked.

"The Mongolian cow," he explained, "will not give milk unless she has a calf beside her."

"But that is not a live calf."

"It doesn't need to be. A stuffed calfskin does quite as well. We have used that one a long time. The head and feet have worn off. But it's lighter to carry than a whole calf, and the cow is just as well satisfied!"

On the way back to the yurts we passed several hundred hogs, large and small. I supposed them to be old and young. But as we came closer, it appeared that the difference was one not of age but of breed. The small ones were original Mongols. The large ones were cross-breeds obtained by the use of imported Berkshires. Another result of careful experimentation on the national stock farms.

We found the women busy about the camp, hurrying to finish their work before the sun sank into the green ocean. One was industriously sprinkling sand on sheep's wool to increase its weight so that it would bring a higher price! Water and sugar had previously been applied to make the sand stick fast. The overlords are trying, not too successfully, to break down this custom. Wool arriving in Tientsin or Japanese ports where it is subjected to hot washing yields up half its weight!

Another woman was making thread—with a hammer! The hamstrings of cattle are buried in the earth for a time, then taken up and pounded until they separate into fibres. These fibres make excellent thread for sewing boots, saddles and other leather articles.

Another was gruesomely at work surrounded by buckets of blood. The blood is dried, then shipped to a factory where the albumen is extracted to be used in the manufacture of veneer. A high pile of bones did not make the scene more cheerful. The bones go to Japan for use as manure.

But I was most fascinated by the lady who was preparing our evening meal. She was squeezing half-solidified mare's milk through her hands to form cakes of *koumiss*. Judging from the startling difference in complexion between her clean palms and the grimy backs of her hands, I should say that mare's milk is to be highly recommended as a skin freshener and cleanser. Occasionally she paused to pick up *argol*, with the same hands, and place it in the sheet-iron stove.

When the salted water in the two-foot-wide iron cauldron which crowned the stove was boiling she dropped in generous chunks of the deceased equine whose wake I had witnessed that afternoon; also pieces of beef, mutton and pork by way of variety, and some squares of evil-smelling cheese.

Tea was being brewed on another fire. The Mongols use bricks of tea made from the dust and sweepings of the leaf. Shavings are cut from the brick and stewed for half an hour in milk to which salt and "butter" have been added. I use quotes since the "butter" made in the yurts is unlike anything we know of by that name. It is an indeterminate something that seems to stand at the crossing butter, or cheese, or curds, or whey, or go back to milk.

## CHAPTER XV

### MONGOL NIGHT

DINNER was called.

With all the bowing and smiling that might grace a banquet we sat down on the ground in a circle before the yurts. Sinister dogs snarled behind us, ready to thrust their fangs in after a piece of meat.

The black witches' cauldron was placed in the centre. We dipped solid silver bowls into it—what little the Mongol does not put into animals he invests in silver. Up came soup, meat and cheese. The soup was drunk and the solids were picked out with the fingers. The women chewed the tough pieces soft and gave them to the babies.

The meal was punctuated by sips of tea—and long draughts of milk and milk liquor from skin bottles made from the distended and tanned stomachs of animals. The *koumiss* cakes were not so bad. In fact no lunch, a good appetite, and fresh air, gave a savour to everything.

The meal over, each banqueter politely licked clean his bowl. Dishes are never washed, and it would be most unmannerly to leave one's bowl dirty.

Water is so precious on the plains that abstinence from the use of it has become embedded in the religion of the Mongols. One may drink moderately—but to use water on the body is a wicked and selfish waste. Why wash off the dirt? It is clean plains dirt—and it will wear off in time. He

who has much to do with water will be a fish in the next incarnation. Even Mongols of high estate, though fairly clean, use water very sparingly. In one of the Mongol schools I later visited, a Mongol princess demonstrated before the girls of the domestic class how to cleanse thoroughly a pair of doughy hands with a single mouthful of water.

Genghis put on an after-dinner entertainment of wrestling between two of the young braves. It seemed to be chiefly a shin-kicking contest. Then darkness descended, a chill wind blew up, the howl of a wolf made the solitude of this little oasis seem more intense, and it was pleasant to go inside one of the warm smoky yurts and sit on sheepskins about a glowing fire.

The problem of sleep began to concern me. Of course there were no beds. The ground, covered with skins, is the bed. The sleepers pack themselves closely together for warmth. How all the cowboys of this camp with their wives and children were to find space to lie down in four yurts and still leave room for a stranger without overlapping was a puzzle to me.

Genghis solved it when he mentioned the fact that the plains bandits were specially active at night. Therefore the herds must be even more heavily guarded by night than by day. Guards were also on duty about the tents—for the brigands would take women if they could not get horses.

I need not have worried about sleeping quarters. My friends, in spite of my protests, gallantly wedged themselves into the other three yurts, leaving one entirely free for me. And this would be the place for a few remarks, if there were room for them, which there is not, on the good-heartedness that the traveller finds in every land and among every people—the ready sympathy and courtesy

that assure us, far more than the pronouncements of diplomats, that all mankind is one brotherhood.

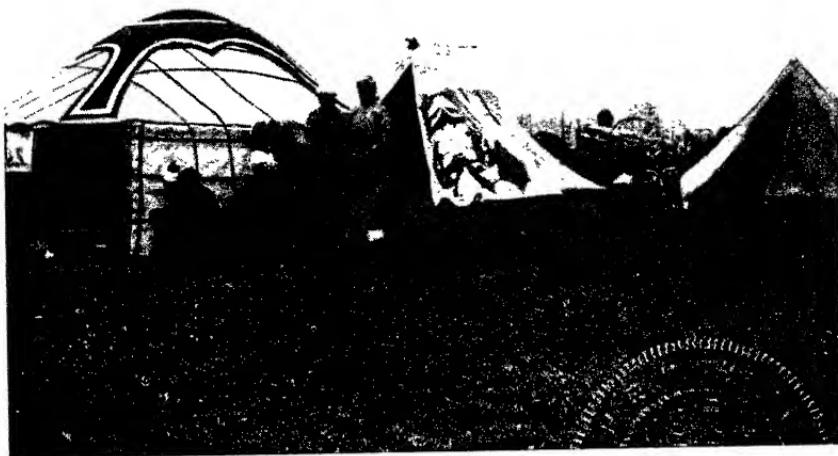
With such humanitarian reflections, encouraged by the lazy warmth of sheepskins and of the embers in the iron basket sending up their languid spiral of smoke through the hole in the felt roof, I dropped off to sleep. There was no night attack by bandits. And the night attack that did take place within my own covers failed to rouse me. It seemed hardly ten minutes later that I heard Genghis calling:

"Come. We should start early if you wish to get to Hailar to-day."

Breakfast under the cold stars. The mysteries of the meal were blessedly hidden in darkness. Then as dawn began to break, we rode away, Genghis, his younger brother and I, to the north. Fifty miles to do! The thought was appalling. But I soon discovered that my horse, a magnificent Mongol-Arab cross-breed, was a natural ambler. The favourite steed of the great Genghis Khan was an ambler, and Mongols ever since have taken pride in teaching their horses the pace. My horse was more like a moving platform than a horse. On such mounts it is not uncommon for good Mongol riders to make one hundred miles in a day.

I found fifty plenty! And was glad of an excuse to stop occasionally, perhaps to photograph a herd, or to lunch, or to have my saddle girth repaired, which Genghis did by taking hairs from the horse's tail and weaving them into a band.

The pageant of animals was absorbing. In those two days I was seeing 100,000 animals. Fourteen thousand horses in one herd. But in all those miles—not a veget-



THE HOME OF THE MONGOL CAN BE QUICKLY TRANSPORTED TO ANY  
SPOT WHERE PASTURES ARE GREEN





able! Except in the tiny settlement of a Japanese colonist.

Such colonists will multiply. They presage the conquering of the West. Pioneers from the cities of eastern Manchukuo are coming, to till and plant, much to the disgust of the riders of the plains. Most of the newcomers are Chinese—but the Japanese Government is endeavouring to transport thousands of Japanese farmers to Manchukuo. Even the Mongols themselves, in the new schools, are being taught to raise vegetables, grain and trees! If they swallow such unpalatable learning, they must in time cease to be nomads. You can pick up your tents and drive your herds to new pastures—but you can't move a farm!

The great building boom in Manchukuo, the rapid increase in population due chiefly to Chinese immigration, the extension of railroads, all mean that the days of the picturesque Wild West are numbered. The Japanese expect it to become, with proper exploitation, the greatest scientific stock-raising country in the world. But even that day will come and go, people will crowd in, animals will be crowded out, and a hundred years from now may see the cycle of history through which the American West has gone repeated in Mongolia.

We arrived at Hailar shortly before dusk. Genghis and his brother would take no money. But they would consent to have dinner with me at a Russian restaurant and go to the town's only theatre. The picture seemed an omen of the passing of the Far East's Wild West.

We saw Charles Chaplin in a well-worn print of *City Lights*.



JAPAN IN KOREA



## CHAPTER XVI

### KOREA FROM A NUNNERY WINDOW

THOSE who wish to glimpse the trend of future events in Asia should not neglect to study that vivid object lesson . . . Korea.

• • • • •  
We sat in a nunnery on a mountain side and looked out over the Korean landscape. We ate pine nuts and talked politics.

"You now see before you a terrible example," said the wise old abbess who had known the world and rejected it. Her young feet had even trod Piccadilly. Her old feet preferred the paths among the pines. In this ancient temple there were no gramophones, radios, telephones, electric lights. But there was a Buddha to give one peace, a heated floor to comfort one's bones, and a few books in English and German nudging the sutras on the shelf. And, although the abbess had refused an invitation to lecture at an American college, she took delight in haranguing the travellers who stopped to spend the night at the convent.

"If you want to know what the Japanese will do in Manchuria and in China . . . look! Here it lies before you. Poor little farms, houses like cow-sheds. The Japanese have been in Korea now for three decades. They have had

an opportunity to show what they could do. And to-day the farmers, and that means eighty-three per cent of the people of Korea, are worse off than they were before."

The Japanese officer drew in his breath apologetically.

"That is quite true," he said. He evidently knew that the only possible way to win an elderly lady to a new point of view is to agree to her old one. "We have not done very well with Korea. It was our first real experiment in colonisation. Yes—Formosa—but that was a small matter compared with this. And our mistakes bear down most heavily upon the farmers. See how the stock manipulators lower the price of rice just before the farmer sells his crop, and raise it just after he sells. And the government can't, or won't, stop it. Cheap manufactured goods take the place of the things the farmer used to make by hand. He spends for rubber shoes instead of making his own out of raw-hide or straw."

"Ah, but," said the abbess, "I wouldn't go without my rubber shoes. They keep my feet dry. The old ones never did."

"The farmer has been changed from a maker to a buyer," went on the Japanese, "and since he has no money to buy with, his lot becomes worse every year."

The American suggested that this condition was not peculiar to Korea. In many countries the status of the farmer has been growing steadily worse as industrialisation progresses. He always seems to be in the backwash of civilisation. And the stronger the current, the stronger the backwash.

"But is the current so strong in Korea?" The officer said it with an air of great discouragement.

"Of course it is," the abbess admitted. "Your people

have done wonders here. Wonders! Look at that railroad line in the valley. Those fine roads. Those telegraph and telephone lines. Electric power lines. Dikes along that river—it used to break loose like a demon every spring. But no more. Thousands of trees planted on that mountain. . . .”

The Japanese officer sat on his hands which were pressed against the heated floor. He could now safely leave the defence of Japan to the sense of justice of the abbess. She talked on while dusk deepened, while the little bean-oil lamps were being lighted (for though the blessings of civilisation were wonderful for the valley and for Korea they would never be admitted to the convent) and while we drew up to a foot-high circular table in the centre of which was a vast bowl of steaming rice girdled by small bowls each containing a pickle—pickled mushrooms, pickled seaweed, pickled cabbage, pickled beans, pickled pine nuts, pickled millet seeds and pickled maple leaves. She paused only long enough to ask grace beautifully and simply by bowing the head and striking an ancient bronze bell with a deer's horn. The bell had hardly completed its message of prayer echoing out of the past ages before the abbess burst forth again about tractors, trams and bank deposits. Blessed with an active mind and many visitors, she knew what was going on.

And, if we supplement her observations with facts obtained from many other sources during rather extensive travels through the peninsula, the credit side of Japan's ledger in Korea may be briefly summarised as follows.

Life has been made safer. Epidemics are now rare, smallpox is almost gone, asylums for house lepers who formerly roamed abroad, pure water is provided in cities.

The witches and magicians who were formerly the only practitioners of medicine are giving way to licensed physicians. There is now one physician to every eight thousand people. That seems scanty provision, but it is much better than none.

With the drain of disease curbed, the population now grows rapidly. Japan established a protectorate over Korea in 1905 and annexed the country in 1910. The population, thirteen million in 1910, is now twenty-two million. The rate of increase even exceeds that of Japan, whose own rate is sufficient to bewilder the government and distress the world. China's rate falls far below—for although she gives birth to more, she buries more. Rapid increase is by no means a certain blessing but it at least indicates that living conditions have improved.

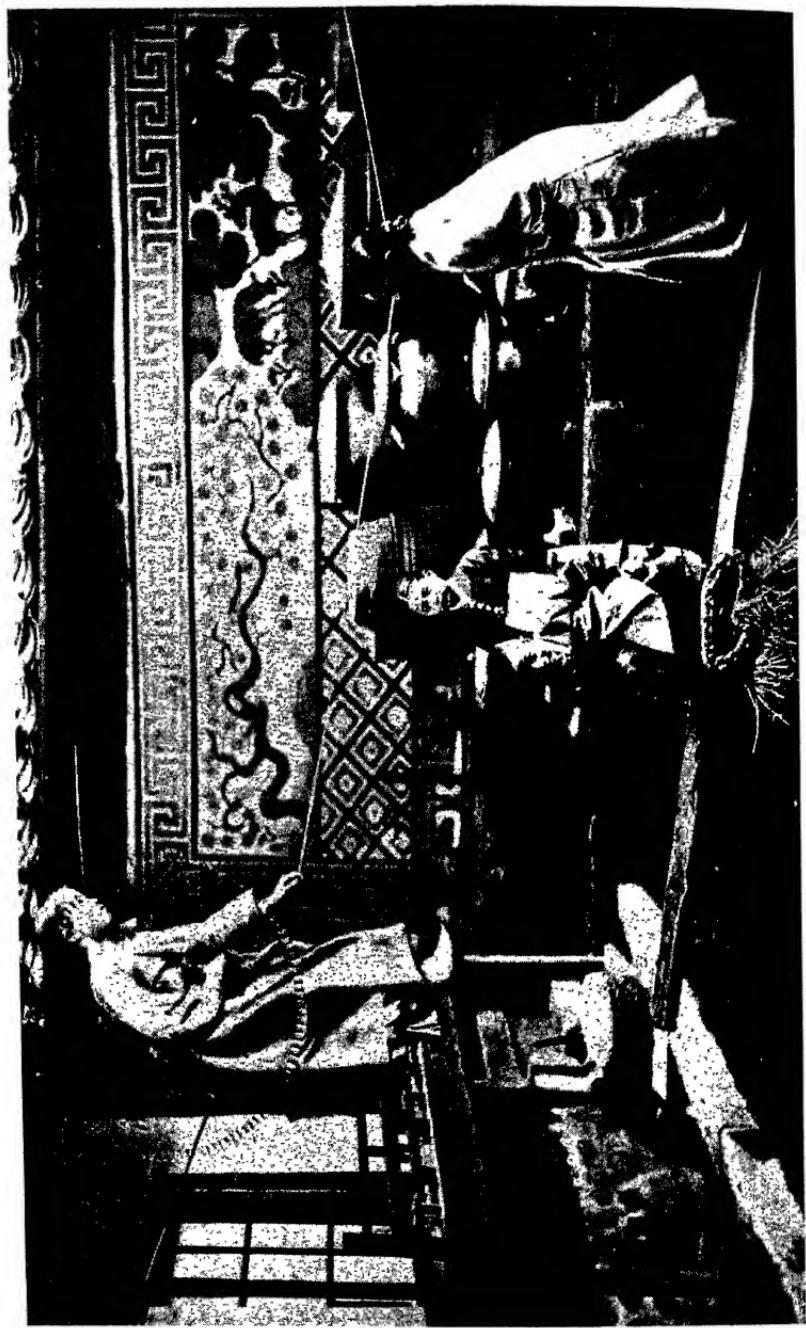
What of mental progress? Outside of the excellent institutions conducted by missionaries, there were formerly no schools except those teaching Chinese classics. Japan introduced such subjects as arithmetic, geography, Japanese language and practical agriculture. While there were only one hundred common schools in 1910 they now number more than two thousand with half a million students. This is an excellent record as compared with Britain's in India or America's in the Philippines, but it still leaves much to be accomplished. Two million Korean children of school age are without schools.

There is romance in the story of the development of Korean transportation. The hermit kingdom yielded only with difficulty to violations by roads and rails.

The first electric car line in the capital of Korea was built by an American. The long-skirted conductors on the cars used coin registers made in Chicago.



THE ABBESS ENTERTAINED US WITH HOMELY FARE AND  
PHILOSOPHY.



HIGH IN THE AIR, FROM THE KOREAN VARIATION OF THE SEE-SAW.

When this tram line was first put into operation, a drought occurred. The sky blazed and the earth rolled up clouds of dust. Day followed day with no sign of rain, and the paddy fields were parched. Farmers flocked to the geomancers and the ground prophets. The verdict of these seers was: "The devil that runs the thunder-and-lightning wagons has caused the drought."

Mobs attacked the tram-cars, rolled one over, set fire to another and exploded the tracks. Then rain fell, and men smiled at each other, well satisfied that they had given the tram-devil a terrible fright.

The American who introduced the electric car went on to build the first fine road in Korea. He also built the first railway. All the glass in the first coaches was soon broken by excited passengers who thrust out their heads without first raising the window. The Koreans knew nothing of glass. A material so invisible that one could see through it, and yet so solid that it would bruise one's head, was beyond their comprehension.

Finally the same expedient which had been adopted in near-by Japan was repeated here. A white strip was painted at eye-level across each window in order that the Korean might have a constant reminder of the reality of the unseen! It protected both glass and passengers.

A more serious difficulty was the propensity of Koreans for lying down between the tracks at night. Since the stone road-bed was exactly as comfortable as the Korean stone bed, and the iron rail was the exact height and width of the Korean pillow, travellers on warm summer evenings would save the cost of a room at the inn by dropping down upon this luxurious outdoor couch to spend the night.

They knew that trains rarely ran at night. But occasionally a special would be sent out, and the task of the engineer was a harrowing one as he peered anxiously ahead, watching for a white form across the track and a head lopping backward over the rail. The bell must be kept going and the whistle blowing lustily to awaken the slumberers, who would sit up and rub their eyes in the glare of the headlights, while the train, with grinding brakes, came to a heavy stop within a few yards of them. Sometimes the slumberer did not wake and the train could not stop.

But the hermit people became accustomed to the devil-carriages and were soon to be found in them, not under them. When I first visited Korea in 1915, only five years after annexation, I saw stations thronged by would-be travellers in white or baby-blue gowns with ventilated hats tied under the chin; they boarded cars made in Wilmington, Delaware, drawn by locomotives made in Philadelphia over steel rails from South Chicago, lolled upon cushioned seats, wielded very large knives and forks in the diner, ate American ice-cream, and looked out with blasé air upon the forty-miles-an-hour panorama as if they had been used to this sort of thing all their lives. At every later visit I found the crowds increasing and the American equipment diminishing. To-day all rolling stock is Japan-made. There are two thousand miles of railroad in Korea. The number of passengers has grown from two million in 1911 to an estimated twenty-eight million in 1937.

Travel has taught Korea that her old map of the world is out of date—the map which showed Korea as the centre of creation surrounded by the kingdom of the Three-Headed People, the Land of Fire-Eaters, the Fork-

Tongued People and the Round-Eyed Cyclops Kingdom.

With travel has come trade. Korea's foreign trade has increased seventeen times since 1910. Before annexation the annual trade was about fifty million yen; now it is a billion yen. Korea in 1912 imported three times as much as she exported. Now the tables are turned and she exports more than she imports. However, America has fared particularly well and sells to Korea ten times as much as she buys from her. Accepting Korean goods to the value of half a million yen, the United States sells five million yen worth of American goods to Korea.

Of course this five million is a bagatelle compared with the sales of Japan proper to Korea amounting to four hundred million yen a year. But Japan reciprocates by buying almost as much from Korea as she sells to her. It would appear that America, while getting very little business in Korea, is getting ten times as much as she deserves. Britain also has been buying very little—and it is therefore not surprising that her sales to Korea have been sliding steadily toward the vanishing point.

After all, the "open door" of Asia is a revolving door. It opens inward only as much and as fast as it opens outward. The secret of Japan's economic success in Asia is that she takes as much as she gives. Her trade with China has rested upon a fairly even keel—a balance of exports and imports. The same is true of her trade with Manchukuo—and with Korea. Fundamentally it is not the Japanese army which is merging Japan and the Asiatic continent—but the fact that each needs what the other has. Soldiers, who imagine themselves the pilots of destiny, are but chips on the economic tide.

Korea's resources are made to order for Japan. Every

year about forty million yen worth of gold is mined, ten million of coal, twelve million of iron, and the largest production of graphite in the world. Korea is believed to be as richly mineralised as Mexico. Many mines are operated by Americans. Their concessions, granted in 1896, somehow survived the change in government.

Industrial production in Korea has increased nineteen times since annexation. Bank deposits are twenty times as large.

"Now, that is all splendid," said the abbess after recounting such facts as the foregoing, minus the figures. "But where has this new wealth gone? It has gone to enrich the rich. The great men of the cities become richer and the small men of the country become poorer. You say it's because this is an industrialised age . . . the same thing is happening all over the world. In England, in America, in Japan too, the farmers are in trouble. Perhaps . . . but you come with me down to the farms to-morrow morning and tell me whether you have ever seen suffering like this."

I accepted the invitation. And we went to our rest. If it can be called rest to lie on a stone floor with a wooden block as a pillow. Fortunately the floor was heated. But there was nothing to mitigate the harshness of that pillow. It was not even made of soft wood. Every hour it became firmer, impressing itself more deeply upon the skull and memory, so that the night remains unforgettable.

Buddhism, so ornamental in some lands, has in Korea become as plain and hard as that pillow. The priests and nuns were long ago demoted by Korean rulers who feared their political power. They now live as hermits, in unadorned temples, on the edge of poverty, giving nothing

to the world and taking little from it. Our abbess was somewhat unusual—most of the clergy become ignorant and shiftless, flotsam of a former glory. Half a million Koreans have become Christians. The rest of the twenty-two million are inclined to rely upon the abracadabra of their animistic wizards and witches rather than upon the rites of Buddhism.

To-day Buddhist priests are being sent from Japan in an effort to regenerate Korean Buddhism. The newcomers have ideals . . . but perhaps not quite so much the ideals of Gautama Buddha as the ideals of *Yamato Damashii*, the spirit of devotion to the divine Emperor. Buddhism as well as Shinto in Japan has been bent to the national purpose. Japanese priests, who are more Japanese than priests, can hardly meet their Korean brothers on a common platform of belief . . . therefore their work is hard.

## CHAPTER XVII

### MOONLIGHT AND REALITY

M OONLIGHT filtered through the translucent paper windows into the altar room which served also as a guest room. It illuminated the huge drum, which, suspended from the ceiling, seemed to float in mid-air. It picked out highlights on the polished brass candlesticks and the brass incense bowl on the altar. It gave an even more remote air than usual to the face of the little gilt Buddha who sat above the altar shelf, immune from the distress and dust of this world in a glass case. It made the great wooden pillars which supported the heavy thatch roof seem like misty columns of incense.

Then dawn hardened everything into reality, the pigs which the nuns are too pious to eat but not too pious to raise for sale to sinners began to grunt, wooden bowls began to rattle and firewood to crackle in the kitchen.

The Japanese rose and greeted the morn with a pæan of hawking and gargling. The abbess achieved slight competition with the recitation of a sutra, but did better when she attacked the great drum. Pounding it with one drum-stick, and a small floor-drum with another, she stirringly proclaimed to the peasants of the valleys beneath that Buddha was still on his lotus flower and all was right with the world. Perhaps there was a minor message to the effect that it might be well to set aside a penny or two for the nuns who would come later in the day to collect alms.

After the pickled breakfast, the abbess donned her over-coat and beaver hat. She put on her Japanese rubber shoes. She brought out a London-made brief-case which had won admittance to this retreat only because it was such a convenient receptacle for alms in cash or kind.

We descended to the farms. Where the steep path met the plain, we came upon a white-clad farmer prying pieces of bark from a tree-trunk.

"His breakfast," said the abbess.

She spoke to him and we went with him to his house. He was a large-boned man, perhaps in his thirties, but he walked so deliberately that even the old abbess had difficulty in slowing her pace to match his. We came to a forlorn little beehive of a house—a beehive in appearance only, not in any air of activity. There was a pig-pen but no pig. A chicken coop but no chickens. A scrawny courtyard with nothing in it except a large empty jar which had once held the winter's store of pickle, now exhausted. The house had mud walls, mud-and-straw roof, and mud floors. Outside the house was a mud stove in which some pine needles were smouldering. The heat passed through a mud conduit to the space beneath the floors and the smoke came out of a mud chimney which rose from the ground four feet outside the opposite wall of the house.

We entered. A woman was ironing—beating with two clubs a white garment, slightly moistened, laid across a flat stone. She ceased her tattoo and came to greet the abbess. She took some of the bark, dropped down beside a small feverish form that lay on a pallet and began to feed the bark to her son. The child's stomach was a great bloated mound. A sign, not of plenty, but of poisoning.

"These people are fortunate," said the abbess. "Their

landlord has not turned them out. I could show you much worse 'spring suffering' than this."

The season most rhapsodised by poets is known to Korean tenant farmers as the time of "spring suffering." And most farmers are tenant farmers. Only four per cent of the farming families own their land (as against fourteen per cent in Japan and vastly higher percentages in Europe and the United States). Tenants must pay half of their crop as rental. This payment is made in the autumn immediately after harvest. Out of the other half the tenant must make his landlord an additional "present," pay the taxes, buy seed and fertiliser, and pay interest charges on old debts. Very little of the crop is left to feed the family through the year. The supply gives out in mid-winter or early spring. Then comes "spring suffering." For the majority of the tenant population the time of most desperate need is from March to June inclusive. Then bark, roots, acorns, grass, weeds, become food and thousands die of malnutrition, poisoning or downright starvation. In desperate straits, the tenant settles himself still further into the mire by borrowing more money from the usurers—if he can get it.

"They will not lend me any money," our host told the abbess.

"Perhaps that is just as well for you," replied the abbess cheerfully. "How much do you owe now?"

"About ninety yen."

"What interest do you have to pay?"

"They knew my father—so I got a low rate. Three per cent."

But that means three per cent a month. Thirty-six per cent a year. Comparatively he was lucky, since four per

cent a month, forty-eight per cent a year, is not unusual.

"But whatever made you borrow so much as ninety yen?"

"I didn't. I borrowed ten yen. That was long ago. In good years I paid the interest and in bad years I couldn't. Altogether I have paid seventy yen in interest. And I have ninety left to pay."

Thus a trivial debt of ten yen (about twelve shillings) multiplies itself endlessly and is sometimes passed down from generation to generation, always rolling larger. Of course if the farmer has any land or other possessions they are confiscated to pay the debt. Thus, in the words of the official report on Administration of Chosen (as Korea is officially called), "seizure of land from defenceless owners in Chosen has been the habit." The land has passed into the hands of men who do not work it—in fact many of them live far from their property and do nothing but collect. Half of the cultivable land of the whole country is owned by twenty thousand absentee landlords.

It is taken for granted that a farmer will be in debt. Eighty per cent of the farming community of Korea, according to the official Japan Year Book, has debts, bearing interest at three per cent or four per cent a month.

There was nothing surprising to the abbess in the condition of this family. Her only surprise was indicated in her next question:

"How did it happen that you borrowed only once?"

"We had two girls we could use."

The abbess, translating his answer to me, explained that he was euphemistically stating that he had sold two of his daughters.

"Did they become dancing girls?" she inquired.

"No, no," the man laughed. "They had no talent. They could only do what any woman can do." One had been taken by a house of prostitution. The other was a drudge in a landlord's kitchen.

Both had been sold outright. The proceeds had served to keep the rest of the family alive—and the girls were fed. Slavery seemed better than starvation. Slaves rarely try to escape—since there is nothing better to which they may escape. Moreover, they would be promptly returned to their owners. Japanese law does not hold them bound. But custom does. And in a primitive and ignorant society, custom is stronger than law. The Japanese, fearing to stir up unnecessary trouble, do not flout Korean custom, except where it is to their industrial or political advantage to do so. Their stand against slavery is further weakened by the fact that in Japan itself the merchandising of daughters by destitute farmers is not uncommon.

We went on to other houses. The net impression was one of abject resignation. The people did nothing because it seemed hopeless, and their lot was hopeless because they did nothing. The Koreans have had long training in doing nothing. Not that they are more lazy than many other races—but they have learned by long experience that their toil merely fills the purses of landlords and politicians. Particularly in the old Korea prosperity was dangerous. There was a saying that the amassing of wealth was the beginning of disaster. Corrupt officials immediately swooped upon savings and if they were not freely given up, punishment followed, torture, imprisonment, and even the death penalty. There was no justice to be had. Now there is, but the ignorant farmer does not know how to take advantage of it.

We saw twenty Koreans sitting in a sort of jaw-hung trance watching one Japanese saw a log. In a field five Koreans were shovelling—with one shovel! One man guided the handle; the other four lifted the shovel by means of ropes attached to the blade.

The Korean farmer has more land than the farmer in Japan, but does less work upon it. The density of population in Korea averages eighty-two per square kilometre less than in Japan proper. Cultivated land per family averages four acres, almost double the size of the Japanese farm. This advantage is cancelled by the fact that the yield per acre is only half that in Japan. The Korean farmer works on his land from seventy to one hundred days a year, the Japanese farmer from 200 to 250.

Another difference is that the Korean has not learned to use his mountain-sides. Japanese mountains, for example, in the neighbourhood of Hiroshima, are cultivated to an altitude of 3,000 feet above sea-level.

Graves litter Korean farms. The government in 1912 ordered the use of public cemeteries. Superstitious opposition was so strong that the order was rescinded in 1919.

In Japan both men and women work in the fields. In Korea the female half of the population is busy washing clothes. Korea's greatest extravagance is white clothing. White was originally the mourning colour, worn for thirty years after the death of an Emperor. But Emperors died in such rapid succession that the populace found itself always in white—and the habit became fixed.

A white-clad tiller of the soil does not stay white long. Hence the women are slaves to the washing-stone and ironing-stone. They occupy odd moments with taking

garments apart and putting them together again—for a robe, especially if padded, must be ripped apart and sewed up again each time it is laundered. The statisticians have estimated that Korean women spend three billion hours a year washing, ironing and sewing.

The government, impressed with this waste of productive power, has recently ordered the wearing of black. The edict is on the books, but the people still wear white.

Of course, the donning of snow-white linen does not put a man in the right mental attitude for grubbing in the soil. He is prone to excuse himself for staying indoors by the fact that it will save his wife work. He is also dissuaded from too much exertion by the numbing delights of a heated floor. The Korean floor is the most comfortable in the world. The Japanese floor of *tatami* or straw slabs is delightful in summer; but in cold weather it is a grill through which the chill vapours rise from beneath. Who shall say to what extent the Japanese urge to be up and doing is due to the impossibility of relaxation upon a frigid floor in a draughty room heated only by a few coals in a *hibachi* full of ashes? There are only two ways to get warm; step into the hot bath; go out and work in the fields. Therefore the Japanese are the best-bathed people on earth and among the most industrious. Work is an escape. One cannot understand how men and their wives can cheerfully wade barefoot in the near-freezing water and mud of the paddies until one realises how much more agreeable this vigorous motion is than sitting still in a Japanese house while winter winds swirl up through the sieve-like floor. I am prepared to believe that much of the greatness of Japan is due to the cult of discomfort. Spartan endurance is inculcated from child-

DONNING BEAVER HAT  
AND OVERCOAT, WEAR-  
ING JAPANESE RUBBER  
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LONDON - MADE BRIEF  
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ABBESS DESCENDS TO  
THE FARMS.





hood. The poverty of pleasures is such that the greatest pleasure is work.

Often the only sign of life about a Korean house will be the crackling of fire in the stove which heats the floors. These are sometimes so hot that they blister the bodies of sleepers. Here the Korean is inclined to hibernate two-thirds of the year. He makes brief sallies for fuel, stripping his mountains, and causing despair to the reforestation experts who can hardly keep pace with him even by the maintenance of 338 seeding stations and the planting of 4,687,000 trees in the last twenty years.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### VALLEY OF PAIN

**S**CREAMS of agony issuing from a little mole of a house drew us thither. We entered without ceremony—but immediate protests from the inmates caused the male visitor to retire in confusion. Yet he had seen enough to leave a permanent scar on memory. A woman in labour lay on the floor. Across her abdomen had been placed a board and upon either end of it sat a girl, see-sawing to force delivery, while the unhappy woman shrieked with pain. A dirty midwife stood by, directing the proceedings.

A doctor later informed me of the grave effects that follow this common practice. Organs that have been forced out are pressed back by the midwife and contracted with a swab of nitric acid so that they may stay in place. The contraction is often too severe, closing the passage entirely, or leaving just enough opening for conception but not sufficient to allow delivery. Therefore the few hospitals are bombarded with "nitric cases." When a midwife does not have nitric acid available she may soak a rag with kerosene, stuff it in and set it on fire.

The degradation of the peasant is immeasurably increased by the almost incredible ignorance and superstition attending native medical practice.

Wherever there is pain a *chimsi* or needle may be forced into the body, sometimes to a depth of six inches.

Through the aperture thus made the evil spirit is supposed to escape. The needles are never sterilised, ailments are passed from one person to another. The needle embroiders minor complaints into serious ones. In a hospital I saw a convalescent whose leg had been amputated above the knee. The sequence had been: lame ankle . . . acupuncture . . . infection . . . amputation.

A hole for the release of the trouble-making spirit may also be made by cautery or burning. The fire-ball is made by crushing mugwort, and rolling it into a ball. It is lighted and placed on the body. The burn varies according to the ailment, the maximum burn being about an inch deep. The occasional beneficial effects of slight cautery have led ignorant practitioners to injurious excesses. They doubtless argue that where a little is good, more must be better.

Another case of a good idea carried too far appears in the use of the tourniquet to stop circulation in an arm or leg after snake-bite. To be effective according to Korean ideas the tourniquet must be of woman's hair . . . and it must be left on for a month or more. I photographed the wearer of such an arm-band. He had worn it for three months. His fingers had rotted off with gangrene and his arm would have to be amputated.

Speaking of snakes . . . boiled snake is thought to be a sure cure for tuberculosis. Near a tuberculosis sanatorium I had seen a vender of snakes doing a thriving business, boiling snakes to order in an iron pot and selling them at one yen each (a large sum in Korea) to patients who had more faith in this treatment than in the new-fangled methods imported from Japan and the West.

In the village visited with the abbess was a small hill

crowned by a "devil-house." From it came the sound of drumming and chanting. The abbess was willing that I should satisfy a natural curiosity, but would not go with me. Professional ethics forbade. The Buddhist nun could not politely intrude into the shrine of the devil-priestess. I climbed to the devil-house, one side of which was thrown open. A baby lay on the floor, eyes closed. Over it bent a woman, probably its mother, and several relatives, watching for any movement. A *mudan* or sorceress beat a drum—another danced, with much mystic waving of hands. Both chanted incessantly. The baby did not stir and I rejoined the abbess.

She happily showed me the contents of her brief-case—two potatoes, some pickles, a live and lively chicken (the latter acceptable only to a Buddhist of liberal mind). She was ready to return to the convent.

Buddhism in Korea does nothing to lift the pall of medical superstition and suffering. Japanese doctors and health services are doing much. The work of western mission doctors has been brilliant. But perhaps the greatest credit of all is due to the young Korean doctors of the new school, for they alone have climbed steeply from an abyss. The fathers of some of them are old-time practitioners. Nearly five hundred modern doctors have been graduated from the great missionary institution, Severance Union Medical College, at Seoul. Others have been trained in the medical colleges of Japan.

They are the medical hope of Korea—because mission doctors are few and Japanese doctors cannot be persuaded to bury themselves in the villages where most of Korea lives. The young Korean doctors are passionately devoted to their country and their people—as the visitor finds out

when they protest against his photographing primitive practices because they fear that the publicising of superstition and ignorance will discredit their country. They fail to realise that credit comes not by concealing what is, but by building what is to be.

Korea can become great—she was great in ages past. She had a higher literacy than China or Japan. She printed from metal type a century before Gutenberg printed from wood. She built the first great suspension bridge three hundred years before Brooklyn Bridge. She built the first iron-clad warship and defeated Japan with it. She gave Japan arts, Confucianism, Buddhism. Then she fell upon evil days—became so corrupt and weak that her own pupils mastered her. Her modern renaissance has been remarkable, but she is prone to be too proud of it.

The plain truth is that Korea is still in a pitiable plight. Millions have no doctors, no hospitals, no schools, and, worst of all, no reason for ambition. Effort seems to get them nowhere. While pushing forward they go backward.

“The most unfortunate aspect,” admits the *Japan Times*, “has been the decline of the status of the farming population which has taken place hand in hand with increase in production of agricultural produce and even with increased investments and general raising of the land wealth of the country. . . . We thus witness in Chosen a development which has taken place to a degree in Japan also—namely, the welfare of the agrarians being sacrificed for progress in the urban centres.”

It would be unfair not to mention the splendid “Self-Help Movement,” which is bringing relief to some farm communities. It was inaugurated by the Government of Korea in 1933. Since the idea has somehow got round the

world that everything takes five years to do, no more, no less, this also is a "five-year plan." The idea is to develop model villages which will serve as examples to surrounding villages. Forty-six hundred villages in all parts of Korea were selected and their transformation begun under Japanese advisers.

The motto of the movement is "Work!" Bells control the working day, ringing at six, at noon, an hour after noon and at six, with a retiring bell at ten. Relatives who come to visit may stay one day—then if they do not work they must go home. The labour supply on the land is doubled by enlisting the women. Black is worn by ninety-five per cent of the 125,000 families involved in this experiment. Improved farming methods are taught. The yield has increased amazingly. For most of these families there is no more "spring suffering."

The Japanese talent for organisation and compulsion brought prompt results. Even within the first year in the 99 model communities of South Chusei Province the land cultivated increased by 200 acres, the rice crop by 60,000 bushels, the cotton crop by 125,000 pounds, the oxen by 160. The number of chickens doubled, sericulture increased by a third, debts were reduced by 54,000 yen. Housewives, when measuring the rice for cooking, learned to put away a certain amount as savings. Also every family was expected to put 20 sen a month (three pence) in a savings account.

Home industries occupy the winter hours. Instead of buying rubber shoes from Japan the people are encouraged to make their own straw sandals. They weave mats for their own use and for sale—and these are carried to market by the women; not by the men, who would spend all the

proceeds on drink on the way home. The model villagers themselves are dry, or at least temperate. Liquors are out, lectures are in.

Adult instruction emphasises good citizenship and tries especially to give spiritual training, which it does with difficulty since it has no god to call upon. Christianity enrols but a small percentage of the population and Buddhism has no grip. In Japan spiritual training centres upon the divine person of the Emperor. This imperative loses much of its force in the Korean mind, and ethics must do its best without mystic aid. Nevertheless, it does well, and a remarkable spirit of self-respect and co-operation for the common good has been built up in the model villages.

It would be hard to over-estimate the value of the Self-Help Movement. But note well that it is self-help.

Japan has learned from the West how to make the farmer hold up the state, though he groan under the burden. This is not a colonial policy, but is applied also to farmers in the Japanese homeland. "Actual relief lies not so much in financial grants from the Treasury, but in the spirit of initiative on the part of the farming population," said Premier Okada in 1935. The next year he barely escaped assassination at the hands of young army officers, self-appointed champions of the farmers. Viscount Saito, when starving farmers appealed for help, sent them a sample of his handwriting as an inspiration. This was received with a profound show of appreciation. A few months later the donor was assassinated. Even the great, liberal-minded Finance Minister Takahashi, in his New Year's message in 1936, said: "I shall be gratified to see the farming community rise to prosperity through its own

efforts." That was in January—he was assassinated in February. Agrarian resentment was not the only cause for these assassinations, but it was one of the chief.

But Japan is used to all this. For a Japanese statesman to fall at the hand of an assassin is to die a natural death. Japan calmly continues to tax the farmer to raise money to pay out in large grants to industries, especially those industries which gird Japan for the coming test of war strength in the Far East.

Korea is an economic burden to Japan. More than a quarter century under Japanese administration, it still requires financial help. It is a luxury. The only way to get it out of the luxury class is by industrial development. The eighty-three per cent must wait until this is accomplished.

So reasons Japan, and she will reason in the same way in Manchukuo, North China, and any other Oriental lands in which she may later become concerned. Japan has many enemies. A ring of steel must be erected round the Japanese Empire. All human sinews must be taxed to the utmost to provide the sinews of war. War sinews include iron, coal, oil, transportation, strong banks, active export trade in manufactured goods to pay for the things Japan needs from abroad. Of course, food is also necessary; but the urge of starvation is trusted to impel the farmers, or the farmers' wives and children after the men have gone to the front, to supply enough food.

In the operation of this plan, no comfort lies ahead for Eastern Asia. Comfort is the last consideration—consolidation of the imperial power is the first. Japan means to use the agrarian 80 per cent of the 122,000,000 people of Korea, Manchukuo and North China to subsidise industry and "defence." We may expect to see the suffering of the

ALIVE INTO THE POT.  
THERE BOILED, AND  
SOLD AT A HIGH PRICE  
AS A SUPPOSED CURE  
FOR TUBERCULOSIS.



KOREAN TREATMENT  
FOR SNAKEBITE.  
TOURNIQUET ON  
WOMAN'S HAIR IS  
APPLIED AND LEFT ON  
FOR A MONTH.



many become more intense, the wealth of the few greater, the banks stronger, money sounder, roads and railroads better, mines deeper, cities larger, Japanese advisers more numerous, native sons in high posts fewer, mechanical education wider and academic education narrower, the average life poorer, the state richer.

Some day when the objectives of national ambition have been reached, the multitude may come to have a share in the painfully acquired prosperity of the Empire—but that time is far distant.

I returned to the convent with the abbess. We dined upon the chicken she had brought up in her brief-case. We seemed far removed from the noise and misery of the valley.

"Now you have seen what 'civilisation' can do for Asia," remarked the abbess. "I suppose the world must progress; but it is all so painful. Personally . . . I prefer this."

She gazed about comfortably at the solid old pillars of the altar room and the tranquil Buddha in the glass case.



JAPAN IN CHINA



## CHAPTER XIX

### JAPANNING CHINA

**W**E are familiar with the lacquer or “japan” used in japanning wood; one does not hear of its being used on china. Possibly it would not adhere, would mottle or chip off. Or possibly china does not need japanning; it might be like gilding the lily.

However that may be, the process of Japanning China goes steadily forward. It has been proceeding for four decades, is now in an acute stage, and is bound to continue for many decades more. Will this persistently if not patiently applied Japanese influence sink in, or will it remain on the surface? Will it improve China, better Japan, or spoil both?

There are those who prophesy that China will absorb the slight Japanese varnish so that not a trace of it will remain and China herself will be unaffected. When hostilities broke out in July, 1937, with the promise of continuing for a long time, a Chinese philosopher was reported as comforting his people with the saying: “No feud ever lasts a century.” Another proverb, now used wherever in the world men need solace, but anciently rooted in the history of China, is: “It will all be the same in a hundred years.”

It has seemed true enough in the past. The Mongols, the Manchus, invaded China. In each case, within a hundred years, the invaders had been absorbed and China went on.

Will it happen again? It is true that China softens men. Englishmen and Americans in China become mellow, tolerant, lose the sharp edge of their convictions. They inhale the air of compromise until they must exhale it too.

While Japanese army officers who are sent to China to take part in current military operations are eager to go home as soon as those operations are finished, officers who have been serving as advisers in China for two decades do not care to go home. They like China. The Chinese have a talent for making master comfortable. Chinese ways, like the Chinese robe, are loose-fitting, pinch nowhere. Japanese commercial men become in time hardly distinguishable from Chinese.

It is just possible that if the seventy million Japanese should migrate to China they might be swallowed by the four hundred and fifty million.

But no large migration is likely. A few millions will go—but Japan, for the most part, will stay at home and govern China, or parts of it, as Rome governed Byzantium. The national fires of Nippon will be kept burning. The forge will continue to turn out samurai, fire-hardened, with an intolerant edge that will cut through tolerant China as a knife cuts through cheese. The Mongols and Manchus had no civilisation—they were easily won over by the culture of China. Barbarism always gives in when exposed to civilisation. But the Japanese have a highly developed civilisation . . . better adapted to present-day needs than that of China. Therefore they will not give in.

They are immune to Chinese culture because they were inoculated with it a thousand years ago. They then adopted things Chinese as avidly as they now accept things western. If there was anything weakening in Chinese culture, the



AT THE GATE OF THE WALLED CITY OF TUNGCHOW  
WHERE CHINESE SOLDIERS LIKE THIS ONE REBELLED  
AGAINST JAPANESE CONTROL AND MASSACRED THEIR  
OVERLORDS.



Japanese absorbed it and have long since survived its effects. They attack China with the best of China's own weapons, the best of Japan's and the best from the West.

No race or nation on earth has ever been so fitly equipped to make a profound impression upon China.

No, it will not all be the same in a hundred years. It is natural to think that what has been for four thousand years will continue to be. But history is weary of repeating herself in China. China remained the same for so long because her civilisation was superior. No one, Mongol or Manchu, Moslem or Muscovite, least of all the western barbarian, could offer her anything better.

It is only recently that the West has developed anything worth teaching to the wise old East. Then it took time to break down Eastern complacence, to teach the old dog new tricks. But at last China is in the mood for change—in fact, the seeds of change are already deep planted. According to Lin Yutang, Chinese literature has undergone a more profound change during the last thirty years than during the preceding two thousand. Material and scientific change has been even more sweeping. If all this has been accomplished by mere suggestion and example, what may be done by compulsion exercised deliberately and on a great scale?

It is hard to suggest anything to a Chinese; but he must yield to force. Japan uses force. For the first time in China's history, a people with more expeditious ways of getting things done are impregnating China, determined to open up its natural resources, build factories that require technical workers, start schools, teach modern industrialism, and drive home the teaching at the point of the bayonet. Outwardly (and we are not speaking now of

the eternal verities) life will be transformed in China during the next century.

Revolution among a quarter of the human race . . . it is now more than a fifth and Chinese fecundity is rapidly bringing it to the quarter mark . . . cannot but have sharp repercussions upon the other three-quarters. The chief repercussion will be upon Japan. It will not be surprising if Japan's first statesman of a century from this morning may sit, moodily staring at the floor, bitterly regretting that Japan ever put foot in China.

Not that the Japanese campaign in China will not be successful—temporarily. It promises to be a magnificent success. Even should China with the aid of the Soviet and other powers defeat Japan in war, the trend of Asia would not be fundamentally changed. After the other powers had gone home, Japan would begin again to have relations with China. She must. The two countries are so close, their needs are so inter-knit, that neither can live economically independent of the other. They must co-operate whether they will or no. And the unique Japanese talent for organisation will mean that this "co-operation" will be largely guided, if not dominated, by Japanese. Already knowing the ways of western industrialism, they will be its teachers in the East. Therefore in the long run Japan is likely to succeed in her China programme.

But in the longer run she is likely to fail. Out of Japan's success and because of it, the China that enrols one human being in every four may emerge as the world's greatest power. And an overwhelmingly powerful China may not be a comfortable neighbour for Japan.

The completion of this cycle may take a brief hundred

years or so—a mere morning in the four milleniums of Chinese history. Only a day in the more than two thousand years of Japan's national life.

When China thus outstrips Japan and resumes her ancient position of leadership, Japan will have only herself to thank. For she is to-day assiduously laying the foundations of China's future greatness.

Japan is carrying over into China (beginning with Manchuria and North China) the conception of government by law in place of government by whim. Historically, China's only common-sense government has been that of the village. Each village was a petty republic. Above it, remotely, was the Emperor—but he interfered so little and was so far away that he could be reverenced and dismissed as the Son of Heaven. What rule he did exercise was apt to be whimsical. But whim had not yet descended to badger the village and the family.

Then China became a so-called republic. All that really happened was that the monarchy fell to break up into many small monarchies, as a great spider's pouch bursts to spill a horde of little spiders, each scurrying off with sure instinct in search of prey. The warlords, each carving out for himself a petty kingdom, have brought government by whim within the mud wall of every village and into the home of every family.

The journalistic tendency to leap to conclusions on the basis of current events led many admirers of China's progress in unity during 1936 to conclude that General Chiang had at last eliminated the warlords and unified the nation. China herself was tempted to the same conclusion; and felt able to try her strength with Japan, which she did in 1937. It was presently discovered that China's unanimity was not

so complete as might have been desired. The pure flame of patriotism sputtered in the conflicting breezes of self-interest. The principles of the "New Life Movement" inculcated by General Chiang and his magnificent wife were not equal to bad habits thousands of years old. While some leaders were self-sacrificing, too many began to think of personal advantages for themselves and their families. China's sudden conversion to singleness of purpose had been too sudden to endure.

China does not change so fast.

Behind the altar of sacrifice upon which China is suffering are old warlords who still think first of themselves and their kin, secondarily if at all of their country.

Theirs is government by whim. Their rule is that of Oriental pashas. A word and a head comes off. A nod, and a dozen tarnished concubines are replaced by fresh ones. A wave of the opium pipe, and looting soldiers ravage a countryside.

Taxes are ludicrous. Many communities have been forced to pay taxes thirty years in advance. The warlord bestows rich emoluments upon the scholar who can think of a new tax. And so we find taxes on everything from potato plants and chickens to wedding-chairs and coffins. In Hankow and Swatow nearly every move in the life of a pig, not to mention its pre-natal life and its after-life, is subject to tax. There is, for the pig, a tax upon the intercourse which germinated it, a tax upon its birth, a tax upon its infancy, a tax upon its trough, a tax upon the weighing of it, a tax upon butchering it, a tax upon selling it and a tax upon eating it.

When concrete taxable objects run out, abstractions are taxed. Thus arise the civic welfare tax, the patriotism tax,

the benevolence tax, the righteousness tax, the laziness tax, and many others.

There are ingenious taxes which fine a man if he commits a certain offence and also fine him if he does not. For example, there is the heavy penalty for growing opium. The clever war-lord levies it in advance upon every farmer . . . who therefore *must* grow opium in order to pay the fine.

Likewise a tea-shop proprietor must have an opium lamp to offer guests in order to pay the ruinous fine for having a lamp, which fine is charged against him whether he has a lamp or not.

Under orders from Nanking the warlord establishes an Anti-Narcotic Bureau; but since he covets the rich revenues to be had from the drug he uses this very bureau as an agency to compel the cultivation and sale of opium.

So complicated is the maze of taxation that a war-lord cannot be expected to manipulate all the strings himself. Therefore he sells a "tax monopoly," that is the right to collect a certain tax, to the highest bidder. Naturally the latter expects to make money on the deal, therefore he charges the taxpayers many times the actual amount of the tax and is furnished with soldiers by the warlord to enforce his demands. Often a peasant's entire possessions are confiscated . . . and if he shows displeasure at such treatment he may be summarily shot.

The support of soldiery is a disastrous drain upon the people. It is one of the world's strangest anomalies that the peace-loving Chinese should support the largest military force in the world. The combined armies of China total two and a quarter million men. Inclusive of bandits, who are merely soldiers out of a job and

operating as free-lances, China's armed men even in times of "peace" number three million. Militaristic Japan has been criticised by her own taxpayers for ordinarily maintaining 300,000 men under arms.

Recently I met one of the best of the warlords, Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, who acquired credit as the "model governor" of Shansi, and discredit for his precipitate flight before the Japanese in October, 1937.

As a governor, he was a model by comparison. His people, unlike the Szechuanese, who have paid taxes forty years in advance, have paid certain taxes only five years in advance. Instead of having all their goods confiscated by taxation, often only ninety per cent of their income went in tax, leaving them ten per cent to live on. They ate chaff mixed with millet and survived while others starved to death.

Yen governed by whim, but many of his whims were beneficent. Offenders who were marched out of the south gate of Taiyuan city to be shot were doped with heroin so that they would die happy. Many of them passed out singing.

Yen made an honest effort to introduce modern science into Shansi. He had never studied science, but what of that? His aplomb won for him a Chinese nickname which interpreted means, "There-is-nothing-he-does-not-know." He hired foreign experts, then discarded their advice and did things himself.

Lying on the floor over the blueprint of a fieldpiece which must be built accurate to a thousandth of an inch, he designed it with the help of a stick upon which he had roughly marked off inches only, no finer gradations, with a pencil.

A quarter-mile railway tunnel was dug from both ends (common practice in tunnelling . . . the twelve-and-a-half-mile Simplon Tunnel was dug from both ends and the two bores joined precisely), but Yen's bores emerged from the mountain at two different points without ever having met.

He instructed factories, railways, armies, to wait for his personal orders . . . then was incommunicado for days because of nervous stomach-ache or quarrels among his wives and concubines.

One cannot see him and his works without feeling that here is a character straight out of the Arabian Nights. Yet Marshal Yen has more public spirit than most of the other warlords of China put together. He is one of the brightest hopes of China.

What answer? Could all this mess be cleared up by abolishing the warlords and returning to the old plan of village autonomy?

No, it is too late for that. The old village was shut away, a self-contained world, and could therefore be self-governing. The new village is connected by motor-roads, railroads and airlines with other villages, towns, cities. Therefore a broader government is necessary. General Chiang Kai-shek has been struggling to establish such a government. But he has 450,000,000 people against him; or, rather, he has the accumulated conservatism of four thousand years to overcome. Wherever he has gone with his army he was won temporary obedience. When he left, the unfamiliar new forms of control were shuffled off.

It is too great a job for China . . . because China is too great. With the mass of China opposing reform, it cannot come except with the help of outside forces. Said the

life-long student of Chinese characteristics, Dr. Arthur H. Smith, "To attempt to reform China without some force from without is like trying to build a ship in the sea."

The fact is that the old China was broken up by western civilisation and only western civilisation can put it together again. China is like a patient who has been laid on the operating-table, etherised, slit open, internally knifed and scissored . . . then abandoned by the surgeon. The sewing-up has never been performed.

The West disrupted Chinese family authority and substituted no rugged individualism; taught women and minors to strike for freedom, but not what to do with it when they got it; developed a taste for the electric gadgets of modernity without showing how to dispel the poverty that makes them impossible; plunged the Chinese into a mechanical age without teaching them mechanics; ruined home industries without demonstrating how to run factories without frightful loss in lives and morale; brought in itching ideals which prompted the overthrow of a monarchy that worked and replaced it with a democracy that can never work so long as China's millions are illiterate. In short, the West accomplished thorough chaos; then, weary of the game, did not bother to go on to cosmos.

The West tore China stone from stone . . . only the West knows the pattern that must be followed in the modern reconstruction. But westerners are to-day withdrawing from China. Their place is being taken by Japanese, the eastern representatives of western civilisation. The task is assumed by them.

## CHAPTER XX

### GREATNESS THRUST UPON CHINA

**W**HAT will Japan do about it? She has already clearly demonstrated in Formosa, the South Seas, Korea and Manchuria what she will do about it and is now repeating the demonstration in North China.

The Japanese are the most distressingly orderly people on earth. The erstwhile romantic isles of the South Seas are now run by machinery. The more than two thousand islands of Japanese Micronesia are no longer subject to the erratic fancies of native kings; and the latter gentry, where allowed to continue at all, are well regulated cogs who turn out tabular reports on the condition of privies and the number of flies swatted per diem.

In Formosa may be seen a striking example of what may some day happen in China. In forty-one years of Japanese rule, the five million Chinese of Formosa have developed a talent for orderly government which one who has observed only the Chinese of China during the same period would not dream possible. Formosa would seem to prove that the squeeze and corruption that mark China's officialdom are primarily the fault of the system, not of the men. China's government has been called a "government by gentlemen"—it has always been considered impolite to ask an official to make any accounting of public

funds entrusted to his care. Put the officials of any country on earth under such a system and what would happen to their morals? Japanese officials are up against an elaborate book-keeping system—and when they contrive to beat it they may be quite sure that a lively public conscience will have them assassinated for their pains. Even more strict book-keeping is required of island wards. So Formosan officials, the rank and file of whom are Chinese, have learned to account for every last penny. They have a reputation as good public executives. They prove that it is not constitutionally impossible for Chinese to shake off a "government by gentlemen" and function capably in a government by law.

In Korea one finds Korean governors who are models of ability and integrity—largely because the straight-jacket of Japanese control does not permit them to be otherwise. The Koreans are not happy under this lock-step régime. But, like it or not, they are being drilled in government-by-law.

In Manchuria, too, the Japanese put their trust in Roman rules and regulations—not in the fickle stability of human nature. It is a short time but a long step from the days of Chang Tso-lin, bandit, murderer, warlord of all Manchuria, who drank warm tiger's blood direct from the beast as an aphrodisiac and lopped heads for amusement, to the present rule of thumb. The thirty million Chinese complain of restrictions; but every year more Chinese pour into the country to slip their heads willingly into the noose of the same restrictions. They would rather be alive though not free in Manchuria than free to die in China.

In North China the first lessons in bureaucratic

government are being bitterly taught. Here the Japanese got their first real foothold in 1933. They established the "East Hopei Autonomous Anti-Communist Government" with headquarters in Tungchow, Hopei Province. The Chinese magistrate of every hsien or county in East Hopei was paired with a Japanese "adviser" who proceeded to teach him that people are not human beings to be coddled, fooled and squeezed, but just so many working units on a chart. At headquarters all important committees—those of economics, diplomacy, communications, finance, education—were under Japanese "advisers." The first chief executive of the new government was Chinese, Mr. Yin Ju-keng. He had been educated in Japan and had married a Japanese wife.

Upon interviewing him I was struck by his sharp variation from the warlord type. His head did not remind one of a bullet. He was youngish, had a high forehead, earnest eyes, face of a careful mathematician or law student. He had no paunch. He did not identify himself with the old-time scholars by a drooping moustache with the ends soaked in tea. He was of the present century.

Although certainly a puppet, he belied the popular notion that a puppet must be weak; the Japanese feel themselves strong enough to control strong puppets. And China is that land of contradictions where able men see no harm in selling themselves to the highest bidder. His talk was not the braggadocio of a general, but the click-click of a calculating machine. The old Chinese tradition is that an official's statement should be a literary gem—it does not need to mean anything. Yin did not deal in fine phrases, but in facts and figures. He supported them with diagrams, charts, maps, bank reports, and always leaned back finally upon laws.

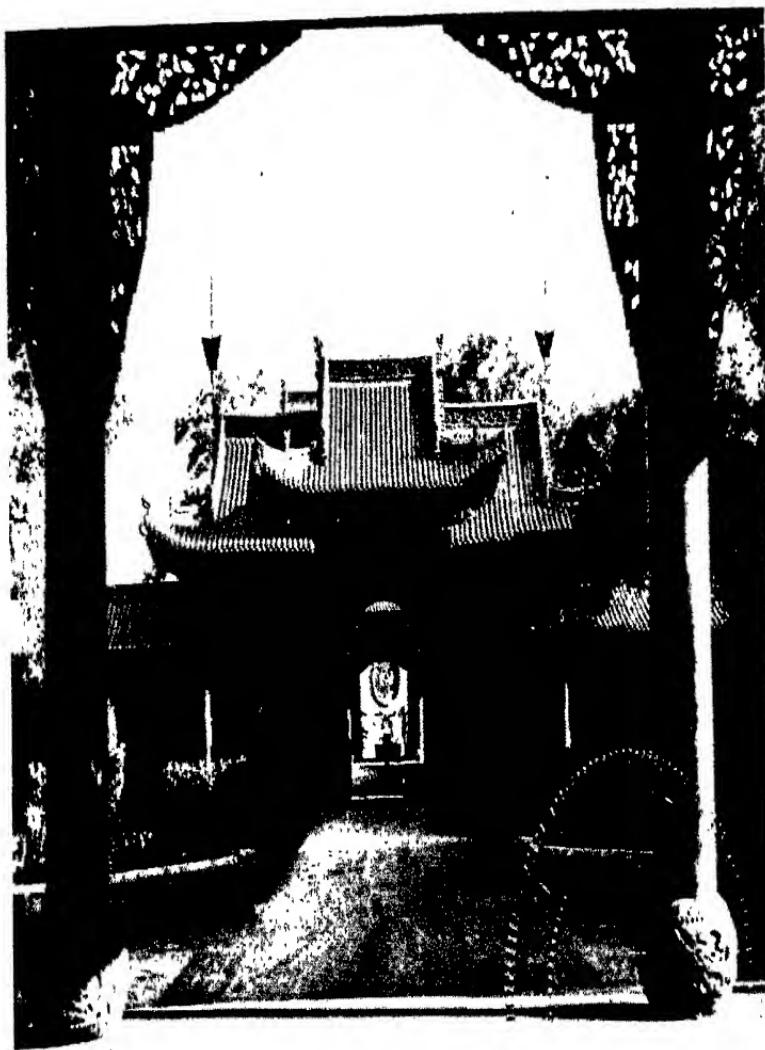
In other words, here was a new type of official in China—not necessarily better or worse, but different. He was not an individual, but a part of a governmental mechanism. He represented the Roman, the Japanese, system of government by law as opposed to government by whim.

The later history of Yin was not too happy. It is bound up with the tragic 1937 story of China. Japan's large investments of capital in North China naturally led to a desire to protect those investments. The Japanese garrison was enlarged until it was greater than all other foreign garrisons put together. To keep in practice, Japanese troops conducted frequent night manœuvres. They claimed treaty rights for such movements. Nevertheless, young Chinese officers of the Twenty-ninth Army resented these night prowlings near Peiping almost as indignantly as Japanese would resent the deploying of Chinese troops about Tokyo practising how best to take that capital when the time should come.

At any rate, resentment boiled over on the night of July 7th. When shadowy forms crept too close to the quarters of Chinese troops, the latter suddenly made the mock battle a real one. The Japanese returned the fire.

Frequent clashes followed during the next few days. Each side demanded that the other withdraw from the area. Instead, Nanking began rolling in reinforcements and Japan did the same. Presently what had been a mere back-yard tussle was a war—although everybody from Chiang and Konoye to Secretary Hull politely avoided calling it that.

The Japanese people rubbed their eyes. Possibly they were more surprised than anyone else to find themselves in war.



THE NOW DESERTED YAMEN OF A CHINESE WARLORD, MARSHAL YEN  
HSI-SHAN.



WHICHEVER ARTICLE THE CHINESE BABY CHOOSES INDICATES HIS LIFE WORK—ABACUS, MERCHANT; HOE, FARMER; HAMMER, ARTISAN; BRUSH, SCHOLAR; BILL, BANKER. THIS BABY FINGERED THEM ALL BUT FINALLY CAME OFF WITH THE DOLLAR BILL.

Were their rulers also surprised? Had they, as they claimed, been led into it, forced into it?

I have too much respect for Japanese strategy to believe that a few pot-shots in the dark would be allowed to lead the nation into war it did not want. Japan is not so easily led. We may be sure that her blueprints are made far in advance. It was not a casual incident that forced Japan's hand, but long-continued resistance to all her plans for economic development in China.

Every day that resistance grew stronger as China grew stronger. It must be checked in time. The time arrived when the Russian Army appeared to be disorganised by the execution of scores of her high officers, when Germany could be relied upon to grasp her Russian opportunity as foretold in *Mein Kampf* if Russia should turn her attention to the Orient, when Britain was fully occupied in the effort to restrain all Europe from joining in the Spanish war. Japan proceeded to punish China.

General Chiang hurried troops north to hold Peiping. But General Sung, there in charge, told him not to trouble —he and his Twenty-ninth would hold Peiping and defy the Japanese to the bitter end. Instead of which, after the feeblest show of resistance, he walked out with his army and left the Japanese in control. Tientsin also was easily persuaded to cast in its lot with Nippon.

Yin fared badly. It is not known whether his Japanese loyalty failed him, but it failed his troops, who mutinied and slaughtered several hundred Japanese citizens of Tungchow. Yin was "rescued" by Japanese troops and, at latest reports, was "in a safe place"—a phrase which has a slightly ominous sound.

Another Japan-trained Chinese was put in his place.

Within a month of the original outbreak Japanese power in North China had been consolidated as never before in history. During the following months, the Japanese attack continued southward and westward and at Shanghai and Canton, but the Peiping-Tientsin area had already clicked back into its usual routine under the clockwork control of Japanised Chinese and Japanese advisers.

There is no disputing it—where the Japanese rule they exercise discipline. And discipline, though most disagreeable, is good medicine. Hundreds of young Chinese have been and will be trained in Japanese universities and law schools. Graduates go back to China to take official positions in the Japanese spheres of influence. The ablest modern of China, Chiang Kai-shek, was himself trained in Japan. Thus the West which destroyed Chinese family government, village government, monarchical government, is to-day, through Japan, putting something in their place. Japan must have orderly routine before she can exploit Chinese resources. She is self-interested, of course—and yet, in teaching order, she is filling a fundamental need of war-lord-ridden China.

But when China shall have some day become nationally well-knit, a great law-governed driving force in world affairs, it is hardly probable that she will be philosophically thankful for the greatness thrust upon her by Japan.

## CHAPTER XXI

### CHINA WILL RISE

**C**HINA'S second urgent need is for more to eat—for escape from poverty.

The only answer to that is economic development. Japan, for her own sake, is supplying the answer. North China farmers are being urged, sometimes compelled at the point of the bayonet, to grow better crops and more of them. They must pay heed to the findings of agricultural experiment stations established by Japan and staffed by experts who are scientifically improving Chinese farm products. Millions of yen have been invested in this experimental work. Seeds of the improved varieties are given free to the farmers, instruction goes with the seeds, and all the crops grown are readily sold for export to Japan. Thus the Chinese farmer benefits, and so does Japan. And the more prosperous the Chinese farmer becomes the more he can buy of Japan's manufactured goods.

Then, cotton. Japan has been buying her cotton in America, India and Egypt. But all three of these countries have seen fit to raise tariffs against Japanese goods. Japan, in reprisal, is now feverishly developing vast cotton plantations in North China.

She intends before long to be able to snap her fingers at cotton-producing countries which fancy that they can sell to Japan without buying from her. Japan's cotton

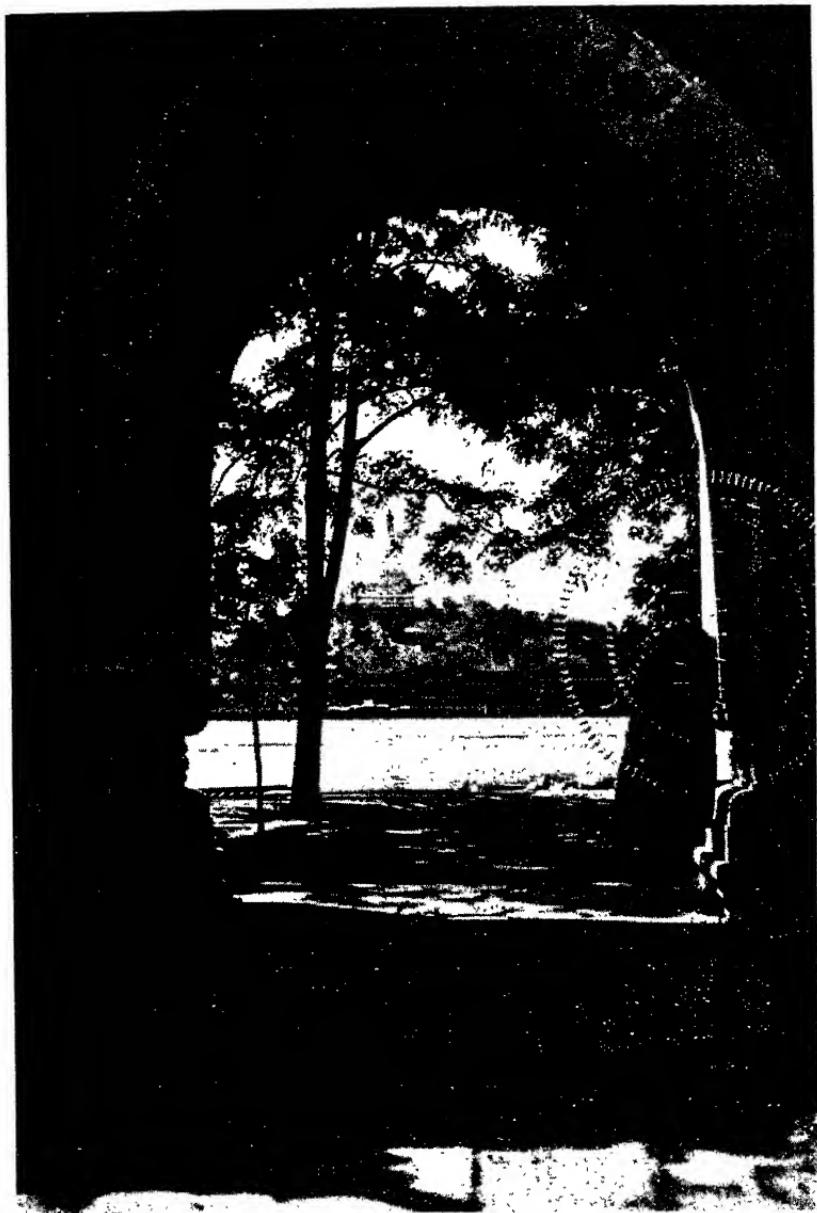
king, president of the great Kanegafuchi Spinning Company, says plainly that Japan must in future get the bulk of its raw cotton from China instead of the United States. As usual, the programme is not a matter of vague hopes, but has been planned and charted in detail by the Overseas Ministry which prophesies that by the end of ten years North China will be able to provide enough raw cotton to supply all Japan's demands.

American varieties have been acclimatised to North China by the experiment stations—the seeds are given to Chinese farmers who are guaranteed set prices for all the cotton they can produce. North China already provides 400,000 bales of American cotton a year.

This cotton can be milled more cheaply in China than in Japan—because land is plentiful and Chinese labourers are “cheap and mild” to quote a Japanese report. Moreover, the mills are near the plantations. Therefore dozens of Japanese cotton-mills have bobbed up. Japanese spindles in China have increased from 170,000 in 1916 to more than 3,000,000. Chinese mills, failing, sell out to Japanese. An ironic instance occurred when a great Chinese mill was opened in Shanghai with much official fanfare, its publicly proclaimed purpose being to meet Japanese competition. It was shortly sold at auction—to Japanese interests.

Chinese cotton executives are taking post-graduate work in Japanese mills. They find much to study in the rigorous Japanese system of management, care of machines, speeding up of workers, even elimination of workers by installing the most modern machinery competent to do the work of human hands.

Most of the minor executives and all the labourers in



GLORY OF OLD PEKING. IT HAS SURVIVED ANCIENT WOES—  
IT WILL STILL SURVIVE.



these Japanese mills are Chinese. Thus Chinese are being trained for the future. It is not impossible that they may some day be able to compete successfully with their teachers.

Japan needed wool—she bought heavily from Australia. But Australia was not properly appreciative, ham-strung Japanese goods; and as a result is now in danger of losing her best wool customer. Japanese scientists have crossed the Mongolian sheep with the merino and have turned out an animal that has the native's endurance and the foreigner's wool. This sheep is already being raised in vast flocks on the plains of north-western Manchukuo, in Inner Mongolia, and in North China.

Japanese business interests, not halting even while Japanese soldiers fight, are improving harbours, building highways, installing telephones, reclaiming waste lands, re-foresting, constructing water supply systems, mining coal, iron and gold, starting factories to turn out articles of daily need, establishing "cultural enterprises," including research institutes, libraries and technical schools. Japan is, says Pearl Buck, "that most difficult imperialist to withstand, the most insidious to make war upon, the imperialist who benefits in many ways those whom he controls."

Chinese rail at Japanese aggression while they rush to accept Japanese benefits. A growing number even read Chinese papers published by Japanese—because Japanese news services are more speedy and efficient and the papers, being free of Chinese censorship, gives facts not obtainable from the Chinese press. Of course, all statements of opinion are pro-Japan; but the anti-Japanese reader flatters himself that he can avoid such traps and reads the paper not for its views, but for its news.

Certainly Chinese use the railroads no less since Japanese began to run them. The Peiping-Mukden line has quietly slipped over under Japanese control, and the same may be said for the Peiping-Suiyuan line. Japanese control has followed the Japanese troops down the Tientsin-Pukow and Peiping-Hankow railways. Important new railways are projected to tap mineral resources. While there are loud complaints of the tyranny of Japanese station-masters on the Peiping-Mukden line, there are none of service. Nippon-managed trains leave and arrive on time.

The good-old days are gone for the Chinese general who held a passenger train for two hours while he went to play a game of mah-jong with a friend.

And the major who allowed several hundred passengers to stew in a standing train for three hours while he broke his journey to enjoy a bath and a nap.

Japan's investments in Shantung and Hopei provinces are over 200,000,000 yen or about £12,000,000. From these bases her economic plans reach out not only to the other northern provinces, but to the southern as well. Everywhere she will not merely hold bonds and hope for the best—she is actively concerned in the industrialisation of China.

How about personnel for the industrial revolution?

Japanese plan to furnish the directing heads—but they will need Chinese hands, plenty of them. Those hands must be short-nailed. They must be mechanically deft. They have not been trained by present or past Chinese education. Two-thirds of China's college students take arts or law . . . and add to the crop of jobless politicians and lawyers. The Japanese plan of education of a subject people is very different. It has already been put into

operation in neighbouring Manchukuo, and Manchukuo experts have been charged with the duty of extending the system to North China and are now doing so.

The system is simply this: expand common education, but focus it upon agricultural, mechanical and scientific subjects; have school farms and manual training shops in connection with every school; rewrite textbooks (this has already been done) to dull Chinese patriotism and develop pride in the work of one's own hands; wipe out all higher institutions of learning of the academic sort (as has been done in Manchukuo and partially in North China) and substitute technical colleges and scientific research institutes. Presidents of great universities in North China such as Yenching and Shantung University talk of moving to more congenial surroundings—otherwise they must succumb to mechanisation.

In other words, Japan plans that the inflammably intellectual jobs shall be held by Japanese and Chinese trained in the universities of Japan. Thus will be provided the few politicians, lawyers, philosophers, writers, artists and "gentlemen" required. But the vast bulk of the population shall be trained to till the earth and tend machines.

Again the self-interest of the invaders coincides with one of the great interests of China. It is a profound pity that higher education must wane, but that condition may not be permanent, China may gain more at the moment from widespread common scientific education. Four thousand years of classics for the few have given China many graces. What she now needs most in order to compete with the modern world (and with Japan!) is thorough training from the ground up in industrialisation. As for culture, it will not die in China—it is in the bone. More-

over, there is a culture, as America and Britain have found out, that arises directly from industrialisation, and is nothing like so gross as the soil from which it springs. That will come.

The machine age, with all its bad effects, will do some much-needed surgery on Chinese character. It will reduce fatalism. We shall hear less supine nonsense about the "decrees of heaven" and "heaven's will" when the Chinese finds that he can shape his future with his own hands. For one thing, those who tremble at the tread of Nippon and whimper "It can't be helped" will find a new song of courage in their hearts.

China's appalling talent for inaccuracy will wane. Machines do not allow for a bland disregard of time, for nonchalant disobedience to orders, for careless weighing, measuring and numbering. In China some acres are half as large again as others, miles are stretchable, it is "farther" going up-hill than down and a census that reports a town of 8,346 people as "about ten thousand" is good enough. But the very essence of machine life is precision.

A profound effect of the machine will be to put a new loyalty in place of the old family loyalty that has been so largely disrupted. When thousands of men leave their ancestral homes, come to a city and work together in a factory, something is born—teamwork. Teamwork is a new idea to the Chinese. Outside the family they are individuals, against the whole world. But a modern cohesive state cannot be built up out of opposing individuals. Co-operation will be learned in industry—and will finally extend far outside the bounds of industry, preparing the Chinese for statehood.

The amazing esprit de corps of the Japanese in their

industries and their entire national life cannot fail to be contagious. Young Chinese in daily association with Japanese will be amused, then impressed, by these odd people who put group interest above individual interest and would rather commit *seppuku* than get in the way of their Emperor. Chinese eyes will be confronted daily with a vivid example of nationhood. Not that it will make Chinese loyal to the Japanese group or the Japanese Emperor—but it will fan in their hearts the desire to have a nation of their own and then be truly loyal to it.

Loyalty is a mercenary commodity in China—it is bought and sold. This is an outcome of China's poverty. Men must eat; if a war-lord quits paying his troops and his enemy offers to pay them, they must go to him—or starve. War is employment. When men can depend upon industry to feed them they will prefer it to war. If Japan repeats her Manchukuo method and retains a small Chinese army under Japanese supervision, these troops will be paid, desertion will be both undesirable and impossible, there will be severe penalties for looting and bribe-taking, the position of soldier will take on something of the honour it holds in Japan, and a competent and respectable Chinese fighting machine, will be developed. But, again, the new strength and secret loyalties will probably not be dedicated to Japan—but to the dream of a restored China.

The Japanese will more readily mould China because they are half Chinese themselves. I mean culturally, not racially. The visitor who moves to and fro between China and Japan is struck by the thousand and one analogies between the customs of the two peoples. To list these similarities would require many pages—therefore I shall not begin. Lacquer will serve as a symbol of them all: the lacquer

tree and the art came from China, but the tree flourished better in the Japanese climate and the art was brought to a new artistic level by the Japanese. Now China receives what she gave—plus. The greatest plus is, of course, western science—which Japan has adapted to fit Oriental needs, and now feeds in pre-digested doses to China.

Besides new ideas, will China have an actual infusion of new blood? Japanese leaders do not think so—they insist that the race of Yamato must keep its blood “pure.” The Chinese, in theory, are equally opposed to mixing. Yet intermarriages are increasingly numerous. That is only natural, inevitable, when two like races are brought into close contact. The children of these unions are often a marked improvement upon both originals. After a few decades when the first violent antipathy between invaders and invaded dies down, as it always has in the case of past invasions, intermarriage may be common.

Now, a striking historical fact has been disclosed by Dr. J. S. Lee and other able Sinologists; namely, that China's history falls naturally into periods of about eight hundred years, and that during each such period the Chinese race gradually deteriorates until it is so weak that the land is overrun by invaders. Their blood rejuvenates the race. The Chinese then slough off or absorb the invaders, the Chinese nation is unified and reaches a new pinnacle of power.

Lin Yutang in *My Country and My People* describes in detail this phenomenon at which we can only glance here. Suffice it that the present cycle of eight hundred years has, according to precedent, about two hundred years to run. At the end of this time China should have assimilated the blood of invaders, shaken off the invaders themselves, and

risen to power as a unified nation. The pace of a modern world may shorten this period from two centuries to one. Or may disrupt the cycle altogether—who can tell? However, there is at present every sign, even without relying upon history, that Japan will dominate and pervade China and that China will rise out of this experience to a place of first-rate importance among the nations.

Probably other nations will not allow Japan a perfectly free hand in China. In so far as they come into the picture, it will be because they also wish to take a hand in the industrialisation of China. The net result will be the same—a developed and modernised China that will in time shed its developers and assume a powerful and independent rôle.

China already has the land—she will have the people. There is room for millions more. China is not over-crowded, but under-utilised. Resources lie undeveloped while masses starve. In many parts of China away from the arteries one may travel for hours without seeing a soul.

When modern civilisation enters an Asiatic country, population increases rapidly—for epidemics and famine are checked, more of the children born manage to grow up. Thus Japan and India have tripled in population during the past century. If the same causes should have the same effects in China during the next century, China's 450,000,000 would increase to one and a third billion.

Even if Japan should continue her present increase of about a million a year, there would be only 170,000,000 Japanese a century hence. But, as in most modernised states, Japan's population growth is slowing down. The birth-rate per woman has dropped, women marry later, birth control is practised, families are smaller. Demographers agree that the population of Japan proper is

likely to become stationary at less than one hundred million by 1955, while Professor Teijiro Uyeda places the figure at eighty million and Marcel Requien at seventy-eight million. In other words, Japan is approaching the end of modernisation's cycle of increase, while China is just at the beginning. Therefore Chinese of a century hence may outnumber Japanese thirteen or more to one.

This might mean little if China remained inchoate. But an organised nation of a billion and a third must hold a prominent place, quite possibly the leading place, in the world of the future.

Order and industrialisation are the great needs of China. Japan is supplying those needs. An industrialised China will not require Japanese goods. Moreover, she can undersell Japan on all world markets. Even now, at the dawn, there is complaint that Chinese manufactures compete with Japanese. That is just a symptom of what is to come. We marvel at the Japanese capacity for hard work on small pay. The Chinese double that capacity. They can work longer and harder and live on half. Japanese settlers in Manchuria find that they cannot compete with Chinese. The Japan of the future will be completely out of the running in competition with an industrialised China.

But suppose that industrialised and modernised China remains under the rule of Japan—cannot Japan bend it to her own will?

That is a vain supposition. Fully developed peoples never remain under alien rule. Look the world over and you will find no such case. "Self-determination" is a natural law that operates inevitably (except for small racial minorities) when subject peoples become as competent

as their rulers. Strong peoples govern themselves. Germans submit to the rule of no alien race, nor do French, Britons, Italians, Spanish, Americans, South Americans, Japanese. As for Canadians and Australians they are not ruled by an alien race—they are voluntary units in a Commonwealth of Nations. All advanced peoples are, in the nature of things, self-governing. Even the semi-backward Philippines is being graduated into self-government, and India will walk alone as soon as she is able—perhaps before. Tutelage always ends when the pupil knows as much as the teacher, if not before. This important sociological fact means much to the Chinese. It means that when they are able to carry on for themselves, they will do so.

It means that even Manchuria will be restored to the Chinese. The Japanese have claimed justly that Manchuria was not historically a part of China—so they felt free to cut it off. But the odd truth is that Manchuria, though cut off, is now every day becoming more a part of China. Formerly the population was Manchu. During recent decades the country has been filling with Chinese, and still they come, hundreds of thousands a year. To-day, out of Manchuria's total of 35,822,000 people, more than thirty million are Chinese. The proportion of Chinese, because of fecundity and immigration, will probably continue to grow. A nation whose people are overwhelmingly Chinese, must, when those people are industrially trained and modernised, pass into their control. Whether Manchuria will then choose to reunite with China proper is immaterial—it will at least be a part of the vast Chinese commonwealth that will mould future Asia as it moulded ancient Asia.

So what of our analogy of the lacquer? Lacquer dries most quickly in a dark room. If Japan employs ways that are dark in China there is at least comfort in knowing that the new China will more quickly emerge. Lacquer poisoning does not affect the object that is lacquered; it affects those who apply the lacquer. Japan will do well if she can dominate China without poisoning herself with hypocrisy, specious reasoning, the brutality of tyranny. Japan's Bushido is a thing precious, not only to herself, but to the world. Japan is most in danger if, like crafty craftsmen, she lays on designs in bronze and tin while trying to fool the world and herself into believing that they are of gold and silver. And she will be most mistaken if she thinks her lacquer will last. It will fall away, but not before it has alchemically changed China which will then stand forth alone, a thing of strength and beauty.

## CHAPTER XXII

### CHINA'S 85 PER CENT

**C**HINA'S future will depend upon the future of her farmers. For eighty-five per cent of the Chinese till the soil.

I sailed through rural China on a small boat, along a stretch of the twelve-hundred-mile waterway built by the ancients and known as the Grand Canal. From a military point of view, this particular countryside was peaceful. But the Chinese farmer is always at war.

Early and late I saw the peasants wrestling with their land. No farmers in the world have so bitter a struggle. Their wrestling, like Jacob's, brings a blessing, and the blessing is that they are being so severely drilled in industry and economy that some day when China's handicaps are removed she will not lack a great people equal to great opportunities.

Chinese survivors are cream. The skimmed milk weaklings are drained off by the terrific fight for existence. In the hot-house West the frail are petted and propagated. In the East they die. Only intense vitality can survive.

It is estimated that during the last sixty years, due to wars, famines and floods, more Chinese have died than the entire present population of China.

"If a people with such physical endowments as the Chinese," wrote Arthur Smith, "were to be preserved from

the effects of war, famine, pestilence, and opium, and if they were to pay some attention to the laws of physiology and hygiene, and to be uniformly nourished with suitable food, there is reason to think that they alone would be adequate to occupy the principal part of the planet and more."

If China, half starved, clings so tenaciously to life, what would she do if properly fed? Eating is not something to be taken for granted in China. It is the great event of the day. It is an event that usually happens but once in the day and sometimes not at all. Therefore Chinese do not greet each other by saying "Good day" or "How do you do?" They ask the one great question of China:

"Have you eaten?"

\* \* \* \* \*

One day we were hailed by a farmer who stood on the towpath beside the canal. He held two small girls by the hand. Our crew of four pole-men put over to shore and staked their poles to hold the boat against the strong brown current of liquid soil that flowed beneath us.

"Do you want to buy a girl?" asked the farmer.

"How much?"

"Very cheap. The big one, fifty dollars. The little one, thirty. They are strong. You will find that they will eat very little."

They *looked* as if they had eaten very little.

"Why do you want to sell them?"

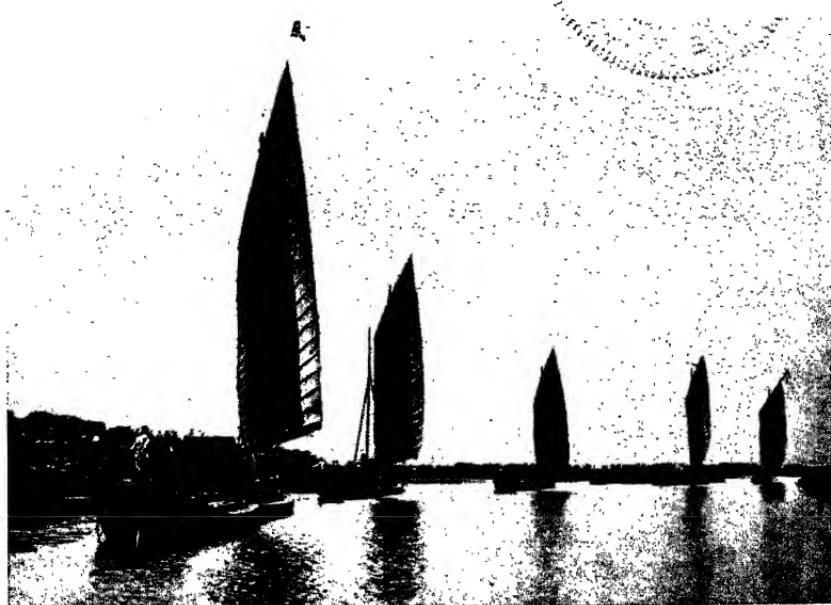
The farmer jerked his head toward the scrawny wheat.

"It is a bad year—nothing grows. We must eat our girls."

The Chinese expression, "to eat girls," is not as cannibalistic as it sounds, but just as grim. It means that the girls



THE DRAGON THAT HAS BEEN PREVENTING RAIN IS BROUGHT BY A PROCESSION OF FARMERS TO THE WATERSIDE AND DROWNED IN THE GRAND CANAL.





must be sold as slaves or concubines in order that the family may eat. Such merchandising of daughters is not unusual. I had seen stories of three cases in a single issue of a Hong-Kong paper. Hundreds, of course, never get into the papers.

What are the forces that drive the Chinese farmer to such desperate straits as that of selling life to save life?

One is flood. Annually millions of farmers are made destitute by flood. Not only the Yellow River, "China's Sorrow," but practically all the rivers of China overflow each year to destroy thousands of acres of farmland. Even the upper stretch of the Grand Canal upon which I sailed in June was due to overflow when the rains came in July—then crops for a hundred miles along the waterway would be ruined.

Why floods? Because of lack of trees. Heavy rainfall rushing down mountain slopes where there is no vegetation to delay the deluge, swells the rivers, which must overflow.

The Chinese have often been glibly criticised for cutting down their trees. But what would you do if there were no fuel but trees and you must cut them into stove-wood or freeze in the bitter North China winter?

"Of course," you answer. "But for every one I cut down I should plant two new ones."

And how long do you suppose they would stay planted in a land where thieving is a fine art, fostered by starvation, where there is no adequate police control and where even a sprig a foot high stands little chance of staying in the soil overnight? The only way to protect a tree is to hang paper festoons on it sanctified by the priests and constitute it an abode of the spirits. Then it may stay put.

There are two other forms of fuel that would hardly pass as fuel in the West. One is the dung of animals on the ranges of Mongolia. It ought to go into the soil. Instead it goes into the fires that heat the tents of the nomads. In North China proper there are few animals, but there is another semi-fuel—straw.

From our boat we saw farmers harvesting their wheat. They pulled it up by the roots! Every scrap of root and stalk was carefully stored and would, in most homes, be the only fuel for cooking the millet and heating the *k'ang* (the Chinese brick bed) during the winter.

Thus the soil must produce both crops and fuel. No wonder it does neither well. Deprived of the fertilising humus that would have been provided by the rotting roots, the soil is impoverished. With nothing to hold it together, it blows away before the infamous wind-storms that come from the Gobi Desert in spring, or washes away under the torrential rains of summer. Our canal was a flowing farm.

"No good," complained our captain, labouring at the sweep. "Too thick to sail a boat through it and too thin to plough!"

A starved soil means the hardest of human labour to extract a pittance. Paul Monroe has shown that while a quarter of the population of the United States produces enough to feed all the American people, in China the farmers, more than three-quarters of the population, do not provide adequate food for one quarter. Agricultural investigators have found that in China one man must labour twenty-four days to raise one acre of wheat; in America, two days.

When there is not too much water there is not enough. Flood alternates with drought. When the sky is brassy day

after day farmers may be seen kowtowing before the Earth God and his wife set in a tiny wayside shrine, lighting incense at a "Temple of the Fields," or praying to the Rain God in the village temple: If prayers do not avail, punishment is used. The Rain God may be beaten soundly, or taken out and set in the baking sun in the hottest conceivable spot, or drowned in a pool to make him water-conscious.

From our boat we saw a drum-beating, horn-blowing procession come across the flats to the Canal bearing a Rain God in the form of a dragon made of clay with clam shells for scales. With fanfare of fire-crackers the negligent god was thoroughly doused in the Grand Canal.

Then if rain does come there is apt to be too much of it—and the farmers may have to parade through the down-pour to the temple to place a bottle of rain-water before the god as a hint that enough is enough.

The average farm of China is about four acres. Many a farm is no more than a fifth of an acre. Hardly the place for a tractor! Moreover, the soil is too poor to pay the cost of expensive farm machinery. The visitor to China feels as if he were staggering through a maze of vicious circles. Flood causes famine, famine causes national disorder, disorder prevents any sound reforestation programme, and lack of reforestation means floods. Small yield means lack of money to buy chemical fertilisers, and lack of them means small yield. A man working all day with a hoe cannot do more than a third of an acre, whereas even a one-row cultivator and one horse could do four acres. But labour is so cheap that it is more economical to use it than to pay out \$32 Mex. for a cultivator, and it is largely because farm machinery is not used that the standard of

living is so meagre and labour is so cheap. Thus the Chinese farmer always comes back to where he began. He uses practically the same implements to-day as at the dawn of history.

"This bowl is about four milleniums old," the lore-loving American Ambassador Nelson Trusler Johnson had told us a few days before at the luncheon table, "while this one beside it is modern. You see there is no difference." He called to a servant who brought an ugly looking knife. "This knife is of the stone age. But, except that it is made of stone, it is precisely like the iron knives you would find cutting grass just outside the city walls this morning.

The bound feet of the farmer's wife make life more difficult for the farmer. While the women of Japan and other Asiatic countries work as hard in the fields as the men do, Chinese women hobble on painful peg-like feet, cannot work freely and vigorously, and often must be carried to and from the field on wheelbarrows.

The dead also hamper the farmer. As Harry Franck has said, "You cannot plough to advantage if you must dodge grandfather's grave every trip across a short field, after that great-grandfather's, and then that of the father before him, back to remote generations." Where a large part of a field is monopolised by grave mounds it is more convenient to use hand-tools than a plough. Fertile land desperately needed to feed the living is pre-empted by the dead. The use of cemeteries, or, better still, cremation, would mean less toil and more food for the living in China.

China needs roads. The cost of transporting goods fifty miles through back-country China is often more than the cost of the goods. Coastal cities import large quantities of

foodstuffs from abroad; it is cheaper to bring them from England and America than from interior China. I cycled through various districts of North China and the highway was frequently nothing more than a ridge six inches wide between fields. It crumbles at the wrong moment and sends the rider diving into the paddies.

The curious fact is that the chief reason the farmer does not have roads is because he does not want them. They would make bandit attacks too easy. They would steal from his land, for every foot of territory must pay a land-tax; therefore every farmer whose land is crossed by a road, far from maintaining it, loses no opportunity to plough it up and shift the traffic to his neighbour's property.

Main motor arteries are built by the provincial governments; but that maze of secondary roads found in most countries and along which stream farm products to markets is strangely lacking in China. The provincial and national governments are weak. The chief government in China is that of the village. Co-operation among many villages is rare—therefore a well organised public road system extending over a large area is next to impossible.

Although the government is weak in constructive measures it is strong enough when it comes to the collection of taxes. Here is the greatest burden of the Chinese farmer. It is not the national government under General Chiang Kai-shek which has been the sinner in this respect—but the provincial governments under petty and grasping warlords. Often the farmer must pay two-thirds of the value of a crop in taxes. Soldiers stand guard to see that he does not harvest his crop until the tax is paid. If he cannot pay it, the grain rots in the field.

There are "import" and "export" duties between villages. It is about three hundred miles from Chungking to Chengtu, but goods passing from the one town to the other must pay taxes more than three hundred times on the way.

Communism has been embraced by millions of farmers. They care nothing about the theory of communism but they understand that it reduces taxes. There are to-day in China two communisms—that of the schools and that of the farms. Students and faculty understand something of real communism; and a large proportion of the student class, many university professors and practically all the primary school teachers of China are to-day strongly influenced by the communistic theory. On the other hand, the "communism" of the farmers is not real communism at all, but private ownership.

When the communists take over a village, taxes are cut, thus protecting the farmer's private property. Debts are abrogated, exorbitant interest rates (sometimes forty per cent a year) are reduced, thus keeping money in the farmer's own pocket. Large estates are broken up and the landless receive land, thus extending private ownership. Indeed communism in China, not as it is theorised in college halls but as it is practised in the mud villages, is simply radical agrarian reform in the interest of the private rights of the have-nots at the expense of the haves.

The last straw on the farmer's back is war. The effect of Sino-Japanese hostilities upon the farming population may readily be imagined. But even during times of "peace," war is chronic in China. Marauding troops may at any time destroy everything the farmer owns and burn his village. If other soldiers come in time to "defend" him, he may suffer just as much from them. They move

into his house, eat his food, use his wife and daughters as they please, and carry away everything of value when they go.

Between waves of war there are always bandits. In fact discharged soldiers may turn bandit by the thousand and move through the country like an army. While the usual type of civil war in China is only banditry on a large scale, banditry is war on a small scale. Bandits operate in groups of from two or three men to several thousand. The farmer sleeping out in his fields under a rough straw roof with gong and gun beside him may ward off the few. But if a large contingent arrives, the village headman must bargain with them, try to raise a sufficient bribe to satisfy them. At some village gates signs have been posted, such as "Everything has been taken," or "This village has been looted ten times."

Soldiers, bandits and tax-collectors—they are classed together in the Chinese mind. A corps of farmer vigilantes declared as their purpose "to unite against soldiers, bandits and tax-collectors." Against these three plagues, all manner of secret societies have been organised under such fanciful names as The Red Spears, The Big Swords, The Heavenly Gate, The Holy Soldiers.

Such are the troubles of China's farmers—China's eighty-five per cent. The national government has been doing its best to aid them but its task is enormous. Foreigners are doing something—through their aid to the agricultural experiment stations of certain universities. In regions where the Japanese are in control conditions are improving.

And the Chinese are helping themselves. The most remarkable example is the work of "Jimmie" Yen at

Tinghsien, where he has organised co-operatives, built roads, dug wells, improved crops, checked the rapacity of tax-collectors, loan sharks and bandits, and through his "1,000-character movement" has made farmers literate by teaching them the thousand most essential Chinese ideo-graphs. He is the benevolent czar over 400,000 people.

But that is less than one-thousandth of the population of China. For the millions, life remains stark tragedy.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### NOBLES OF THE SOIL

**Y**ET—and here is a marvel—the Chinese farmer under this pall of tragedy is one of the richest and strongest characters to be found on this planet. He loves his soil from which he reaps starvation and death.

"Fine earth," a farmer said to us, looking at his field where the full-grown wheat stood hardly six inches high. "Not its fault that we have no rain. We'll do better next year."

The farmers are the natural nobility of China. It is from the country that the ruling class has always come. And when officials were relieved of their duties they heard the call of the good earth and returned to the country.

Strength comes from the soil. Said General Tseng Kuofan, one-time first minister in the imperial court, "The official families whose children learn expensive habits of living, prosper only for a generation or two; the merchant families who are industrious and frugal may prosper for three or four generations; the families who till the ground and study books and have simple and careful habits prosper for five or six generations; while the families who have the virtues of filial piety and friendliness prosper for eight or ten generations." And he declares that the four things which should not be neglected are "the keeping of fish, the

keeping of pigs, the planting of bamboos and the planting of vegetables."

The Emperor himself every spring offered sacrifices to the Patron Saint of Agriculture in the Temple of Agriculture at Peking. Then, to honour the nation's farmers, he ploughed eight furrows across the Sacred Field, guiding the plough with his own hands. Also, anciently, it was not uncommon for the Emperor to have his own fields, in which he ploughed, planted and harvested, while his Empress reared silkworms.

"Scholars, farmers, mechanics, merchants"—so runs the order of classes in China. But an old proverb says "First the farmer, the scholar second," implying that the scholar could not live without the farmer.

No beauty appeals to the Chinese so much as the beauty of the land. The houses harmonise with the land, earthen houses upon earth. No jarring notes are allowed to break the rhythm of hill and valley and annoy the *fengshui*, the spirits of the landscape.

We of the West can see beauty in tree and flower. The Chinese go farther and take delight in a jagged rock . . . place it on a pedestal or paint a picture of it to hang on the wall. Crop-destroying insects themselves must be destroyed but their portraits are kept and admired. In one well-to-do farmer's home the greatest treasure was a painting on silk of a grasshopper and a blade of grass, superbly done in water-colour.

Birds are loved. The busy farmer finds time to take his pet songster for a walk. A farmer's house is frequently graced with a halo of circling pigeons, black whistles tied to their backs. A single whistle may have seven or eleven outlets, all tuned to harmonise. The eerie, throbbing

organ music as it came to us in our boat through the mists of early morning was a symphony of the soil never to be forgotten.

Love of nature is one mark of a great people. Willingness to work is another. The Chinese are famous the world over for their industry. In fact we cannot tolerate their competition in the West, for they rise too early and work too late. The Chinese day begins soon after midnight.

Our craft was too small to provide sleeping quarters—therefore we set up our cots in the field, either in the open or under the mud-and-straw shed used as a shelter by farm guards. Farmers were still working about as we dropped off to sleep at about nine—and when we were awakened by their coming to the fields in the morning we turned a flash upon a watch to discover that the time was 2 a.m.

The Emperors used to set an example in industry by holding their audiences from three to six in the morning.

The Chinese works through the day with the steadiness and endurance of a machine. He will not hurry and he will not lag. Rain, snow, heat, cold, do not stop him. He is not tempted by comfort. He sleeps on a brick bed with a brick pillow (perhaps that is why he rises so early!). He could make his bed and pillow of feathers, plucked from his fowls, but he throws away the feathers or scatters them over young wheat and beans so that animals will not find his crops to their taste.

His endurance of pain is amazing. Surgeons remark on his ability to bear agony without flinching. His body heals quickly, showing remarkable vitality. A baby who thrust his head into a beehive and received dozens of stings showed no sign of swelling the next day.

Whether it is a case of the survival of the fittest, certain

it is that those Chinese who manage to clear the grim hurdles of famine, flood, plague and war are among the best specimens that humankind can show, both in body and spirit.

China is a land of strong individuals. Yet it is a weak nation. That is partly because of its vast bulk, the difficulty of organising one-fifth of the human race, the peculiar desire of a Chinese to do things in his own way, adverse forces of nature, corruption in high places, badgering by other powers. But China will emerge. And when this distressed people comes out of the valley, the personal qualities of its eighty-five per cent, the men of the soil, will place it among the great of the earth.

# JAPAN IN THE PACIFIC



## CHAPTER XXIV

### MISTRESS OF THE YELLOW SEAS

THE world's waters seem to have been divided for the convenience of the world's three great navies.

The American navy is supreme in the American seas, having both coasts of North and South America. The British navy dominates the European seas, and the sea-lane to Australia. And Japan has now come to be acknowledged as "mistress of the Yellow Seas."

So long as the American Seas, European Seas and Yellow Seas remain mutually exclusive, the three navies need not be of immoderate size. But should one power undertake to invade the waters of another, its sea-arm would need to be several times as strong as at present.

"If any one of these fleets," says Winston Churchill, referring to the three dominant navies, "traversed the thousands of miles of ocean spaces to attack one of the others, it would suffer an automatic diminution in naval power which would, at least, reduce it to a third of its actual strength.

"Here is the explanation of the newly-revived dominance of Japan in the Far East. Neither the British nor the American navy is strong enough to attack Japan. Even if to-day they were united it would take three or four years of immense effort and expenditure by the whole of the English-speaking peoples to bring predominating naval power into the Yellow Seas."

This measure of security may satisfy some Japanese, but not the officers of the navy. To them must be credited the expiration in 1936 of the Washington and London Naval Treaties and the end of the ratio system by which the Japanese navy was limited to a proportion of three as against five each for the navies of Britain and the United States.

Following this achievement, the Navy Ministry issued in 1937 a pamphlet in which "the advent of a non-treaty era" was hailed as "a remarkable advance of the Japanese state." And while the pamphlet scored other nations for entering upon a naval race, it succeeded in imparting the glamour of a holy crusade to such a race on the part of Japan.

"A naval construction race during the non-treaty era may, from one point of view, be regarded as a stage in the process of the rapid expansion of our national strength. We therefore must be firmly resolved to overcome any sort of difficulties that may arise ahead of us so that the glorious position in which our Empire now finds itself may increase in glory."

Out of the debris of the Washington and London treaties, a rather frail Anglo-French-American treaty was constructed in 1936 after the Japanese delegates had gone home. By this new London Treaty the calibre of battleship guns was to be limited to 14 inches, provided that Japan would also agree to such a limit.

The three powers sat back, confident that they had called Japan's bluff. Surely Japan would not face universal condemnation by shattering a generally useful treaty, useful also to Japan because it placed a curb upon her rivals. She would not allow herself to be used as the electric button to touch off a new naval race.

Japan accepted the challenge. In a formal note to Great Britain in March, 1937, she rejected the 14-inch limitation. Thus she nullified the new London Treaty (except the provision that the three powers should exchange information concerning their naval programmes).

Japan does not lack the courage of conviction. She is willing to be lone warrior for what she considers right. Having determined that the wisest world policy was one of naval parity among nations, freedom to build any type of armament, and a general upper limit upon the amount of armament, she rejected the new treaty because it restricted types but not volume. It was qualitative, not quantitative. Thus Japan justified her position on the basis of her desire for general world disarmament. She had decided for all how such disarmament could best be effected. And if world pacts would not bend to her point of view, they must break.

There is something admirable about such obduracy. Japan has at many times in her history evinced a godlike rightness that nothing could shake. Among the nations, she is not a politician among politicians. She is a leader and an evangel. She could no more be wrong than John Calvin or Billy Sunday. It is for others to hit the sawdust trail—she shows the way. And it is not at all sure but that her way will be accepted in time. There could be worse methods, after all, than general quantitative reduction, allowing each nation freedom to build whatever style of defence is best suited to its peculiar needs.

A practical and immediate reason for Japan's dislike of a 14-inch limit is the rumour that her close neighbour, Russia, is experimenting with 18-inch guns. Since Russia is bound by no agreement it would be perilous for Japan to be bound. Also Japan may be seeking some advantage

over the United States; for larger guns imply the probable use of ships of more than 35,000 tons to carry them, and such ships could not pass through the Panama Canal. Rear-Admiral Phelps suggests that this problem might be solved by building mammoths no wider than at present, but longer. But Japan's stand is chiefly a matter of principle. She has drawn the issue and means to stick to it—quantitative limitation or nothing.

In the meantime it will be nothing—for other powers can be stubborn too. And the result of mutual stubbornness will be, is already, a more intensive naval race than the one which preceded the Great War.

In this race, Japan is at a serious disadvantage—for she is attempting to do out of her weakness what Great Britain and the United States can easily do out of their strength. Japan confronts the most difficult stage of finance and politics in her history. Her people are still calm in the face of a situation that would cause panic and revolution in other lands. They bow to the Finance Minister's warning that still greater burdens are about to be laid upon them. It is unavoidable, he admits, that the national livelihood will be seriously affected by execution of the military programme. "It is necessary for the people to determine to make sacrifices for defence." While more than half of the nation's entire budget goes into arms, conscription agencies and health bureaux report that the physical condition of the people is growing steadily worse for lack of sufficient nourishment.

How can the people of a poor nation be so marshalled and stimulated that they are ready to match the fleets of the richest nations on earth? Only through intense loyalty to their Emperor. But does the Emperor call his people

to arms? Never. The Emperor says nothing. Yet a silent Emperor is the greatest moving force in Japan. This is because so much can be done in his name. The navy takes its plans into the Emperor and comes out with the Emperor's seal. The people obey. Only the army and navy are thus free of the people's legislative control and stand "next the Throne." Thus they partake of the supreme authority and their word is not only law, but law willingly obeyed because of its sacred source.

Therefore it has been possible for Japanese naval expenditure during the years of comparative peace from 1932 up to the China outbreak of 1937 to increase 223 per cent, while Great Britain's increased 168 per cent and that of the United States 151 per cent. During 1931, the war year in Manchuria, Japan spent about 30 per cent of her total budget on army and navy; but later, with no war, about 49 per cent. But, the military authorities kept saying, a war might break at any moment which would make the Manchurian Incident sink into insignificance. Japan must be prepared for greater things than the disciplining of Manchuria. They proved to be good prophets; China's slowly fermenting boil burst in July of 1937.

An extraordinary war budget was at once put into effect; and, simultaneously with such action, a call was issued for the "spiritual mobilisation" of the Japanese people so that they might rise to the heights of this supreme sacrifice. Truly, when financial and physical resources face exhaustion, there is nothing to do but to fall back upon the spiritual; and, there, Japan has a great reservoir of strength.

More impressive than Japan's military expenditure is what she does with it. Every penny goes much farther than in the West. Japan is still below Britain and America in

actual expenditure; the naval estimates of the three powers for 1937-8 being 39 million pounds, 84 million and 106 million respectively. But costs are so low in Japan that a pound will do several times as much as in Britain or America. A private soldier may be had for about six shillings a month. A sailor's wage is less. Similar savings are made on the man-power used in building ships and manufacturing munitions. Supplies of all sorts cost less—often only a third or a fourth of what they cost in western lands.

Moreover, Japanese warships are claimed to be ten to twenty per cent more efficient than western vessels, because a larger proportion of the space is given to actual fighting equipment and a smaller to the crew. Japanese battleships are not built to "see the world" in. The sailor's life is no junket. He expects no more luxury aboard than he gets at home.

The vessels have many clever and original features. They are soundly constructed, and models of compactness. According to the impartial *Jane's Fighting Ships*, Japanese cruisers afford "ample evidence of the initiative and ability to cram over two pints into a quart pot." Also, Nippon's ships are newer than their rivals—for Japan has been building during recent years while Britain and America have not troubled to construct the number of ships to which they were entitled by treaty. And auxiliary craft, not limited by treaty, have been constructed in much greater volume in Japan. Still another fact of importance is that Japan has been outstripping all other nations in rate of increase of the mercantile marine and now has a fleet of brand-new cargo ships, capable of eighteen knots or better in contrast with the less than fifteen knots of the average

American freighter, and all made convertible for war use.

The general result of all these factors is that Japan's naval strength is not actually three in proportion to a British or American five. On the contrary, Japan's sea power is nearly if not quite as strong to-day as Britain's or America's.

The Japanese navy is not only equal but vastly superior to any opponent fleet if the fighting is to be done in Japanese waters. And there is no talk of doing the fighting anywhere else. Japan has no argument in Europe, nor in America. All the bones of contention . . . Manchuria, China, the Indies, the Philippines . . . are in the Western Pacific. That is the arena the powers must enter if they wish to contest with Japan. And in that arena Japan, like Antæus invincible while in contact with the earth, is formidable because she is at home.

There, says Hector Bywater, naval writer, the Japanese fleet "occupies a defensive position comparable in strength to the Hindenburg Line." Japan proper is a fortress that has never been successfully invaded during the more than two milleniums since the nation was founded. Japan's new possessions lie close, like a brood of chickens under the wings of the mother hen . . . while Britain's chickens, full-grown perhaps but always relying upon maternal shelter in case of trouble, are scattered the world over.

A good base for a battleship is fully as important as the ship itself. Japan would fight within easy reach of her own bases. The bases fringing the main islands are supplemented by bases in the Bonins, the Loochoos and Formosa. More vital than formal bases are the informal ones—the hundreds upon hundreds of lagoons and harbours of the South Seas available to Japanese warships. Indeed the Japanese Empire is itself a fleet . . . more than three

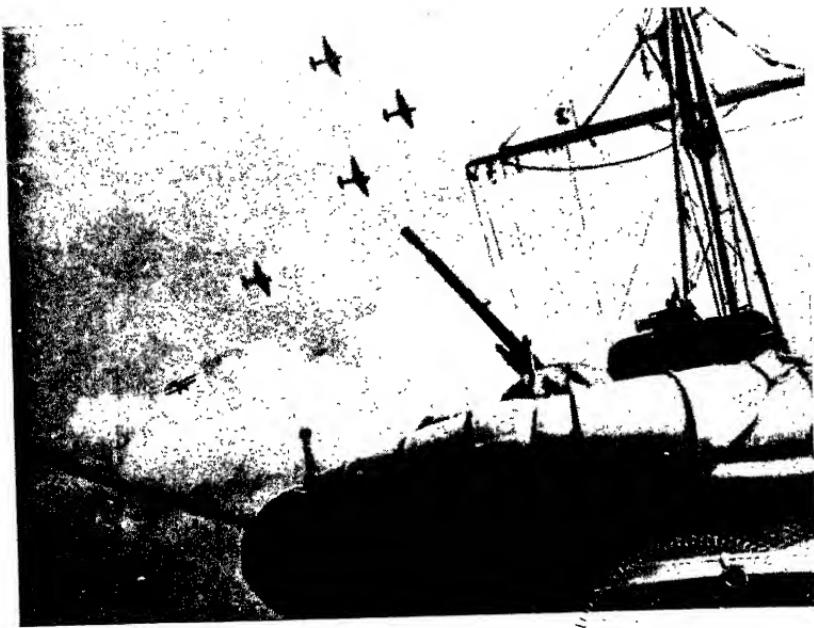
thousand islands strewing the sea from the ice fields to the equator like anchored ships, every one of them of strategic and fighting value. Japan's island character makes her in a peculiar sense a naval power.

Now, imagine this nest of islands in time of war with western powers. Japanese capital ships would command the main arteries. Less spectacular than the capital ships but more deadly, would be the submarines. They alone could make the Japanese Pacific absolutely untenable for an enemy fleet. We have not forgotten the German demonstration of the power of the submarine. Summarising the record of submarines in the World War, the Submarine Defence Association reported in 1920:

"The war was won on land. At sea, the submarine had proved itself potentially supreme. . . . In four and one-half years of intensive effort, with at least 600 destroyers besides other naval units, and 6,000 patrol and searching vessels, only 205 submarines were sunk or captured. In the Irish Sea alone 2,500 vessels were on patrol, yet they could not guarantee safety. If Germany had had 1,000 U-boats in August, 1914, nothing could have saved Britain and the Allies. . . . No great army can be carried across the ocean against a fleet of submarines."

Particularly if the submarines lurk in the shelter of friendly islands where they can be sure of fuel, supplies and repairs at any time. Japanese submarines operating in home waters could do infinitely better than German submarines in hostile areas, often a thousand or even three thousand miles away from support.

Defence of the Japanese labyrinth would not be left to the submarine, even though that alone might be sufficient to make invasion impossible. Another naval arm, which is



THE AIR ARM IS ESSENTIAL TO THE MODERN FLEET.





strongest when short, is the air arm. Bombing 'planes do best when near home. From the Arctic to the tropics, Japanese 'planes would always be within a few hours' flight of an aerodrome. Even in Micronesia, in addition to the lagoons which afford ready-made haven for flying boats, air fields have been laid out on the principal islands. These are at present for commercial use—but they would be equally useful in time of war.

Certainly an enemy might bring scores of 'planes on aircraft carriers—but such 'planes are necessarily of a light type and far inferior to the heavy land-based bomber. Moreover a carrier worth a fortune may be put out of commission by one accurately dropped bomb. Equivalent damage cannot be inflicted upon a landing-field. Aircraft far from its base may be written off as of modest value except for scouting purposes.

But, at home, one bomber costing £20,000 may be a match for a battleship costing £6,000,000. And since 300 such machines may be put in the air for the price of one capital ship, it becomes obvious that a warship intruding into the Japanese archipelagoes would stand little chance of survival.

The aeroplane has revolutionised warfare. It is the strongest defensive weapon man has devised. How true this is may be seen in the recent Anglo-Italian difference of opinion concerning Abyssinia. The British fleet steamed into the Mediterranean. It could have saved Abyssinia by barring Italy from the Suez Canal. But how could Italy retaliate? There was no fear of the weak Italian navy—but there was great apprehension concerning the Italian air force, which, though also weak, was close at hand, in the aerodromes of Sicily. What would Italian bombers do?

to the British arsenal on Malta only fifteen minutes' flight away, and, more particularly, to the great fighting ships? As Mussolini grew more demonstrative, the British fleet thought best to put in at Alexandria. And finally Italy had her way. "It was the air threat," says Lord Strabolgi, "to Britain's battleships—her pride and her strength—which decided the British Cabinet to avoid pushing sanctions to extremes."

The Japanese air fleet, like the Italian, is puny compared with the British or American—but probably invincible so long as it remains within the radius of the Japanese islands.

Japan considers her position still further strengthened by the expiration of the non-fortification agreement. In Article 19 of the Washington Treaty of 1922, the United States, Great Britain and Japan agreed not to build new fortifications or naval bases in certain areas: American Samoa, the Philippines, Guam, Wake and the Aleutians; Britain's Pacific islands and Hong-Kong; Japan's Kurile Islands, the Bonins, Amami-Oshima, the Loochoos, Formosa and the Pescadores.

This article was particularly acceptable to Britain. She proposed in 1936 that it be retained after the expiration of the main treaty at the end of that year. But both America and Japan were cool to the idea.

America considered that she had sacrificed much in giving up the fortification of her western islands. She had renounced power in the Western Pacific as a trade for Japan's agreement to the 3-5 ratio. But if Japan asked freedom to build beyond that ratio, America should also be released from her side of the bargain.

Japan felt that the non-fortification agreement, while it had mildly curbed America and Britain, had throttled

her. While the other powers had been restrained from fortifying points fringing Japanese waters. Japan had been forbidden fortifications within Japanese waters. America was still permitted to fortify Hawaii, 2,400 miles from the American mainland, and Britain to complete the great Singapore naval base on the other side of the world from Downing Street . . . but Japan might not safeguard points that lay well within home seas, none of them more than 800 miles from the Japanese main islands. This seemed an echo from the old days of unequal treaties—and Japan, coming of age, decided to have done with it.

The possible consequences are obvious. Britain and America may now build a ring of forts round the Japanese archipelagoes—and, in the case of Guam, even among Japanese islands. But Japan does not consider this danger so great as the danger of leaving her own possessions unfortified. That is, a fortified Japanese island is a greater protection than a fortified foreign island is a threat . . . if both lie close to Japan. If, for example, fortifications are built upon American Guam and Japanese Saipan which lie side by side far away from America but within the Emperor's seas constantly patrolled by the Japanese fleet and close to numerous Japanese bases, it is plain that the odds are overwhelmingly in favour of Saipan. Therefore liberty to fortify is a much greater advantage to Japan than to Britain or America.

Outposts are rendered harmless in proportion to their distance from headquarters. The nation is strongest that does its fighting at home. The Russian fleet, weakened by a long trip round the world, was wiped out in one battle. The Japanese fleet, if it should enter the trap consisting of the jaw-shaped American coast and the Hawaiian steel

spring, would never come out alive. By the same token, the American fleet or the British, or both, would have hard shrift within the territorial waters of Japan.

It is true, as many contend, that Japan is weak in the natural resources necessary to carry on a war many years long. But in this respect she is certainly in a stronger position than Germany at the beginning of the four-year World War. As for food, the general opinion that Japan could be starved into submission by a blockade is not borne out by statistics. Her food production is increasing more rapidly than her population—she even exports more food than she imports. True, this is under the compulsion of poverty. She exports the food that she ought to eat in order to be properly nourished. But at least it is clear indication that Japan can herself supply enough to keep body and soul together, so long as soul dominates body, as it does in samurai Nippon.

Nor is it true, as too complacently supposed, that Japan, although she has the fighting equipment, is still a tyro in the arts of war and no match against the military knowledge and experience of the West. The truth is that ability for war and organisation is embedded more deeply in Japanese character than in western. More than three centuries ago Japanese armies four times as large as England's were common. In 1592 a lieutenant of Hideyoshi led an army of 205,000 men in Korea; whereas, according to Murdoch's *History of Japan*, "Europe had never seen more than 60,000 men in the field together under one flag in that century." Four hundred years before that, when the American nation was not yet even a gleam in God's eye, and English fighting was free adventure rather than organised system, Yoritomo built his magnifi-

cent war machine of 240,000 men. Such "national aptitude for warlike enterprises," as Murdoch calls it, was dormant during the two centuries of Japan's hibernation, but has now been revived in full force.

In short, the Yellow Seas are closed as firmly as the American Seas or the European. Japan might be whipped by Britain and America combined, but only at enormous expenditure, and with dubious final advantage. For Japan would not stay whipped. (*Vide Germany.*) Things would soon be just as before. War cannot alter topography; and Japan's proximity to China, together with racial and cultural affinity and economic inter-dependence, make it inevitable that the two peoples will have much to do with each other in the future. But Japan will also have much to do with Britain and America, and depends upon their economic co-operation. Therefore it is possible that calm diplomacy, gloving the firm hand of trade and resources, may prove a more effective and less costly instrument of national policy than war in dealing with Japan.

## CHAPTER XXV

### EQUATORIAL JAPAN

JAPAN has now reached the equator.

This is hard for us to realise, having still in our minds the Japan pictured in school geographies—a small country the size of Italy.

Japan proper is the size of Italy. But Japan improper, as some may be inclined to call it stretches from Siberia to the equator. Japan exercises not mere influence over this area, but absolute control. It is as if United States territory extended from Hudson Bay as far south as Brazil.

The northern part of this amazing domain comprises Manchukuo, Korea and Japan proper, and is well known to the world. The southern part is almost unknown. Japan does not advertise it. Tourists never see it. The tourist routes lie west of it, down the coast of China. British and all other foreign ships are barred from its ports. Foreigners are discouraged from visiting it. If they do so, they must go on a Japanese ship, eat Japanese meals, and be prepared to live in South Sea style if they wish to stay on certain islands.

But when the inquisitive traveller has finally obtained permission (as the present writer did) and sails south, what a vista of Japanese national power opens up before him as he passes in review the Bonin Islands and enters the forbidden labyrinth, Micronesia!

Here he sails for weeks on end, never out of sight of land—and all the land is Japanese. He covers immense distances, but always Japan confronts him. To be sure, not much of it confronts him at any one time, for the islands are small. The entire 2,550 islands of Micronesia aggregate only 836 square miles in land area.

But their tremendous value lies not in their size but in their position. They pepper a sea 1,300 miles from north to south and 2,700 miles from east to west. Together with the other Japanese islands they form a complete net across the face of Asia. No ship from America, or from England via Panama, can go direct to China, the Philippines or Singapore without going through a hole in this net—a hole that may be blocked at will by Japan. No enemy fleet could hope to survive in these waters where hundreds of lagoons afford nests for Japanese submarines and 'planes; where there are enough deep harbours to accommodate any number of cruisers, and channels through the reef wide enough for dreadnoughts, if Japan should choose to build them, larger than anything that could squeeze through the Panama Canal. Cliffs, promontories, rocky islands, afford ideal gun emplacements if these should ever be required.

Japan took Micronesia from Germany in the World War, to help the Allies. The Allies were a little disconcerted by this sort of help, but saw no way out of giving Japan a mandate over the group under the League of Nations. One condition of this mandate was that Japan should not fortify the islands. Japan has not done so. This however means little, for the labyrinth does not need fortifying to make it an invaluable protection and base of operations for the Japanese fleet.

Micronesia lies along the equator for 2,000 miles. It

places Japan immediately next door to the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies and within easy distance of Siam, Singapore and Australia. It is the point of departure to some of the richest and least occupied lands of the earth. Japan naturally regards Micronesia as an outpost of Empire not second in value to Manchukuo. In fact there are Japanese industrialists who see Manchukuo as a liability and Micronesia as the key to lands where Japan's economic salvation may be realised.

But does Micronesia "belong" to Japan? As a mandate from the League of Nations it would seem to be on the end of a string. Does the League have power to withdraw a mandate? Certainly the League of Woodrow Wilson's imagination would have such power. But the League that actually exists is of another colour, and its authority in this regard has never been legally determined.

Should Japan lose her mandate because she has resigned from the League? If Japan fortifies the islands, what will the League do about it? Should Japan, who sympathises in general with Germany's demand for her lost colonies, set a good example by returning these islands to Germany?

These questions may worry the questioners but they appear never to disturb Japan. The sober and practical truth is that the word "mandate" is a polite fiction when applied to Micronesia. Japan has distinctly declared that she will never give up the islands. She submits a report each year to the League of Nations, and grave gentlemen on the League's Mandates Commission go through the form of discussing and accepting it—knowing full well that, so far as Japan is concerned, they may take it or leave it.

Micronesia is administered as an integral part of the Japanese Empire. There have been recent proposals in

Japan that the islands should be annexed. It is not considered in keeping with Japan's national honour that a Japanese possession should be under even nominal subservience to a society in Geneva. Formal annexation will probably take place within a few years—but the territory has already been essentially annexed by the process of filling it with Japanese citizens. There are to-day more Japanese than natives in Japan's South Seas. The native population has been stationary for a quarter of a century, and remains stationary at about 50,000. But the Japanese population is increasing so rapidly that statistics are old before they are published. It now moves between 60,000 and 70,000—it will probably double the native population within the next four years and will continue to increase until all space is occupied. Japanese rarely emigrate spontaneously—and this hegira is vigorously promoted by the Japanese Government.

Micronesia is losing its character as a region supervised by Japanese overlords, and is becoming so intrinsically Japanese that change to any other sovereignty than that of Japan is made unnatural if not impossible. Japan has reason to feel that her foothold in Micronesia is secure. This triangle of islands projecting into the group of Philippine, Dutch and British possessions is now ready for use, not only as a guard over operations in China, but as a flying wedge in the continuation of Japan's southward drive.

Note.—For a more complete discussion of the character and strategic significance of the Japanese mandate, the reader is referred to *Rip Tide in the South Seas*, published in 1936.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### JAPAN IN THE PHILIPPINES

OUR ship was nosing into Manila harbour. Two of my fellow passengers, young Japanese business men, were scanning the shore . . . so eagerly that I felt moved to inquire:

"Would you like to have the Philippines for Japan this morning?"

"Yes," they answered.

Cynthia Davis, doing her morning constitutional, stopped beside us. Pretty daughter of the new governor-general of the Philippines. She and her father were now entering upon their domain.

"I hope you don't mind," I said, "but I have just given the Philippines to Japan."

"That's perfectly all right," she replied cheerfully.

We all thought we were talking nonsense. But a few years later the United States Congress apparently saw sense in just such nonsense. For it is hard to interpret the Tydings—McDuffie Act as anything but a deed of gift conveying the Philippines from the United States to Japan.

To-day at the front door of the Philippines, Manila, the Americans are going out. At the back door, Davao, the Japanese are coming in.

Mindanao is the richest island of the Philippines, situated at the southern end of the archipelago. Its port of Davao is four to seven days from Manila, depending upon what boat you take. Recently, for the first time, I have had an opportunity to enter this back door . . . stage door, it may be, to the future drama of the Philippines.

Beautiful Davao stands against a superb backdrop in the form of volcanic Mount Apo, 9,600 feet high, its top coated with sulphur cast out from a boiling crater.

As one walks along the streets of Davao he might imagine himself in a sort of Yokohama, with tropical variations. Japanese kimonos, Japanese speech, Japanese bustle. Very little sign of anything or anybody American. Of course even in Manila there are more than ten Japanese to one American. . . . But in Davao the proportion is 150 to one. And the one will go soon. Fifteen thousand Japanese live in Davao. They dominate the island of Mindanao—which is second only to Luzon in size and second to none in wealth. They have made fortunes for themselves and created prosperity for the Filipino population by their signal success in the two great industries of the island, hemp and lumber.

Eighty per cent of the imports of Davao Province are from Japan. Promises of independence quickened Japan's interest in 1934; and during that year \$279,000 worth of goods came from Japan as compared with \$11,900 worth from the United States. Ninety-eight Japanese vessels called at the port of Davao, and four American. In the fishing industry, there were eighty-seven motor-boats of more than three tons' capacity owned or operated wholly or partly by Japanese, seventeen exclusively by Filipinos,

two by Americans. Every day the port and the island become more thoroughly Nipponised.

According to the Japan Year Book, "More Japanese emigrants now go to the Philippine Islands than to any other country except Brazil." Japan's own foster-state of Manchukuo, of course, receives the largest number of migrating Japanese. But if and when the door can be opened as wide in the Philippines as it is in Manchukuo, few would choose the forty-degrees-below-zero Manchukuo winter to Mindanao's eternal June. Davao, although closer to the equator than Manila, has a cooler and more equitable climate. There is no "hot season" and no "rainy season." And every season is a growing season.

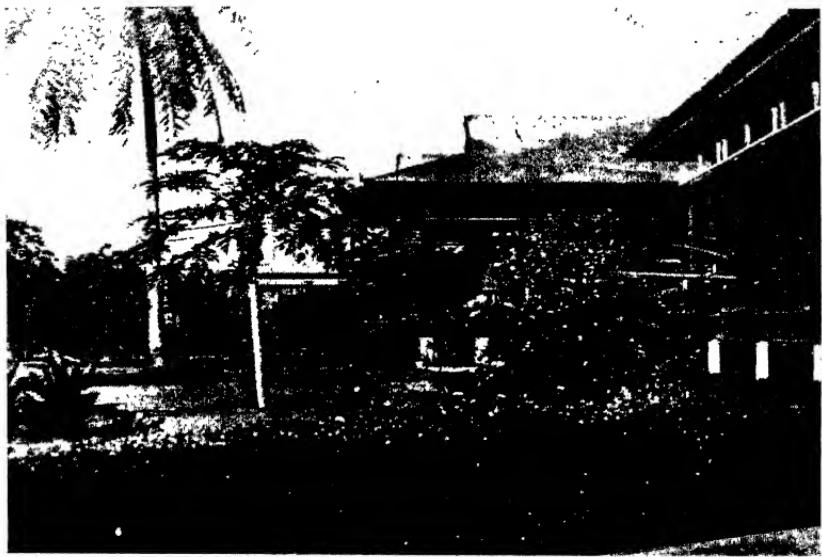
Seventy per cent of the roads in Davao province were built by Japanese industrial interests. Japanese stores are competing with Chinese, Filipino and Indian stores. The former have fixed prices, the latter sliding prices. It is well to look at the name over the store before entering so that you will know whether to deal in Occidental or Oriental fashion. I took back to a "Bazaar Oriental" a shirt they had sold me wrongly marked as to size. It is necessary for me to bring in a constabulary officer before I could get it changed. Nothing like that would happen in a Japanese store. There the treatment is more than fair—and the prices so astonishingly low that even the thrifty Chinese are being forced out of business.

The few Americans left in Davao see their business fast disappearing. Sooner or later they must get out—they cannot stand the competition.

The story of how the Japanese first came to Davao is a pioneering romance. A fiery young lad by the name of Ohta was adopted into a wealthy family of Japan with the



EXPECTING TO BE INTERESTED FOR A LONG TIME IN THE PHILIPPINES, JAPAN, IN A GREAT EXPERIMENTAL FARM IN MINDANAO, ACCLIMATIZES PRODUCTS FROM ALL THE WORLD TO THE PHILIPPINE CLIMATE. THIS IS LIBERIAN COFFEE.



FACETIOUS FILIPINOS REFER TO THE JAPANESE CONSUL WHO OCCUPIES THIS PALATIAL RESIDENCE IN DAVAO. PHILIPPINES.



intention that he should later marry the daughter of the family. He had trouble with his adopted father and left. He roamed the seas—fished for pearls at Thursday Island and Zamboanga—penetrated to Davao and saw the growing of hemp—then went to Luzon.

The Americans had recently taken over the Philippines and were building the famous Benguet Road up the mountain-side to Baguio. They tried Filipino labourers, Chinese, Russian—all failed. Then they brought down two thousand Japanese from Okinawa. They were equal to the very difficult and dangerous work and the road was completed, but not without great loss of life due to accidents and epidemics. When the road was finished in 1904, the American engineer wondered what to do with the five hundred Japanese who were left. Mr. Ohta, with a vision of the possibilities of hemp, offered to take them to Davao and was commissioned to do so. There they worked for a time for American, Spanish and Filipino planters—then organised the Ohta Development Company and went in for themselves.

During the depression the world price for hemp dropped so low that other nationalities, unable or unwilling to carry on at a starvation income, quit the business. Now in Davao province few but Japanese remain. They raise one half the hemp of the Philippines and export most of it to cordage concerns in America, who acknowledge it to be the world's best. Time after time on the basis of quality and low price, the contract of the United States Navy in the Philippines has gone to the Furukawa Company, the only Japanese company bidding, all the rest being American.

A remarkable experimental farm financed by the

Japanese planting corporations is introducing hundreds of useful plants to Philippine soil. To walk over this great farm is to make a world tour in a day. Here is cotton brought from Peru, coffee from Liberia, oil palm from Singapore, pepper and vanilla from Borneo, teak from Jolo, beans in all their varieties from Japan, seedless pomelo from Siam, lime from Tahiti, oranges from Majorca, avocadoes from California, passion fruit from Australia, the great pineapple from Hawaii, sisal from Africa. Exhaustive soil tests are conducted. There are experiments in swine raising, poultry raising and fish farming. There are detailed meteorological studies of wind, atmosphere, rainfall, temperature (air and earth), evaporation and sunshine as agricultural factors.

In other words, the Japanese are not in Mindanao to snatch a few easy earnings and depart. They are there to do a scientific and painstaking job in the development of the resources of Mindanao for the sake of a long future.

Now and then a Land Commission comes feverishly down from Manila to investigate charges that the Japanese are acquiring land in spite of the fact that sale or lease to foreigners is forbidden under Philippine law. Secretary of Agriculture Rodriguez came for this purpose while I happened to be in Davao—and he sat out at a Filipino dance long enough to tell me:

More than half of the 164,000 acres of cultivable land in Davao province is controlled by Japanese. The question is whether their tenure is illegal. The intent of the law is plainly that land must not be sub-leased to Japanese or other foreigners, but what constitutes a "sub-lease" is not clear."

It is not clear because the Filipinos of Davao do not want it to be clear. They make too much out of the ambiguity. Collectively they shout, "The Philippines for the Filipinos," but individually they are usually only too glad to add to their private income by serving as dummies in a land deal. The procedure was described to me by a veteran American planter who has seen the entire drama, having been here since before the first Japanese came and indeed before American occupation of the islands.

"The Japanese are the most law-abiding, or you might say lawyer-abiding, people round Davao. When they want land they go to a Filipino lawyer—he goes to the Bureau of Lands and gets the land.

"The government will lease land to a Filipino or American on a twenty-five-year lease. It's common practice for the lawyer to get one of his Filipino friends to lend his name. The land is taken in his name, the Japanese farm it and give the Filipino ten per cent of the total proceeds—not just ten per cent of the net profits. Who wouldn't lend his name for that? And at the end of the twenty-five years if the Filipino wants to re-lease from the government, the land and all its improvements are his and the Japanese who have spent twenty-five years developing it are left out in the cold.

"Rather rough on the Japanese—but they make a go of it even under such conditions.

"Since most of the Filipinos thus lending their names are Filipino officials and constabulary officers, the sub-lease rule has been quite liberally interpreted!"

Large tracts of government land are leased only to corporations, and the corporation must be sixty per cent Filipino. The Japanese readily comply with the law, but

at the same time accomplish their own ends by engaging a number of Filipino lawyers to hold sixty per cent of the stock.

In cases where the owner of land has absolute title to it because it is a Spanish grant antedating American occupation of the islands, he may sell it outright to any foreigner. The Japanese are ferreting out all such properties and buying them up.

The Secretary of Agriculture has mentioned the possibility of buying all Japanese interests for £1,000,000—but Consul Kaneko, uncrowned ruler of what the Filipino newspapers wryly refer to as “Davaokuo,” claims that the holdings are worth five times that amount.

As a matter of fact it is doubtful whether the Japanese would surrender their holdings at any price. No temporary advantage could compensate for the loss of the future.

Whether we know enough yet about this globe to say with General Hugh Johnson that there is no richer spot on the earth's surface than the Philippines, certainly it is a treasure-house. Americans have not undertaken its development because of the uncertainty that America would remain in the islands. The Japanese are not moving uncertainly.

As soon as America made clear her intention to leave, the American Institute of Mining received word that Japanese interests were endeavouring to sign contracts for the entire gold output of the islands. Since that time large shipments have been made to Japan.

There has been lively interest in Japan over the recent discovery of chromite in such large deposits that the Philippines promise to be the world's chief source of chromium, invaluable to the armament makers. One

Osaka concern alone has ordered half a million dollars' worth.

The iron ore is the best in the Far East and is desperately needed by Japan, especially in the contingency of war.

And war cannot be waged without oil, which has recently been found in the Philippines and is produced in great abundance in the adjacent Dutch islands, where also Japanese promoters are active.

Timber is plentiful in the Philippines. Gutta-percha and cotton can be produced on a large scale and both are vitally required. Sugar, coffee, hemp . . . the list might be continued at great length.

In fact, if there were no Filipinos to complicate the question, no human equations to consider, the Philippines would be the natural answer to Japan's problems. Japan is an industrial nation but lacks raw materials to keep her industries going. The Philippines have raw materials in plenty.

The two fit as hand and glove. The Japanese hand which will slip into and actuate the Philippine glove promises to bring a certain warming life as well as stern control. Thousands of manufactured articles, necessities, comforts, luxuries, will flow in at prices that the Filipinos can afford to pay . . . prices one half or one quarter those of similar articles from America. And the stuff of which these articles are made will flow from the Philippines to Japan.

The industrial age of the Philippines is still perhaps a century off. During that time the Filipinos will farm and mine while the Japanese will fabricate . . . a rather ideal comity with a minimum of competition.

Being near neighbours helps, of course. Steamers from San Francisco to the Philippines take about three weeks.

From the nearest Japanese territories (Palau on the east, Formosa on the north), one day. From Japan proper, less than a week. Air travel will make the time factor negligible. A 'plane hopped from Japan to Manila to be present as a sort of genial ghost of the Future at the inauguration ceremonies. The trip was by way of Formosa and took two days; it could have been made non-stop in nine hours. The regular Japanese air-line from Japan through the mandated islands to Palau can at any time be extended to the Philippines by the addition of a simple two-hour hop.

No statecraft can nullify geography. No revival of America's go-getter methods in foreign trade, when such revival comes, as it will of course, can alter the fact that the Philippines are more than eight thousand miles from San Francisco, five thousand even from Hawaii, but only eighty from the nearest important Japanese territory. The Philippine Batan Islands are but eighty miles from Formosa. Because of proximity, because of interlocking needs, Japan-Philippines trade is a "natural."

Even before "independence," Japan had outdistanced all other countries, except the United States, in supplying the Philippine market.

And she will now very soon show her heels to the American exporter. America's graded restrictions on imports will of course gradually stop exports—for trade is a two-way tide. There cannot be give without take. If big brother will no longer accept little brown brother's sugar, there is no reason left for the latter to pay big brother £10 for a bicycle when he can get one from his new guardian for twelve shillings. Japanese piecegoods have already so far outstripped American that a fifty-fifty quota

agreement has been necessary. Japan subscribed to it and American piecegoods men celebrated their victory. But man-made agreements will not dam a natural tide. And the United States Department of Commerce now expresses alarm over the fact that, although Japan has kept her promise regarding cotton, she is slashing prices of non-cotton goods. The result is that while American cotton manufacturers are unable to move vast surpluses, the Filipino is dressing in rayon.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### PHILIPPINE WHIRLPOOL

**W**HAT the Filipino shall wear, eat, read, put in his home, is increasingly dictated by the Japanese. Ironically, the Chinese helped to bring this about.

They were formerly the shopkeepers of the Philippines. They patriotically but short-sightedly boycotted Japanese goods. Japan's come-back was decisive. Japanese bazaars blossomed out almost overnight in cities and towns from Manila to Zamboanga. The display, the goods, the prices, were commanding. An official report to Washington estimates that 35 per cent of the retail trade of the Philippines is now in Japanese hands. Since there is absolutely no effective competition, there is nothing to prevent the prophecy of a leading Japanese exporter from coming true; he forecasts that 1940 will see 80 per cent of Philippine retail business operated by Japanese.

American capital and all other foreign capital is flowing out, except Japanese, which is flowing in. Hemp holdings are being increased, lumbering and mining concessions purchased. Some American interests are desperately hanging on, hoping against hope that both America and the Philippines will do a little rethinking before it is too late. Judge John W. Hausserman, called "the gold king of the Philippines," president of the Benguet Con-

solidated Mining Company, clutches at straws as follows:

"We have, to be sure, been offered large sums for our properties by the Japanese. But we will not accept. We will not permit ourselves to harbour the thought that all that has been brought to the islands in the way of American civilisation is to go for naught."

Not only economically do the Philippines seem to be made-to-measure for Japan—but strategically. On the map the Philippine archipelago looks somewhat like a large key fitted into a lock composed of Australia, the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, French Indo-China and China. Who holds this key may unlock the treasures of southern Asia. Former Chancellor Von Bulow said:

"The control of the sea may rest on the question of who rules the Philippines."

This is true because of the peculiar position of the group, nudged in between magnificent New Guinea, Celebes, Borneo, and the mainland. It is placed like a reviewing stand before which all ships bound north to China must pass. Who controls the Philippines may dictate Chinese trade, and Chinese destiny. The northern end faces Hong-Kong, the southern end, Singapore. For the Philippine labyrinth concatenates over a length equal to the distance from London to Algiers, from the Canadian border to the Mexican, and its total coastline is greater than that of continental United States.

But, says Congress, this explosively strategic archipelago is going to be safe and everything will be rosy. It is all arranged. See Section 11 of the Tydings-McDuffie Independence Law:

"The President is requested, at the earliest practicable date, to enter into negotiations with foreign powers with

a view to the conclusion of a treaty for the perpetual neutralisation of the Philippine Islands, if and when Philippine independence shall have been achieved."

Neutralisation. How neat! Japan smiles and says, through her Spokesman, that while she is not necessarily opposed to the idea, perhaps the Filipinos themselves would not like it. For neutralisation means humiliation.

There is not a little truth in this suggestion, and the proud Filipino cannot fail to be stung by it. It is only the weak sister whose safety is guaranteed—a Belgium, a China. Are the Philippines to be placed in this category? And, pride aside, what price would have to be paid for such neutralisation?

"A treaty of neutralisation would undoubtedly lead to a demand from the guaranteeing powers for equal opportunities of trade in the Philippine Islands," objects Pio Duran, Professor of Law in the University of the Philippines. "The example of China furnishes an excellent index to the consequences of guaranteed equal treatment of all nations. . . . By virtue of the operation of the Open Door Policy, China could no longer exercise her sovereign right to enter into such treaties and agreements respecting her commercial intercourse as she might deem wise to conclude. Her international policies were subjected to the combined veto power of the very nations that pretended to save her from being partitioned."

The Nine-Power Treaty was the Open Door Policy made formal and binding. The powers were bound not to invade China and China was bound not to enter into commercial treaties with any one nation or group of nations—a handcuffing to which no free nation would submit. Secretary Stimson later argued that, under this treaty, China had no

right to part with Manchuria even if she wished to do so. She dare not violate her own integrity!

"The Filipinos should reject such a treaty," says Professor Duran, "because it would reduce the Philippines to a state of virtual economic bondage identical with that in which China finds herself to-day. From the status of an American Colony, the Philippines should not plunge herself into a state of international servility."

Another Filipino leader remarks that a neutralisation treaty would only mean three masters for the Philippines—the United States, Great Britain and Japan. Others become still more realistic and eliminate the first two names from the list. A neutralisation treaty, they say, would deliver the Philippines to Japan; just as the Nine-Power Treaty kept the other powers out of China and cleared the road for Japan to go in. A "Keep-off-the-grass" sign is convenient for the person who ignores it. While the timid public is held at bay, he may have the grass to himself.

Whether this view is correct, certain it is that treaties, in these latter days, are being regularly subordinated to "national necessity." Needs, not treaties, will dictate the future of the Philippines. America's needs are evidently slight, since she is willing to abandon them. Great Britain does not need more colonies. Nor does France or Holland, whose outposts neighbour the Philippines. Australia has not solved the problem of its own great open spaces. But Japan . . .

Frank and intelligent Japanese do not say, "Japan is not interested in the Philippines." Of course she is interested. From the Japanese standpoint, the Dutch islands, Australasia and the Philippines are a unit. Together they constitute, after China, the next step of Japan's economic

advance. Geographically also they are the next step, all coming within five hundred miles of Japan's mandated islands. Australia and Japan actually rub elbows, their mandates joining at the equator. The nearest important island of Japanese Micronesia to Philippine, Dutch and Australian territory is Palau, less than three hours distant from any of them by 'plane. Palau's new airport, her vigorous development campaign, her building of piers and blasting of channels, her frequent visits from Japanese warships, her excellent second harbour reserved for craft of the Imperial Navy, her easily fortifiable though as yet unfortified mountainous islets and promontories, her entire adaptability as a naval base, worry the folk of near-by Mindanao. Palau is a word to the wise Filipino.

Therefore it is not surprising that the Philippine mind, once so sure that "independence" would solve all its ills, is to-day going round in a whirlpool of bewilderment.

The whirlpool throws off two tangential currents. One is a movement to make the best of what must be and prepare for close affiliation with Japan. The second is a movement back to the United States.

One of the most outspoken proponents of the first policy is Professor Duran, already quoted. With reference to possible absorption by Japan, he says, "That would simply mean that we would be citizens of the most powerful empire in the Orient, or perhaps in the world." A Filipino official, who wished to pass unnamed, told me, "After all, worse things might happen. Our affiliation with the United States has been of advantage to the Philippines. After the disillusionments of 'independence,' it is possible that we may find equivalent advantage in close connection with other powers of the Orient."

Here as elsewhere the doctrine of Asia for the Asiatics is being promoted with growing success. Versailles refused to admit racial equality. Very well, the Oriental, denied equality, will adopt superiority. The West, which excluded him, shall be excluded. The East, many of her leaders believe, is well on the way to a greatness the West has never known. The oil-and-water mixture did not work—henceforth, no more water. In three hundred and fifty years of Spanish rule and thirty-nine of American there was no assimilation of brown and white. But the Chinese blend readily with the Filipino; and the Malay-Mongol Japanese and Malayan Filipinos are racially related. They will amalgamate in time—so that there will be no question of a ruling race and a ruled.

Cultures are also related. And are to become more so through the work of such organisations as the recently formed Philippine Society of Japan, headed by Marquis Tokugawa of the House of Peers. Plans include the exchange of professors and students, exchange of radio programmes and motion picture films, and all other means by which Japanese and Filipinos may grow to have more in common.

There is an ably financed Japanophile movement in the Philippines. Such uprisings as that of the Sakdalistas, while doubtless not instigated by Japan, are at least inspired by a strong pro-Japanese sentiment in certain Philippine groups. The Sakdal organ was printed in Japanese as well as in the island languages, and the leader, Major Ramos, visited Japan to seek support for his campaign for immediate severance of all ties with the United States. Probably he got no official encouragement. Japan is quite willing to wait out the ten-year period—she is now busy in China.

Of old, the Filipinos studied Spanish; then English, during the American régime. Now the trend is slightly but increasingly away from both languages toward Japanese. Two years ago the Philippine Constabulary started classes in Japanese, and these have become so popular that they have now spread throughout the islands.

As Japanese employers increase in number it is natural that their associates and employees should wish to understand their language. Because many of the Japanese are involved in large deals involving negotiation and litigation, there is a rush among young lawyers to learn the language of Nippon—they see money in it. Also some are studying Japanese law, anticipating that it will gradually displace American law.

Free trade with Japan to make good the loss of free trade with America has been suggested by the Japanese Consul-General to the Philippines. The suggestion received the hoots of politicians and the sober consideration of business men. There would be advantages in a preferential arrangement with Japan—more reason for avoiding neutralisation which would make such favouritism impossible.

The Philippine Chamber of Commerce looks chiefly to Japan, if we may credit the words of its President, Leopoldo Aguinaldo, who states that the endeavour of the Chamber, as America withdraws, will be “to cultivate and stabilise our commercial relations with other countries, Japan foremost among them.” Educated in Japan, Mr. Aguinaldo recently returned to that country at the head of a highly successful Philippine trade mission.

This befriending of Japan may be noted even in the actions of that most loyal of patriots, President Quezon.

Japanese leases in Davao said to be illegal were being cancelled. One of the first acts of the President was to stop such cancellation. Rather than prosecute under the law, he was in favour of changing the law if it worked injustice to the Japanese.

Also he stood out against the proposal that the new Philippine constitution should limit retail trade to Filipinos and Americans. That, he said, would deal a blow to the Japanese and Chinese. "The Filipinos, at this stage of their history, need all the good-will that they can muster." A Philippine newspaper, agreeing with him, editorialised:

"Our old bridges have been burned. Our new bridges must be Oriental."

But in addition to this strong Kuro Siwa Japanward, there is another current. It is heading back toward America. It is a bitter river of afterthoughts.

The truth is that the Philippine question is far from settled. In fact, it is now for the first time unsettled. It has been settled for thirty-nine years that the Filipinos wanted independence above everything else on earth. Orators have shouted that they would rather be governed like hell by themselves than like heaven by Americans. Now, glimpsing hell, they are not so sure.

They see economic trouble ahead, strife among factions, the shadow of Japan. To the masses, under the spell of rhetorical politicians, independence meant abolition of taxes. Now Quezon says that they should be willing to pay more taxes as the price of liberty. To pay more taxes as the price of liberty from paying taxes . . . it is all very puzzling.

Under the light American hand the Filipinos had in

many ways more freedom than the citizens of the United States. To-day that freedom is being taken in, stitch by stitch. American bosses are going home, jobs are lost, young men are being drafted into an army that everybody admits is useless against the only nation whose existence gives any reason for it.

Can it be that freedom and independence may be contradictory terms? Is it possible that the Philippines must choose between being free under the United States but not independent, or independent like Manchukuo but not free?

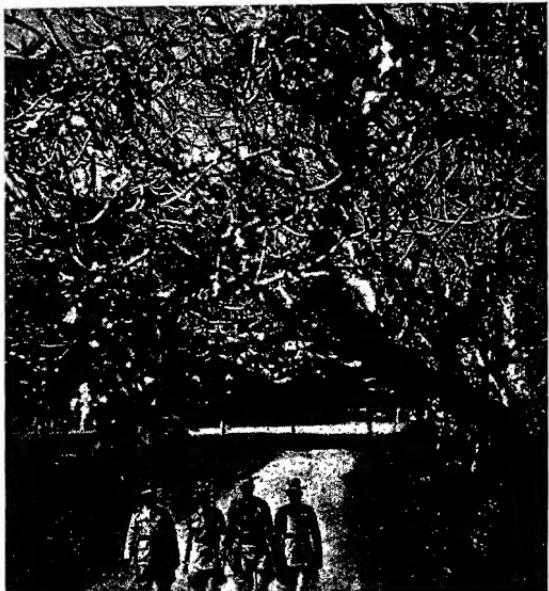
In that case, back to America!

This wistful looking backward also has a temperamental basis—which, among a people as temperamental as the Filipinos, is a factor of importance. The patriot experienced a fine glow of emotion in fighting for liberty; the glow was snuffed out when what he had fought for was chucked at his head. The boy who longs to run away from home feels differently about it when he is kicked out and told not to come back. The Filipino enjoyed his distress as a captive; but there is no zest in being an outcast.

The willingness, not to say the glee, of America in cutting him adrift has shocked him into sensibility. In the cold dawn of independence he cannot escape the fact that he and his sugar and his vegetable oil have been classed by America as undesirables. Evidently America considers that she gains more than she loses by Philippine independence. That must mean that the Philippines lose more than they gain. This sickening realisation has much to do with the powerful back-eddy now setting in toward America.

Mr. Guevara, Philippine Commissioner at Washington,

JAPANESE LUMBERJACKS  
FELL A GIANT APITONG  
TREE. THE LUMBER  
INDUSTRY OF MINDANAO,  
RICHEST ISLAND OF THE  
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JAPANESE CONTROL.



THE PHILIPPINE CON-  
STABULARY IS BEING  
TURNED INTO A PHILIP-  
PINE ARMY IN THE HOPE  
OF RESISTING POSSIBLE  
AGGRESSION.



advocates an American protectorate over the islands. President Quezon suggests that if the Filipinos have free will they may will a return to the United States, but it must be of their own accord. One hears worried talk among taxpayers who see clearly what must happen upon the decline of the sugar industry which now supplies sixty per cent of government revenues. Two million sugar employees fear the loss of their jobs. Most vocal are leading Philippine business men who see a future of frowning tariffs, then economic collapse, the debris of which may be picked up by a certain saviour-nation upon its own terms. Such men plead for a return to sanity and Uncle Sam. Before the ten-year test is over the prodigal may be rapping loudly on the home door.

Not, alas, that it will do any good. America may be willing, eager, to re-admit the Philippines. But conditions will have changed. As time passes the talk of renewing American-Philippine comity will increase, but simultaneously the chance of realisation will decrease. For every day Japan will be enlarging her interest in the islands, filling in the place temporarily abandoned by America—but not temporarily filling it in. So when the time comes that both disgruntled partners may have become reconciled to the renewal of their connection, it will be impossible. Except through war with Japan.

Japan is the only beneficiary of Philippine independence. When the Tydings-McDuffie Act was passed, the United States formally delivered over the Philippines to Japanese tutelage. That is done and cannot be undone. Except by war. So deep will Japanese roots have gone by the end of a decade that, while the others concerned may have changed their minds, the Japanese will be in no posi-

tion to change theirs. To do so would be to prove traitor to the vital interests of their own country.

The Japanese conquest of the Philippines, unlike the American, will probably not be sudden or sensational. It will take the form of step-by-step economic penetration. Opportunities abandoned by Americans and too onerous for Filipinos will be taken up by Japanese. As Japanese interests grow larger, the protection of them will become more important. If there are civil disturbances as in China, or as in the Philippines before American occupation, the "stabilising power" of the Orient will feel impelled to restore peace; and to maintain it thenceforth. Such are the simple annals of empire.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### NIGHT WITH A GUN

I WAS supposed to be asleep. But I was wondering about the wisdom or unwisdom of America's exit from the Philippines. And whether Japan, when it came her turn, would do any better with the islands than America had done. Here we were, the American planter and his visitor, spending the night under a *lauan* tree to guard the estate against a possible foray by the Bila-an tribesmen.

"It wouldn't be this way if America really took things in hand," the planter had said. "But now, with what little control there has been gone, it will be worse than ever."

It was my first night spent in this fashion. But "Henry Scott"—if I used his real name I should not feel free to quote some of his acid remarks—had not been in a bed for three weeks. Except for day-time naps.

"Why don't you call in the constabulary?" I had asked.

"I could call, but they wouldn't come. The constabulary are afraid of the tribes. These Bila-ans have a standing challenge to the constabulary . . . dare them to come up into the hills and fight them. There are no takers. That's under American government. Then how will it be under nothing . . . nothing but confusion among antagonistic races scattered over 7,083 islands and speaking ninety different languages and dialects? How can you build a stable Philippine government out of such a hotch-potch?"

Now that Uncle Sam is leaving, the Bila-ans don't even stay in the hills. They come down, raiding the plantations."

The night was still. High between the trees hovered a great golden cloud of fireflies like a phosphorescent sea. Now and then across this light slowly sailed a black cloud—one of the enormous Philippine fruit-bats, five feet from tip to tip and with a body as large as a cat's. The glow dimly lit the old grave-stones. The plantation employees were also on guard, but elsewhere—they objected to this spot since they claimed that the graves were visited by ghosts in the form of balls of fire. Evidently the ghosts were off duty to-night. Of more concern were certain rustlings in the neighbouring corn-field which might mean prowling head-hunters, but probably meant only insects and birds.

My companion, half sitting against the tree between his two heavy rifles, heard me scratching the ground to make a hole for my hip.

"Why didn't you sleep in the house?" he asked.

"Because I was afraid," I admitted. "Your house seems to be the only place you leave unguarded."

He chuckled. "These savages don't want the sort of things we keep in houses. They want our crops. Too lazy to raise them for themselves."

"What crops do you raise?" I asked. "You must find farming in the Philippines worth while if you keep at it in spite of such difficulties."

When I got him on that subject, the disgust and contempt left his voice. He was all enthusiasm. Yes, it was worth while. He reminded me of the hardy pioneers of the American West. Tall, tough, powerful, he had the same conquering spirit, the same vision, the same joy in

taming the earth and bringing life and beauty out of it.

And here, he said, the soil responds as it never did in the homeland. The Philippine archipelago is one of the most fertile spots—some agricultural experts say the most fertile—on the globe. The rainfall is abundant throughout the year but rarely excessive, the temperature is always high enough to encourage plant growth, and the soil has magic in it. Scott has his plantation on the shore of Davao Gulf in Mindanao, prize island of the Philippines and therefore the first choice of Japan.

The resources of Mindanao have hardly been touched. Large sections in the northern and eastern reaches of Davao province are marked on the map, "Unexplored." While the seventy million inhabitants of Japan are standing on each other's toes and the Japanese farmer sees his farm squeezed down to an average of less than two acres, much of Mindanao is uninhabited. In the island as a whole there are only 14 people to the square mile as against 404 in Japan. The rest of the Philippines is more thickly populated—and yet the entire archipelago of 7,083 islands, although 66 per cent the size of Japan, has only 20 per cent the population. The Philippines have a mere handful of fourteen million people and could accommodate a dozen times that number.

Only 12½ per cent of the land area of the Philippines is being farmed. So plentiful is land that natives, rather than fight the cogon grass which invades cultivated fields, simply move on to virgin soil. It is the lazy man's paradise. But, paradoxically, it is also the place where a real pioneer can put up a hard fight—a fight to keep out the jungle and keep up with the astounding pace of his crops. It calls to all the instincts of a born farmer.

It is a race. There are no off-seasons. No sitting in the house all winter twiddling thumbs while the earth sleeps under snow. In fact, twiddle for a week and you find the jungle swallowing a year's work. No monotony. Every morning something new has burst into fruit. Every day is harvest. The versatility of the soil is amazing—what it produces is only limited by the wits of the planter.

"Sorry you couldn't have seen what I've got here," said Scott.

"I'm sorry too."

But there seemed nothing that we could do about it. I had come too late in the afternoon to walk about the plantation, and must leave at dawn for the mountains.

"How about now?" suggested Scott, with sudden alacrity. "We can't use a torch—it might draw fire. But the bugs are good to-night—and we have real stars down here."

"Yes, that will be fine," I said weakly. There was a certain lack of charm about the idea of prowling round in the dark listening for the "poof" of a blow-gun and the whish of a poisoned dart, or running the chance of being potted by one of Scott's own guards.

But Scott was up. I rose and he gave me one of the guns. I don't know its calibre, but it made me think of the Big Bertha used by the Germans in the World War.

"Bananas over there," said Scott. The Milky Way of fireflies and the blaze of Orion illuminated the swaying leaves of banana plants twenty feet high. "Perhaps you know how it got its botanical name—*musa paradisiaca*. There's an Arab legend that the first clothing of Adam and Eve was the banana-leaf—not the fig-leaf."

I had a sudden vision of a more respectable Eden than



THE ABACA STALKS ARE FELLED, AND OUTSIDE LAYERS ARE STRIPPED OFF. THESE LAYERS CONTAIN THE STRONG FIBRES OF WHAT IS KNOWN IN THE WEST AS "MANILA HEMP."



HEMP FIBRES DRYING IN THE SUN.  
THE PHILIPPINE  
HEMP INDUSTRY IS  
EIGHTY PER CENT  
JAPANESE.



I had ever imagined before. The banana-leaf is fourteen inches wide and six feet long.

"There are seventy-two varieties of banana in the Philippines. I have forty varieties right here. Fruit all the way from two inches to a foot in length. Some of the large varieties can't be eaten raw—but they're grand boiled.

"And here's a banana that isn't a banana." We stopped before huge plants which looked exactly like those we had left—except that the fruits were baby bananas an inch long. I picked one. It was as hard as a pencil.

"Can't be eaten," Scott said. "We get rope, not fruit, from this tree. The finest rope in the world. Abaca. 'Manila hemp,' they call it in the States. I remember back in Indiana Manila hemp was the only kind of fibre my father could use in the self-binding reaper. And the ship-chandlers swear by it—it's the only thing that will stand sea water. They've tried without success to raise it in other parts of the world. This island is its home."

This unique plant shoots up twenty feet high in a year. Then it is cut down—only to pop up again from the same root. And one root may send up many stalks, each of a different age. So that it is often possible to harvest one stalk a month from one plant. The root keeps up this amazing performance for fifteen years. Then the planter digs it up, or abandons it and moves on to virgin territory, and plants seeds, suckers or root sections.

The precious fibre is in the stalk. After the stalk is cut down, the long fibrous outside layers are peeled from it. These are then drawn through a "stripping machine" in which a knife scrapes away the soft pulp, leaving only the long white fibres, lovely, hair-like strands perhaps ten feet in length. After drying in the sun, the material is baled

and shipped on the back of a carabao, or by truck if the planter can afford such conveniences, to the coast.

The industry, eighty per cent of which is in the hands of Japanese, is carried on with remarkable efficiency. The Filipino lacks the patience to raise abaca. He prefers to hire out his land to Japanese, who work it for him and pay him a percentage—while he sits in the shade and grumbles about the Japanese invasion of the Philippines.

I asked Scott how he got along with the Japanese.

"They're all right," he said. "When I get in a jam they come in and help. Won't take anything for it. Love work . . . that's why everything will go their way in time. The Philippines is theirs for the working. Most hypocritical gesture in history—Uncle Sam handing over the Philippines to Japan on a silver platter, meanwhile talking about 'independence.' It must weigh on the conscience of Congress . . . if Congress has one. Oh, well—" he peered sharply about for lurking savages, "when Japan governs the islands there won't be any more of this nonsense from the wild tribes."

We came to the fruit orchards. When Scott insisted that I sample every fruit, I decided that he was a good host after all; and forgave him for walking me about over his precious plantation at dead of night. Here was the heavenly mango. One we found weighed a pound and a half. How the natives appreciate the mango is indicated by the fact that food imports drop forty per cent during the mango season. A good mango tree continues to bear for two hundred years.

And here was the durian, "king of fruits," a prickly green rind full of a sweet white paste that smells like the devil, but tastes like the frosting on a cake. It is easily the

most popular fruit in the tropics. Just how long a man has lived in the tropics can be gauged by the amount of durian he can stomach.

Then the luscious papaya. If you've ever had a poor one, don't blame the good ones. Papaya, like people, have all sorts of personalities. A huge Philippine papaya, the melon that grows on a tree, is not only delicious, but its pepsin is a great help if the stomach isn't firing on all eight. Also it has the peculiar property of softening meat. The toughest steak becomes tender if left a few hours inside a papaya, or even if hung up in a papaya tree overnight. The leaves of the tree are used instead of laundry soap.

Fruits, fruits, in bewildering variety—pineapple, pomelo, lemon, lime, orange, grapefruit, avocado, litchi, loquat, passion fruit, mangosteen, jackfruit, pomegranate . . .

Scott now had me eating out of his hand, so it was time to play his little trick. He gave me a soft-shelled fruit about the size of a lemon. When I opened and bit into it I got a mouthful of cotton.

For this is a fruit to wear, not to eat. Kapok, the cotton that grows on trees, is exported to cold countries to stuff clothing and to make warm comfortables and cushions. Unfortunately its staple is too short for weaving.

We felt our way into the comparative gloom of a rubber grove. Cups hanging on the trunks were filling with the oozing latex. A rubber tree is little trouble—it cares for itself, feeds itself, milks itself. It drips wealth. As Nicholas Roosevelt has reported, "During the rubber boom in 1925 one little town in Sumatra with only two miles of motorable road boasted more than sixty expensive cars in which the newly rich natives 'took the air' every evening."

"We're just beginning on rubber in the Philippines,"

said Scott. "We've concentrated too much upon sugar. But now that the home country has hinted she may not want our sugar, we're diversifying. There's enough potential rubber-land in this island alone to supply, at the East Indian rate per acre, two-thirds of America's rubber imports. And if America doesn't want it, China and Japan will. Here we are right at the front door of China—in 1921 China had less than a hundred miles of motor road outside Shanghai—now she has 40,000 miles. It will be double that in five years. And look at Manchukuo—already going strong on a programme to build 50,000 miles of road in the next ten years. And the Philippines are the nearest point of rubber supply—for a fifth of the human race!"

"I suppose rubber will make coconut a back number," I said.

"Don't you believe it! Say—I'm glad you mentioned coconut—comes and see my trees. Only a mile away." I bit my tongue. Gripping Big Bertha I trailed after the eager planter between vast stretches of sugar-cane and rice to a grove of lofty trees on which huge objects like footballs were silhouetted against the firefly sheen.

"Bombs!" said Scott. "Bombs for the next war. Coconut a back number? Not while you can make TNT out of it. Of course, there was a bad slump in the copra price—but it's climbing again fast, now that treaties are going into the discard and the armament race is on. Coconut oil is the best source of glycerine for making explosives. And they need coconut charcoal for gas-masks—it filters chlorine and phosgene from the air. Coconut is one of Japan's best reasons for being interested in the Philippines.

"Of course, coconut has peaceful uses too. Without coconut oil the human race would go dirty. Most soap is made

from it. You remember how lack of soap irked the Germans in the World War—people who love cleanliness, but they couldn't get coconut oil, and a bit of soap of guest-cake size was worth five dollars. The Philippines supply one-third of the total world production of coconut oil. No country in the world produces more. Now we'll walk back."

We did. On the way we stopped at another grove—this time of bamboo. It is a jack-of-all-trades. Turn it to work and it will make a chair or a cart, a fish-trap or a hat, a spoon or a bridge, a cup, a water-pipe, a scaffold, a house, a raft, a basket, a fence, a surgeon's lancet, a spear, a sledge, a remarkably strong rope. And bamboo salad is delicious.

Exhausted by the tramp over Scott's three hundred acres, I thought again of my visit to the two-acre farm of farmer Machida in Japan. And I remembered the sword he had placed before the shrine in memory of the boy who had died in the effort to set Japan free of two-acre farms. Japanese prefer to stay at home—but if they must emigrate (and they must), it is such lands as Brazil and the Philippines that will attract them. And I could understand how a Japanese standing amid the forced growth of his tiny plot must contemplate the vision of so lush and profligate a paradise as Scott's.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### HEAD-HUNTERS' HEAVEN

**A**T dawn we returned to the house. I was ready to retire for the day, but my guide to the mountains, Scott's Filipino assistant, Rizal, had his way and we started at once. We were to skirt the territory of the hostile Bila-ans and visit the more friendly Bagobos.

After a few miles over plantation land we plunged into the cool gloom of the jungle. Immense trees towered like cathedral columns. Great vines hung like cables, ready for any Tarzan who might wish to swing through the forest without touching the ground. Monkeys chattered above. Deep-voiced birds honked and bellowed. We saw no pythons, but Rizal regaled me with stories of them—how it took thirty-five lumberjacks to hold a thirty-foot specimen and get it into a box—how it gave birth to sixty-one baby pythons—how one night they got out of their cage and sixty-two snakes were at large in the lumber-camp!

The island lumberjacks are dapper little Filipinos who look as if they could twang a guitar better than skid a three-ton log. And their foremen are studious-looking young Japanese, wearing spectacles, pith helmet, shirt and shorts, golf socks, and revolver. The industry is controlled by Japanese. Nine-tenths of Mindanao's 36,906 square miles is covered with forest. And what forest! The most

valuable varieties are to be found and the trees are enormous. I was to witness later the felling of a giant *apitong* tree estimated to be five hundred years old (it is hard to tell exactly since the equatorial tree does not have age-rings). It towered 170 feet high, and measured a sheer 120 feet from the saw up to the lowest branch.

The trail became steep. We stopped for lunch, to the lively interest of a gallery of monkeys. We carried no water, since anywhere in the Philippine forest one may slash the thumb-thick vine of the rattan and drink the water that streams out.

In the late afternoon we came out on a tableland where there were signs once more of human habitation—but of a new sort. Here were no great modern plantations. We were in the land of the Bagobos who till according to the will of the gods and have little respect for science. Now and then we passed a thatch house perched high on poles out of reach of the professional killer who makes up his quota of deaths by thrusting his spear up through floors into sleeping bodies.

We climbed a notched pole into the house of Ang, an important *datu* or chief who can boast of large estates, three wives and eleven deaths.

"How many have you killed?" is the commonest question in the Bagobo country, and you may ask it without embarrassment. Indeed, if you do not ask you are hardly courteous. Ang explained the system of credits. He who has taken three lives may wear the tangcolo, a red turban of special design. Three more and he may don a red coat. Three more, red pantaloons. If the bag is ten or more, the hero is privileged to wear garments of similar cut, but all in black instead of red.

I asked Ang how any such custom of systematic murder could exist under American government—wasn't he afraid of the law? He quite evidently did not understand what I was talking about. And Rizal explained politely that, away from the populated centres, there is no government. Except in the regions where the Japanese have their plantations.

Ang's house was a bamboo cradle. It rocked in the breeze on its high stilts. Walking on the elastic bamboo strips between which one could see the ground twenty feet below gave one the sensation of treading on air.

The walls were lined with great brass gongs which the Bagobos use as currency. Spears, knives, daggers, bows and arrows, blow-guns, made the place look like an arsenal. From pegs hung gorgeous apparel, for the Bagobos have genius in dyeing and weaving hemp, polishing it with shells, and decorating it with thousands of disks of mother-of-pearl and beads in elaborate designs. Needless to say, it is hard to wash such a garment—so it is simply worn until it rots.

In one corner was the kitchen stove, consisting of a layer of dirt six inches thick upon which large stones were placed to support pots. Food was suspended in baskets from the ceiling out of the way of ants and snakes. Dirty dishes were ingeniously cleansed by placing them in a bamboo cage outside a window, covering them with papaya-leaves which have the properties of soap, and waiting for the next shower.

Our dinner consisted of rice, grasshoppers, wild pig and fish. The rice came from the lowlands. The grasshoppers are gathered by digging a pit within the apex of a V-shaped fence, then driving the grasshoppers into the pit from

which they are gathered by the bushel. Broiled, they have a chicken-like flavour. The wild pig is the victim of the ingenious *balatik*, a device which lets fly a spear when the pig, running along the path, trips over the trigger cord. The fish are caught with a drug. Roots of the narcotic *tobli* plant, held in the water, cause fish to swoon belly-up to the surface. There they are stabbed by the fisherman's spear.

My pride suffered a shock when I learned that my host knew nothing of America—except that it had something to do with a game played with a bat and ball. I recalled the statistics I had read of America's profound influence in the Philippines—how she had increased the number of school children from 200,000 to 1,300,000; how she had taught English; how she had curbed disease, reducing the death-rate from 47 per thousand to 18 and accelerating the birth-rate from 35 to 50; how she had multiplied the number of newspapers by twenty, installed three broadcasting stations serving 35,000 radio sets, strung telegraph lines, and built 15,000 miles of first-class road.

All true. And yet the job is only begun.

In the back country schools are often a hundred miles apart.

Hospitals do not exist—the only physician is the sorceress. She treats disease by carving a wooden doll in the likeness of the patient, then inviting the evil spirits to quit the body of the sufferer and take the doll in his stead.

Newspapers are not printed in the tribal dialects—and could not be read if they were. Half the population of the Philippines is still unreached by modern civilisation.

Even that torch of progress, American kerosene, which illuminates so many of the world's farthest hinterlands, is

rarely found in these mountain fastnesses. Our host used candle-nuts—half a dozen of them strung on a sliver of bamboo. The nut at one end is ignited and, as it burns, lights the second nut, and so on. The oily black spheres burn with a sputtering flame insufficient to read by, but quite all right for people who have nothing to read.

At bed-time we all lay down in a row on the sleeping-platform which is raised one foot above the floor. I believe the bed was hard, but could not stay awake to find out. At dawn we went out to see Bagobo farming methods.

The country here was fairly open, but with many small groves in which thatch homes nestled. The people were all in their hilly little fields. From every side came the "clack-clack, clack-clack" of the *palakpak*—in fact, the name is supposed to suggest the sound. The *palakpak* is a long stick sharpened at the lower end so as to dig holes in which seed may be placed. At the upper end of the stick is affixed a giant bamboo clapper which applauds every time a hole is dug. Its loud report can be heard a mile away. The sound is supposed to be pleasing to the god of the fields. Following the man with the *palakpak* comes the woman with a basket from which she drops a few seeds into each hole.

In each field stood a *tambara*, a stand holding an offering of food for the gods so that they would bless the sowing and grant a good harvest. From field to field trudged the *mabalian* or sorceress to make a prayer at each *tambara*. In some tribes a human sacrifice is made at the time of sowing. A slave is tied to a tree and hacked to bits with knives, each portion being loudly offered to the great demon, Darago. But this village denied that they ever perform the rite.



THE BAMBOO CLAPPER  
AT THE END OF THIS  
“PALAKPAK” NOTIFY  
THE GOD OF THE FIELD  
EVERY TIME A HOLE IS  
DUG. THE WOMAN DROPS  
SEED IN THE HOLE.



BAGOBO HUNTER  
PLACING A  
POISONED DART  
IN A BLOW-GUN.



Every farming operation has its superstitious ceremony. When new land is cleared a slave should be sacrificed. It is sufficient if the land-owner buys a share in a public sacrifice. A decrepit slave is furnished by the chief and all those who wish to receive the blessings of the sacrifice help bear the expense of the ceremony. Tribes uncomfortably close to constabulary outposts make shift with the sacrifice of a cock or an offering of grains and fruits.

If the land to be cleared contains trees which are thought to be the abode of spirits, the trees are purchased from them by spilling blood upon the roots. Then the spirits are allowed three days to move before the trees are cut down.

If the call of the *limokon*, bird of ill omen, is heard while the land is being cleared, it is abandoned. For the bird has given warning that any crops planted there will be eaten by rats.

When planting a banana tree one must not look up. A man planting coconut trees should carry a baby on his back—this will make the trees bear abundantly. A gang of men thus employed, equipped with shovels and babies, make a strange sight.

When the harvest has been gathered and stored away in little granary-houses on stilts, the people of the tribe join in a great thanksgiving dinner. Also they may show their appreciation by raiding a neighbouring tribe and offering the victims to the gods.

Conditions are very different in the civilised Filipino communities of the lowlands. But even there the few agricultural schools and experiment farms are deteriorating and some have already closed. Scientific agriculture has not taken firm root in the Philippines. A short

thirty-nine years have not been sufficient to change habits thousands of years old.

This discovery humbles the American visitor. How cocky and confident America was when she launched out upon her first great experiment in civilising a subject people! We would show Great Britain, France and the others how colonisation should be conducted. First we sent soldiers. We had to beat the Filipinos into insensibility before they would accept our light and leading. Then we dispatched boat-loads of engineers, school-teachers and missionaries. The net result is not one to prompt us to set up a school of colonisation and invite the other powers to come as pupils.

Whether Japan will do a more thorough job remains to be seen. She will have two advantages. First, she is not so lenient. Second, she is not an absentee landlord; she will send thousands, and, later, hundreds of thousands of her own people to show by example rather than by precept what can be done. And the only way any nation can permanently rule a land is by filling it with her own people. A thin sprinkling of Americans, instead of watering the Philippines, has only dried up and evaporated.

Scott was evaporating. After three days in the Bagobo country we clambered down to his plantation. He was in conference with Japanese. When they had gone, he stood on the porch of his house looking out sorrowfully over his abounding acres.

"They're offering me a good price," he said. "And it's better to go now while I can than later when I must. There are too few of us left—we can't stand up against them. Well—anyhow—I know a good farm in Indiana!"

## CHAPTER XXX

### JAPAN GOES SOUTH—TO FACE BRITAIN

Japan's path leads southward.

Not only southward from Manchukuo into China, but southward from Japan into some of the richest lands of the globe.

The "southward advance," as it is called in Japan, has been in progress for some years. It has now been stimulated rather than retarded by the China war; the closing of Chinese markets having forced Japanese exporters to look elsewhere. Of course, the advance is, as yet, economic. But history does not lack examples of economic privilege turning into political control.

At any rate, the navy sees itself playing an active rôle in the southward drive. Vice-Admiral Takahashi, remarking that Japan's economic progress has been delayed in the north and must now be directed southward, concludes, "In such a case the cruising radius of the Japanese navy will have to be expanded suddenly as far as New Guinea, Borneo and Celebes."

Japanese industrialists believe the navy has the right of it, and one of them says: "Japan's future national policy is described by the phrase: defence in the north, advance in the south. In the north, Japan must make a large outlay of capital for many years to come; but development in the south can be immediately productive. . . . It is highly

questionable whether Holland can retain much longer her East Indian possessions, which are more than sixty times as large as her home land. It is uncertain, too, how long India will remain a British possession. If these facts are taken into consideration, it will be clear that Japan must make her way southward and make it at once, for there is no time to be lost."

This southward drive, launched conveniently from Japan's equatorial empire of Micronesia, encounters first the Philippines. America may have decided to worry no more about the Philippines; but behind the Philippines lies British Asia—therefore the worry has been passed on to Britain. The Philippines have become a British problem.

America does not need the Philippines for the defence of her Asiatic territories, since she has none. It makes little difference to her who occupies the islands after she withdraws. Britain's position is quite different. She cannot withdraw from the Western Pacific. To do so would jeopardise the safety of Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, Borneo, Straits Settlements, Federated Malay States, Hong-Kong, British interests in China, and the far-flung mandates and possessions of Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand in the South Seas. Such a retreat would also endanger India.

America, having no lands to lose, is free to move. Britain, deeply involved in Asiatic territories, must stand fast.

The Philippines were a convenient shield. Behind this protection, so long as it was American, Britain had a clear path to China and her Dutch land bridge from Singapore to Australia was covered. How can Britain maintain these

securities—by occupying the Philippines herself? There is little hope of such a move, for British imperialism is at low ebb. Yet there are certain Philippine business interests which indulge the hope. Fearing that America will not reconsider, they clutch at the chance that Britain may be persuaded to accept the guardianship of this rich land with its fourteen million people who know something of western ways and the English language. "Britain would be better than America," a Philippine industrialist said privately, "because Britain is so placed in the Far East that she could defend the Philippines. America could not." By possession of the Philippines, the British strategic line in the East would be immeasurably strengthened. Conversely, it would be pierced almost beyond repair if the Philippines were made the spearhead of Japanese advance.

A Japanese Philippines would put in question the security of everything British from Shanghai to Suez.

For Japan's dreams of southward advance are not too modest. Japan feels herself ordained to be the leader of all Asia. This includes what is known in Japan as the "South Seas" . . . and the "South Seas," in the Japanese acceptance of the term, includes not merely Micronesia, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Australia and New Zealand, but also Siam, Malaya, India and the African east coast. These territories, being all on the same general shipping lanes, are the objectives of the "southward drive." In 1929 less than a fifth of Japan's foreign trade was with the "South Seas"; now, a third, and increasing hand over hand.

Singapore trade is passing rapidly into Japanese hands. "Within a very few years," says the *Straits Times*, "the

whole of the trade and banking of this Colony will be dominated by the Japanese if effective preventive measures are not taken promptly."

Three years ago only ten per cent of the rubber trade between British Malaya and New York was carried in Japanese vessels; now, over fifty per cent; and British shippers anticipate that the proportion will rise to seventy-five per cent next year. Import trade from Japan into Singapore is following the same tendency.

The success of the Japanese is legitimate and deserved. Their secret is co-operation. Instead of allowing, as the British do, one profit for the broker, one for the shipper, one for the insurance firm, one for the banker, and so on, they combine the functions of all these in a single organisation. They make one profit instead of many out of one transaction. Thus they can pay the rubber man more for his rubber, transport it at standard freight rates and lay it down in New York at a price that no competition can meet.

The British are good sportsmen and, as one of their papers comments, "admire the intense loyalty and industry which have won for the Japanese their present strong position." But the Britisher is a more willing admirer than imitator. So the trader, the shipper, the banker, and every other in the chain continues to operate alone, gets to the office late and leaves early, reassures himself by glancing at the board over his door which shows that he was established in the year eighteen-hundred-and-so-and-so . . . while the Japanese take the business.

It is ironical that all this is going on under the shadow of the mighty Singapore Naval Base, which was designed to be Britain's check upon Japan. This anomaly is proof,

if any were needed, that national supremacy is in the last analysis a matter of economics, not of guns. If the Japanese, Germans, or any others can make better mouse-traps than the rest of us, guns will not stop them from conquering the earth.

At Singapore's back door the Japanese have another stronghold, in Siam.

For years there has been a growing popular movement in Siam against Occidental influence and toward closer co-operation with "brother Orientals." The Siamese are racially related to the Japanese and have the same religion. Japan has, to date, been more tactful in Siam than elsewhere; she has assiduously built up friendship. In 1933 when the League condemned Japan's Manchurian adventure by adopting the Lytton Report, Siam was the only member of the League to refrain from voting. Unrest under King Prajadhipok, friendly to England and France, led to his abdication in 1935. It was widely reported, but not proved, that the change in Siamese politics was fostered by Japan.

Siamese army and navy officers, instead of going to Europe for training as formerly, now go to Japan. Siamese warships are built in Japan; twelve were under contract in 1937. Japanese advisers take the place of European advisers in the Siamese Government. Siamese officials are given free rides to Japan and Siamese students are encouraged to study there. Economic and "cultural" missions shuttle back and forth. There is official talk of raising the Japanese legation to the status of an embassy . . . the significance of which appears in the fact that Japan honours with embassies only eleven of the world's leading nations. An air-line from Tokyo to Bangkok is projected that would

cut the time between the two capitals from ten days to one and a half.

Japanese exports to Siam doubled in the two years 1933-5. Japan sells ridiculously more than she buys. In the first half of 1936 she sold Siam 22,000,000 yen worth and bought Siamese goods to the value of only 600,000 yen. But she plans to increase her purchases from Siam by developing great cotton and sugar plantations in that country—thus striking back at the U.S.A. and the Dutch East Indies which are not so liberal as Siam in their welcome to Japanese goods. Thanks to Japanese experts, Siam's cotton production has trebled in the past four years. To-day more Japanese than British ships call at Bangkok.

"Japan, already with a large stake in Siam," writes Andrew Freeman, veteran editor of Bangkok, "could easily use political instability as an excuse for creating another Manchukuo at the gates of the Far Eastern empires of Britain and France."

Japan fascinates Siam with visions of a Kra canal through the Malay Peninsula, which would cut six hundred miles from the sea route to Europe, would place Siam on the high-road of world trade, enable Bangkok to take the place of Singapore, and incidentally permit Japanese warships to enter the Indian Ocean without passing under the frowning scrutiny of the Singapore Naval Base.

There are certain obstacles to the plan. Siam has promised Britain not to cede or lease territory in the Malay Peninsula to any foreign government. But there is nothing to prevent Siam from building the canal with Japanese financial aid. The western end of the canal would come out near a British airport at the southern tip

of Burma. But that would be a slight menace compared with Singapore.

Such a canal would short-circuit Singapore. Most shipping between the Orient and Europe would then have no more reason for rounding Singapore than for going about the Cape of Good Hope. Sir Stamford Raffles remarked when he annexed Singapore for the British in 1819, "It gives us the command of China and Japan, with Siam and Cambodia, to say nothing of the islands themselves." He proved himself right, and died . . . but how he must turn in his grave at talk of a Kra canal! It would put Singapore on a by-street, and fatally reduce the value of the nine-million-pound Naval Base.

Because of the immense vested interests at stake, it may be long before the plan is realised. Nevertheless such a distance-saving, time-saving canal is economically inevitable and will doubtless materialise in due time. It would be less important if it concerned some side-road of the world's trade. But it would shorten the world's main highway, the trunk line connecting the most populous centres on the planet, Europe and India on the one hand, China and Japan on the other. Traffic affecting four-fifths of the population of the globe would use it. Therefore it can hardly be dismissed as unreasonable merely because it would enervate one city and one naval base. It would be useful, of course, to Britain, France and other nations as well as to Japan—in fact, the first surveys were made by English engineers and the second by French. Possibly Britain might do well to steal a march upon her rivals by building it herself, or negotiating its construction under international control. Otherwise it is more than likely that Japan will take the initiative.

Back of Singapore and Kra is India. Here Japan sees 300,000,000 customers ripening to fall into her lap. India's level of economy is much closer to Japan's than to Britain's. Therefore it is only through the operation of natural law that millions who cannot afford to buy British readily accept the cheap goods of Nippon. And as British political influence wanes, Japanese economic influence grows.

Japan has a proprietary interest in India—for her pirates traded along its shores centuries before the equally piratical Dutch East India Company used its own army and navy to persuade the natives to do business. The development of a great seafaring Japan was stopped by the isolation policy, a policy now profoundly mourned by Japanese industrialists such as Fujihara, Member of the House of Peers, who laments:

"Had such powerful war-lords as Hideyoshi and Nobenaga or the Tokugawa authorities backed the activities of Japanese pirates by adopting a more positive policy, the Japanese would have been able to accomplish something in India before the Dutch and British came there. The world to-day might have a map quite different from that which we have now."

Japan is bent upon rectifying her past mistakes. The "southward advance" may mean great changes in tomorrow's India.

In Afghanistan, Japan is endeavouring to checkmate both Britain and the Soviet. Young Afghans have been brought to Japan to study military and industrial affairs at Nippon's expense, hundreds of Japanese technical experts have been sent to Afghanistan, a tremendous plan of industrialisation is being put into effect under Japanese guidance. The Japanese are not blind to the possible

political effects. The Tokyo Nichi Nichi blandly refers to the movement as "part of the Afghanistan ruler's programme to free his country from Occidental dominance under the guidance of Japan as the leader of all Asiatic nations."

Lands more remote are less affected as yet—but Persia has requested that Japanese railway engineers be sent to supervise railway construction. Japan is growing cotton in Abyssinia, taking it to Japan, weaving it into textiles, bringing it back and selling it to the Abyssinians at prices which British interests cannot meet. In 1931 Abyssinia imported 57 per cent of its textiles from British India and only 12 per cent from Japan; to-day, according to the Italians, more than 80 per cent from Japan. Along the east coast of Africa from Cairo to Capetown the Japanese are active, giving concern to Britishers in Egypt, the Sudan, Somaliland, Kenya, Tanganyika, Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa. Everywhere Japan's "southward advance" is of particular interest to Britain.

New uncertainties confront the British Commonwealth in Australia—a land 14,000 miles away from Great Britain, but not one inch from Japan. It is not generally realised that Japan and Australia are immediate neighbours, their Pacific mandates meeting at the equator and sprawling across the Pacific together like gigantic Siamese twins for more than a thousand miles.

Australia is one of the direct objectives of the "southward advance." She sells Japan some £14,000,000 worth of goods a year and buys only £4,000,000 worth. The discrepancy does not suit Japan. Also the discrepancy between the congestion of Japan and the emptiness of Australia does not seem reasonable to Japan. It is true

that of the 3,000,000 square miles of Australia, 1,250,000 are desert. But the balance is easily capable of supporting a population of 30,000,000 instead of Australia's present 6,750,000 . . . a mere New York City occupying a continent. The Japanese might not care to emigrate to Australia by the million, but they ask to be allowed concessions to develop the great tropical north of Australia, believing that the Oriental would succeed where the white man has repeatedly and miserably failed.

Australia wanted British settlers . . . but mention British immigration to-day and you bring a wry smile to the face of the Australian taxpayer. He is paying dearly for his "white Australia." In the past sixteen years it has cost the State of Western Australia £8,000,000 to place only 2,000 settlers on farms . . . and they are doing so badly that many are quitting and going back to England. More persons are leaving Australia to-day than are coming to its shores. All this pleases the Australian labour unions. They delight in mounting wages, ignoring the mounting peril that threatens any land kept artificially empty in this crowded world. The writing on the blank map of northern Australia is plain for those who will read it, "If you cannot use this, we will."

Australian papers remark with concern the steady increase of Japanese population and influence in Australia despite exclusion. The Federal Minister of the Interior is investigating "the ease with which prohibited immigrants can enter Australia."

The two nations have always been at odds over migration. Formerly Australia sought Japanese settlers for Queensland, but Japan refused, fearing loss of population. To-day Japan is more than willing, but Australia has gone

white. Japan does not accept this as final. She at last changed her own mind as to the value of isolation . . . Australia may change hers.

In the meantime Japanese ideas may enter if Japanese settlers may not . . . and the labours of Japan's "Society for International Cultural Relations" bear fruit as follows: "The radio-broadcasting station '310' of Melbourne, Australia, is broadcasting a series of lectures, one lecture per week, on Japanese culture and lessons in the Japanese language. At present more than 150 high schools in Australia are planning to teach Japanese in addition to French and German. In order to support these schemes, the Society for International Cultural Relations in Japan will send textbooks for primary schools, Japanese typewriters, paintings and photographs relative to Japanese life."

Japanese pearlers are busy in Australian seas. A curious example of Japanese courtesy was noted recently when two Japanese pearl-luggers towed the Australian Customs patrol-boat which had arrested them 300 miles to Darwin because its engines had broken down. If the captives thus saving their captor had any thought that they would thereby escape penalty, they were mistaken. Pearl-poaching has reached such proportions that drastic measures are thought necessary. Eighty Japanese pearl-luggers were sighted calmly plying their trade within Australian territorial waters during the humiliating homeward trip of the disabled patrol-boat.

The whales of waters claimed by Australia are succumbing to Japanese gunners. The Australian Government has lodged a protest, insisting that such fishing may not be done without the permission of Australia. The Japanese

reply that there is fair ground for doubting whether the Antarctic whaling zone belongs to the territorial sea of Australia.

In making this answer, they pluck a chapter from history. Hundreds of American whalers once fished near Japanese coasts and replied to Japanese protests with, "These seas are as much ours as yours." The Japanese finally developed their own fleets, under Norwegian tutelage, and monopolised North Pacific fishing. The American whaler disappeared from northern waters.

But Norway gave whaling a new start by building great floating whale canneries for use in the Antarctic. Britain and America followed suit. Japan learns last, but she often has a way of learning best, and her recently completed fleet of 25,000-ton floating canneries are the last word in design and efficiency. She enters the field as a buccaneer, refusing the quota system by which the other nations have bound themselves because she fears the quota allowed her would be too small. No 3-5-5 ratio for Japan in the whaling industry! That this is no small business appears in the fact that a single Japanese whaler, the *Nisshin Maru*, returning from a nine-months' hunt, reported a clear profit of five million yen (about £300,000).

Japan looks southward for iron. Besides largely increasing her investments in the iron-mines of the Philippines, she has turned to Australia. There she has just succeeded in arranging for the exploitation of one of the richest iron reserves in the world, that on Kooland Island close to the Western Australian coast. An American firm has been engaged to install mining machinery. The name of the concessionaire is not disclosed and the ownership may be at least nominally Australian—but all the iron is to be shipped

to Japan and Japanese are hopeful that by 1939 the mine will be producing enough to satisfy one quarter of Japan's iron needs.

These are but a few of scores of examples of Japan's increasing reliance upon Australia. Such a trend is only to be expected where two territories lie close together, one over-developed, one under-developed. Nature abhors a vacuum—and Japan sees something intensely unrighteous about it. Especially as her foothold becomes more secure in the southern Philippines, near-by northern Australia looks like the logical next step.

Filipinos sense this fact if Australians do not. A Philippine business man who hopes for British protection told me: "We are appealing to the Australians. Perhaps they can interest their mother country."

But Australia shows little concern, as yet, over the fate of the Philippines. Comfortable in her agreeably one-sided trade with Japan, she discounts the future. Australia's policy reminds one of Japan's own game, jiu-jutsu, the art of conquering by yielding. Australia hopes to win security against Japan by yielding to Japan's programme in Manchuria and China. If Japan spends her energy there, she cannot come south. It is a consoling theory, but is not borne out by the facts of Japan's steady progress in the tropics. There are signs of Australian uneasiness, but as yet no full realisation that the destiny of the Philippines may determine the destiny of Australia—that a Japanese thrust southward from a Philippine base, coincident with a European crisis occupying the attention of the British Navy, would end the anomaly of a white continent in Asia.

The sharpest focus of Japan's southward gaze is upon the Dutch East Indies. Here is a treasure-house as yet

hardly unlocked—and containing exactly what Japan needs. Again, it is Britain that is ultimately concerned. Britain could not tolerate a hostile wedge between Singapore and Australia. And only Britain can defend the Indies.

These islands lie on the other side of the world from Holland, but within two hundred miles of Japanese territory. In fact, the Japanese ship which carried me through Japanese Micronesia included Celebes in its itinerary as a matter of course . . . as well as Mindanao of the Philippines. They are all in the same sea. And they are pooled together in Japanese plans. The government-subsidised South Sea Development Company is equally concerned with raising sugar in the Japanese island of Saipan and cotton in Dutch New Guinea, where 147,000 acres have been leased for this purpose. This concern, reminiscent of the old East India Company, is charged with developing trade, acquiring land for agricultural and industrial enterprises, and promoting Japanese emigration.

New Guinea is virgin land awaiting pioneers. Dutch Guinea alone is roughly equal in size to Japan proper—and has the population of a third-rate Japanese city. Although on the equator, it is quite superior to either Singapore or India as a residence for either whites or Japanese. The Japanese vastly prefer it to frosty Manchukuo. And were the quota restrictions on immigration removed, the same tide which has within a generation changed the proportion of population in Micronesia from 90 per cent native and 10 per cent Japanese to 40 per cent native and 60 per cent Japanese would bring Japanese colonists in large numbers to this undeveloped island.

At present great things are being accomplished by few men. A handful of Japanese executives must depend upon



SUPPLYING INDIA AND THE REST OF SOUTHERN ASIA WITH  
CHEAP TEXTILES, JAPAN THREATENS LANCASHIRE.



BOMBS THAT GROW ON TREES. COCONUT OIL IS THE BEST  
SOURCE OF GLYCERINE FOR EXPLOSIVES. ONE OF MANY  
REASONS WHY JAPAN GOES SOUTH.

native workmen recruited from the wild tribes and far inferior to Japanese workmen. Yet they are progressing rapidly with the cultivation of cotton as well as of Indian corn, beans and other vegetables. They are breeding cattle and exploiting the vast Damal forest. The South Sea Development Company has placed a fleet of Diesel-engined ships in service on the New Guinea coast.

New Guinea is the closest Dutch island to the Japanese mandate (being only fifty miles from the equator, Japan's frontier) and the farthest from protective Singapore (two thousand miles). The Japanese look upon it with high favour, and some urge that an effort be made to lease "or otherwise acquire" the entire island.

One obstacle to such a plan is Standard Oil and another is Shell. There are vast oil reserves in New Guinea. Japan naturally sought oil concessions; but the Dutch held back, fearing Japanese ambitions. When they could hardly hold off Japan any longer they implored Standard Oil and Shell to come in and pre-empt the field—which these American and British interests did in 1934, taking a concession of about 25,000,000 acres. Japan was frozen out.

That sounds like the end of the story, but it is probably only the beginning. Japan desperately needs oil. Here is plenty of it at her door—but it is monopolised by powers on the far side of the world. The Japanese navy, much disturbed, has worked out an oil programme which includes among other plans the encouragement of Japanese interests to obtain control of foreign oil-fields. Assurance is given that "companies which obtain oil concessions abroad can count on the support of the navy." And a naval writer, incensed by the New Guinea coup, declares that the Dutch islands are "the life-line for Japan, and it

is obvious that in order to protect this life-line the navy should be kept ready for action."

This oil which troubles Pacific waters may, if ignited, cause an international conflagration. Britain would certainly be involved, and probably America; for there is no propaganda machine in the world superior to that of the American interests involved. American youth would go to war again to save the world for democracy. This time "democracy" would be Standard Oil.

In short, by blocking one of Japan's most urgent economic needs, America has done the Dutch a service, but herself a disservice by placing herself in the heart of the Far Eastern danger zone. For Britain the case is different, for she was already in that zone; in fact, half of New Guinea is British.

The Dutch, of course, cannot defend their islands. Little Holland of eight million people cracks a whip of islands four thousand miles long with a population of seventy-two million. You can't beat the Dutch for courage or shrewdness. Courage gave them the whip-hand; but their shrewdness tells them that the only way they can hope to hold the islands is by encouraging large investments of capital by Britain and America. These nations have all the territory they can use and are now trusted to preserve the status quo.

But in spite of Dutch favouritism toward the sated imperialists and hearty suspicion of the unsated, it is Japan that is gaining ground most rapidly in Netherlands India. This is perhaps inevitable since it is Japan that is nearest, and it is Japan that is most in need of what the Indies can offer. The Dutch islands are Japan's logical source for the materials she cannot get from Manchukuo—

cotton, rubber, timber, minerals, oil. Even the things she can get from Manchukuo might come more economically from the Indies—for sea carriage costs less than land carriage.

Therefore, despite rebuffs, Japan goes south. She had radio telephone connection with Batavia before the United States, leader in radio telephony, inaugurated service with Japan. She has many more ship lines to the Indies than are maintained by Holland herself. She has succeeded in investing millions in rubber cultivation and iron-mining in Borneo. Barred from New Guinea oil-fields, she has accomplished a Japan-Holland joint petroleum company in Borneo, and now relies largely upon that island for her oil. She is unsatisfied, for it is not safe reliance. So long as Borneo remains under the control of another nation, Japan cannot be sure of her oil when she most needs it—that is, in case of world war. For she knows very well that the oil-fields have been mined and will be blown to bits by the Dutch upon the first approach of the Japanese fleet.

The Japanese are also dissatisfied with their Dutch island trade. They sell only twice as much to the islands as Mother Holland herself, and three times as much as Great Britain. This, they say, is not enough. Only high tariff barriers and numerous trade and shipping restrictions keep them from supplying the poor natives with all they need at nominal cost. And many of the "poor natives," tired of paying high Dutch prices and chafing under Dutch authority, freely express to the traveller their hope that the Dutch yoke may be supplanted by the cheaper if not lighter yoke of Japan.

Of course, the Japanese disavow any thought of

territorial ambition in the Indies. However, they show lively interest in the native revolts. Pertinent Japanese comments are the following: "We cannot be blind to the fact that unrest prevails in the colonies and that they will eventually cast off the Occidental yoke." "Would it be advisable at this juncture to interfere with their desire to buy Japanese goods? The idea of forcing the natives to buy high-priced articles in order to protect the industries in the home countries is indeed a policy of doubtful wisdom." "The native population . . . is awakening and is courting Japanese friendship." "When the native population makes a little more progress in intelligence, it will not be difficult to organise an independent nation."

So the Dutch colonials, worried by discontent within and pressure without, are feverishly increasing their defences. New cruisers have been added to the fleet, twelve new Dornier flying-boats, forty Glen Martin American bombers along with enough American instructors to train the necessary pilots. A petition trailing 50,000 signatures has been sent to Holland pleading for still stronger defences. And the Dutch, not trusting in their own strength, make sure that Britain shall also feel their worry.

For, after all, the lot of the white race in southern Asia depends upon Britain. The doubtful future of Australia, New Zealand, Malaya, Siam, the Dutch Indies, India, Burma, Afghanistan and other eastern lands in which Britain is more or less concerned has given rise to the present determination, as stated by Sir Samuel Hoare, in presenting the naval estimates, to "telescope into two or three years what should normally be carried out over a decade." Thus we see the launching of a five-year British defence programme to cost £1,500,000,000; the increase of

naval appropriations by twenty-five per cent from 1936 to 1937; a sixty per cent increase in air force appropriation in the same period; the rush to complete Singapore at a cost of £9,000,000. After manœuvres to test the defences of Hong-Kong, a large replenishment programme was authorised. Between Hong-Kong and Singapore lie the Paracel Islands, where a refuelling base for seaplanes is being built. Late last year eight small islands in the Phoenix group were annexed by Britain for naval use.

All this constitutes a decisive assertion of "Britain's will to live," to quote Winston Churchill . . . and the new naval programme makes it extremely doubtful whether Japan will be able to maintain a 3-5 ratio with Great Britain. Although Britain is no longer imperialist and is hard to interest in any new territories, she cannot ignore the responsibilities she already has. The Japanese southward advance is a direct challenge to Britain and the challenge has been answered.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### AMERICA RETIRES—UNGRACEFULLY

A MERICA withdraws from the Orient. But she cannot seem to do it without getting her finger caught in the closing Door of China, casting regretful backward glances upon the Philippines, and tripping over Guam.

It is not surprising that America's retreat should be unwilling and therefore ungainly. It is not pleasant to be forced to about-wheel after a hundred years of forward march. This is the great renunciation. No turning point in American history has been of greater significance. None requiring more sober consideration, more freedom from heat and prejudice.

For more than a century America has been Orient-bound. She has never arrived. And yet her failure has been a stirring success. The nation would never have developed as it has without the pull of the East.

It was largely the urge to control the Pacific that brought the American hand down upon Oregon, California and Alaska, as well as Hawaii, Samoa, Guam and the Philippines.

An American takes his California and Oregon for granted. It never occurs to him to thank China for them. And yet if it had not been for the lure of China the West Coast would to-day more probably belong to Russia,

Britain or Mexico than to the United States. When Russia owned Alaska and talked of expansion down the entire coast, when Britain contended for the domination of what was known as the Oregon country including the present Oregon, Washington and part of British Columbia, when Mexico ruled California, it was "the old China trade" that made America coast-conscious. Adventurous American skippers, rounding Cape Horn, bought otter furs from the Indians of the coast, took them to China and exchanged them for teas and silks at colossal profits. The "opulent Orient" fixed the attention of Americans upon the western coast of America. It was a precious vantage point for Oriental trade.

The first American settlement on the Pacific coast (that of the fur merchant, John Jacob Astor, in 1811) was, in the words of its founder, established "for conducting a trade across the continent . . . and from thence to Canton, in China." During senatorial debates on Oregon, expansionists urged its acquisition because it would be "the granary of China and Japan" and because the Pacific was "an ocean as yet without a master." A Senate committee officially justified the Oregon adventure in this wise: "In the occupation of Oregon we are about to connect ourselves with the Pacific Ocean, to open our way to a new and, indefinite commerce, and bring ourselves in connection with Asia, Polynesia and Southern America."

California was brought to American attention by the glowing stories of China traders. And while many influences led to its conquest, one of the chief was the pull of the East. Daniel Webster urged its acquisition in the interest of Pacific trade. Particularly San Francisco Bay was coveted as a door to the Orient.

Seward wanted Alaska because "the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." Through the acquisition of the Aleutian Islands he saw his country "extending a friendly hand to Asia"—a statement that would bring a sharp "*Sa!*" from a Japanese strategist to-day.

Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, were wanted as ports of call and posts of influence on the way to the East.

The Philippines were not particularly desired for their own sake, but for their relation to Pacific trade, which at that time meant especially trade with China. American hearts were captivated by the eloquence of Senator Beveridge: "Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. . . . And the Pacific is the ocean of the commerce of the future. Most future wars will be conflicts for commerce. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore is the power that rules the world. And with the Philippines, that power is and will for ever be the American Republic."

Thus Asia had much to do with the expansion of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains.

To-day it is turnabout. The young man who has historically been urged to go west is now being put on a boat for home.

"What should America do?" I put the question to the Peiping manager of an American bank.

"There's nothing America should do but get out. We'd like to do business here—but it's not worth a war."

The Japanese Government flatly invited the other powers to leave China to Japan, and got away with it . . . at least in regard to North China. There is talk in Wash-

ington of withdrawing American troops from Peiping and Tientsin if the new government of North China proves its stability. True, there would be no point in their remaining, and their presence would only be a cause of friction. So it is more than probable that the American fighting man will follow the American business man home, and the old thoroughfare of Hatamen will never ring again to the cheerful marching chorus:

*"If the Army or the Navy ever gaze on heaven's scenes,  
They will find the streets are guarded by United  
States Marines."*

We Americans have awakened from a long dream of pouring the riches of the "opulent Orient" into our coffers. The grey morning facts are that we have achieved an investment in China only one per cent of our total foreign investment and a trade with China less than four per cent of our total foreign trade. We have not managed to put more than seven thousand American residents in China and Manchuria. Our expansionists assumed that to reach the Pacific would mean to dominate it. To-day Belgium, remote from the Pacific, has more economic interest in China than we have. So has France. Britain's investment is six times ours.

It is in fact doubtful whether America has ever made a dollar out of China. The maintenance of military and naval forces in China and in the Pacific has eaten up the profits. It would probably be demonstrated that our traffic with China has been a heavy loss if we take into account the millions that have been poured out, and are still being poured out, for the strengthening of our naval power in the Pacific. Why do we prepare? We have no fear that Japan

will come over and attack our West Coast. We are thinking solely of our rights in the Far East. What Far East? We have disavowed the Philippines and have no vital stake in the Dutch East Indies or Australia. Our trade with Japan is important, three times as great as that with China; but we obviously do not need a fleet to protect it, since there is no conflict of interests involved. The huge inverted pyramid of our Pacific naval building rests its costly burden upon one point—China trade. Dollars are being spent to earn pennies.

Perhaps pride and irritation have much to do with it. Many of the movements of international politics are emotional rather than economic. Our old China trade is an heirloom. A sentimental value has become attached to it. Moreover, our pride has been stung by Japanese *ronin* methods, which prefaced the outbreak of actual war in China.

Who did not boil with indignation and long for armed force in the name of justice as he stood on the platform of Tientsin East Station any day in 1936 and watched the smugglers at work? A gang of two hundred Koreans, overawing the Chinese police who stood whimpering in the background, heaved bales of smuggled goods in through the windows of passenger coaches. Passengers were yanked or cuffed out of their seats, bales filled the seats, the aisles. The passengers perched on top of the bales, climbing higher as the stream continued. I struggled through such a car. The passage from one end to the other required ten minutes and led through a mêlée of buffeting elbows, hurtling bales, screaming women, wailing babies, and over hills of bales as high as the seat-backs. But the car was then only half-filled. The loading continued until the passengers sat

with their heads against the roof. Some lay in the baggage racks. The windows were entirely choked. There was no ventilation. The conductor, if he should wish to collect the fares, must crawl through on his hands and knees.

Japan, of course, disavowed any official part in the campaign which inundated China with smuggled Japanese goods. In fact she pointed out that the campaign was harmful to established Japanese firms in China. Appeals to Japan to check smuggling along the part of the China coast dominated by Japan were met with the response that this was not Japan's job—it was the duty of the Chinese customs officials. But those gentlemen were overawed by the flotilla of pirates off the Hopei shore. Smuggling diminished only when Chinese warehouses became glutted with smuggled goods and time must be allowed for their sale. Of course they will go at nominal prices, thus doing serious damage to British and American trade.

Even without the aid of the smuggler, Japan must win. No other nation can seriously hope to compete with her in China trade. She can manufacture at prices that make all others look exorbitant. She is a close neighbour—shipping costs are slight. She blunders in dealing with the Chinese; yet at bottom she understands them far better than any Occidental people can. For she herself is Asiatic and much of her civilisation was derived from China. Cultural affinity, geographical affinity and the affinity of poverty all make an economic Sino-Japanese combination inevitable.

What can America do about it? Fight Japan? War would not fundamentally change matters. Great natural forces withstand war. Fire may run over mountains but the mountains remain. Victory for America would not put any more miles between Japan and China, would not

alter the fact that they are both Asiatic, would not make it any easier for America's high standard of living to meet on common ground with China's low standard. Defeated Japan, poorer than ever, would grimly work longer hours for less money and continue to under-sell America in the China market.

Because of the economic factors just mentioned, America cannot hope to take first place in China trade. Our ways are too far removed from China's ways. Japan (who can make a pair of rubber shoes for five cents while we charge fifty) can meet China on her own level—at least for many decades to come. Our best hope may be through Japan. For Japan cannot sell manufactured goods to China without buying raw materials from us and others. Past experience indicates that Japanese progress usually means American business. Our trade with Japan proper has become our greatest in the Orient. Our exports to Korea are now twenty-five times as great as in 1903, the year before Japan assumed control. Manchukuo has abrogated its early promise to maintain the open door, yet, in spite of such abrogation, American trade has doubled since 1931. As for China, whether she industrialises of her own accord or is harshly stimulated by Japan, those of her growing needs that cannot be filled by Japan will be filled by other nations which happen to be rich in many materials that Japan lacks.

"But," cries some missionary whose heart bleeds for China, "a race is being ravaged—and you talk of dollars. How about justice?" The missionary is quite right. But America cannot rush in like a Don Quixote every time a maiden is in distress. It is not for any one nation to punish what it considers to be breaches of international justice—

that is an international job. The policing of the world is a task not for a free lance but for a world organisation. Much that is wrong with the world would never have happened if the United States had chosen to help make the League of Nations a body that could command and enforce international justice. The problems of both Japan and China can in the long run be solved only by some sort of world government—which means that both nations have a long time to wait!

Meanwhile, can America take it upon herself to joust for justice on the other side of the world without showing the same spirit of officious meddlesomeness which she is trying to correct in others?

The American mind is divided. It divides mainly along the line between the citizenry and the fighting services. The average citizen does not want to fight Japan. His belligerence stops at Hawaii. It would appear that he is in hearty sympathy with the navy's intention to make Hawaii a Pacific Gibraltar. Hawaii is the watch-dog of the Pacific coast. If we stay behind Hawaii and mind our own business there is no more danger of war with Japan than of war with Canada.

But the navy would not stop there. The navy is equipped to fight and it is human nature to want to do what one is equipped to do. The navy hates to miss the big show in the East. So we already see strain between the navy and the State Department and shall probably see more of it. The State Department urges Americans to evacuate zones made dangerous by the Japan-China hostilities; and strongly suggests that those who insist upon remaining to turn an extra dollar are for their own selfish purposes involving their country. The navy throws quite

a different light upon the matter. The navy's general board issues this announcement:

"Most Americans now in China are engaged in business and professions which are their only means of livelihood. They are not willing to leave until business has been destroyed or forced to leave by actual physical danger. Until such time comes the navy is unable to withdraw without failure of duty and without bringing discredit to the United States Navy."

This justification of a few hundreds of Americans in pursuing their livelihood in war areas even at the risk of involving the millions of their fellow-countrymen in war is followed by the stinging remark of big-navy newspapers that the State Department is "weak-kneed." Secretary Hull's protest to Japan on the bombing of Nanking was not "strong" enough. Ambassador Johnson should have remained in the city while it was being bombed; instead of retiring so as to avoid the international complications that would follow the injury or death of an American envoy. America should not recognise the Japanese blockade of the China coast by forbidding any American ships the excitement of running the blockade with shipments of arms. America should "face up" to things. The navy is facing up. The Asiatic fleet is being drastically reorganised and America's biggest naval construction programme since the Great War is expedited. Certain naval leaders want Philippine independence reconsidered. President Hubbard of the Navy League urges the strategic necessity of retaining the Philippines, contending that if America had a large naval base there she could halt much of Japan's imports of strategic materials, such as Borneo oil.

The navy itches to get along with the refortification of the western Pacific, now that the expiration of the Washington Treaty has made that possible. When the Secretary of the Navy was asked whether America should fortify Guam if Japan built new fortifications, he replied that "fortifications are the answer to fortifications; menace must meet with menace." The president of the Navy League states that the League is prepared to bring forward a programme for naval bases on Guam and elsewhere unless Japan gets out of China and stays out.

Now Guam may be as vague a conception to the average American as guava or guano. As to its possible fortification, he may not realise how fantastic the proposition is. Guam is on the other side of the world—as far from New York in one direction as India is in the other. It is America's farthest west. The island is more remote from Hawaii than Hawaii is from the Pacific coast.

Guam is in Japanese waters. It is a bit of American territory in the heart of the mandate assigned to Japan by the League of Nations, and is surrounded by Japanese islands, the nearest being less than forty miles away.

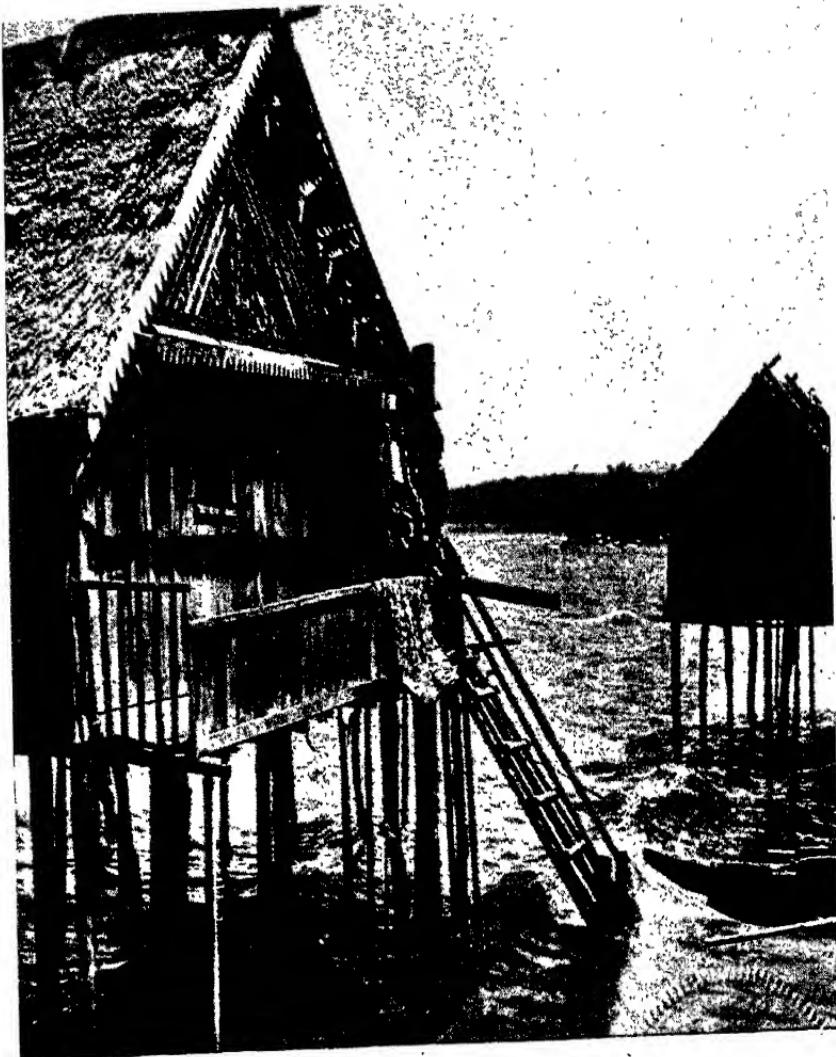
To fortify it would create as much good feeling in Japan as Japan would accomplish in the United States if she should acquire and fortify the island of Catalina within sight of the California coast. And would be just as futile. A Japanese Catalina, no matter how heavily fortified, could be taken any time the fleet chose to sail out of San Diego harbour and bother about it. Then we should have acquired a few million dollars' worth of fortifications without cost to us. The Japanese fleet could at any time take over isolated Guam and its fortifications, a princely gift to Japan from American tax-payers.

Of course the mischief would not stop there. American pride would be outraged, the fleet would sail forth and we should have a Pacific war upon our hands. Is Guam worth it?

Naval plans involve other islands—Midway, Wake Howland, Baker and the Aleutians. They even concern the islands of Micronesia mandated to Japan by the League of Nations. Naval men aver that these islands were assigned to Japan in trust by the Allied and Associated Powers, of which the United States was one, therefore "the United States must insist that it holds vested interests in these islands," and American vessels should be permitted to patrol the islands and take appropriate action if they find any violation of the mandate.

Is anything accomplished by this "strong" attitude? Anything beyond placing America in the embarrassing position of one who has much to say but is unwilling to back it up? The words of Theodore Roosevelt come to mind—he was never slow to throw down the gauntlet when there was anything to be won by it, but he said, "I do not believe in our taking any position anywhere unless we can make good; and as regards Manchuria [he might have said China], if the Japanese choose to follow a course of conduct to which we are adverse, we cannot stop it unless we are prepared to go to war."

We must make up our minds. A decisive Far Eastern policy is needed. Pulling two ways is dangerous. Shall we leave the Orient to Japan and China who belong there and to the British and Dutch who are there because they have no such empire as ours at home? Can we perhaps find enough to do on our own broad acres—and trust the East to recall us when it needs us? Or shall we press in



WITH BOAT TETHERED TO THE FRONT DOORSTEP AND FISHLINES  
THROUGH THE FLOOR, LIFE IS LANGUOROUS IN A MORO SEA-VILLAGE  
OFF THE PHILIPPINE COAST.



aggressively now by force of arms? It is a simple issue between war and peace. We cannot push into the Orient now without war. If we must push in, let us have war and no nonsense about it: repossess the Philippines, whip Japan, take over the problems of China. If on the other hand the commercial disappointment that led to our abandonment of the Philippines is accepted as a sign that there is no clear advantage for us in playing the imperialist in the Far East; if we decide that we have better use for billions of fleet money than to employ them in entangling ourselves in the broils of Asia; if we think that on the whole it is to our best interest to retire . . . let us retire gracefully.



JAPAN IN THE WORLD



## CHAPTER XXXII

### RISING SONS ON FAR HORIZONS

**M**ORE than a million persons of the Japanese race live outside of the Japanese empire.

These have an influence far out of proportion to their number. For the Japanese is not, like the Chinese, easily absorbed. He maintains his individuality. He is slow to inter-marry—either with strange women or strange ideas. He does not surrender, physically, culturally or morally. He bows with apparent meekness under the lash of derision and abuse with which his adopted country flays him. But he has secret contempt for those who condemn him, and abiding faith in the ultimate supremacy of the seed of the sun.

This is far from saying that every Japanese abroad is a spy and a menace. On the contrary, he is usually the best of citizens. His crime rate is unusually low, his school rate unusually high, his hours of labour unusually long and his workmanship unusually good. He lives on little and does much. In fact, that is the trouble. He clings to ideas of frugality and industry even when set down in lands whose peoples have grown lax with luxury. He moves on as if impelled by a racial purpose thousands of years old and yet to be fulfilled. His way is his own. In short, the only valid objection his foster-nation can have to him is that he is "hard to assimilate."

Yes, I am aware that the young Japanese-American plays tennis and baseball. For that matter so does the young samurai in Japan; but it does not mean that he is any the less a samurai.

I am aware that the young Japanese in America tries to look, act and talk like an American. If he walks on the street with his mother, who knows no English, he will walk in silence—he dislikes to be heard speaking Japanese.

Does that mean that he is ashamed of Nippon? Not a bit of it. Many a time in a gaping and critical Japanese village I have longed to shrink in size and darken in complexion and display a broader nose and fuller lips—be more like those round me. Not that I was ashamed of being Anglo-Saxon; but merely that I did not enjoy being conspicuous. The Japanese in America has found that the more he can act and speak like others, the less he will be regarded with aversion and derision.

I know that many of the *nisei* or second generation Japanese (born in America of Japanese parents) have genuine enthusiasm for things American—which is strange, considering how they are treated. Thwarted by cruel discrimination, *nisei* in large numbers return to the land of their fathers; only to find that there too they are out of place. They are disliked as “different.” They may return to America full of resentment toward their own people. But if you think that the last spark of Nipponism has now been extinguished in their breasts, go to meet one as he lands in San Francisco and greet him with a laughing insult at the expense of the Japanese Emperor. Someone tried it recently; within twenty-four hours he was dead of a sword-thrust, and beside him lay the *nisei*, “happily dispatched” by his own hand with the same sword.

There is something that persists in the Japanese heart. It has been there for more than two milleniums and it will not be stamped out in a few generations.

The census of 1930 gave the United States a Japanese population of 138,834. The present figure is probably well over 180,000. These are the best or worst people in the United States—according to what reports we read; for the literature on the subject sharply ranges itself on one side or the other. The impartial student must find that the truth lies somewhere between.

The war against the unutterable alien has been led by the Californian Joint Immigration Committee backed by Senator Hiram Johnson, the American Legion, the State Federation of Labour, the Native Sons of the Golden West, and the Hearst press. Lesser bodies, whose sources of financial support have not always been made clear, have joined the fight. The "Committee of One Thousand" has urged the boycott of all Japanese goods because, for one reason, the Japanese are drilling the Peruvian army to fight the United States. In its publication, *The American Defender*, this organisation discourses as follows:

"Wherever the Japanese have settled, their nests pollute the communities like the running sores of leprosy. They exist like the yellowed, smouldering, discarded butts in an over-full ashtray, vilifying the air with their loathsome smells, filling all who have the misfortune to look upon them with a wholesome disgust and a desire to wash."

If the bodies of the authors of such a statement are in the same condition as their minds one can understand their desire to wash—and they should not wait until Saturday night to do it. They might well join the race they vilify in a daily tub.

Japanese have not always liked Americans either. But the vilest curse that their sense of decency would permit them to hurl at us at the height of Japan's anti-foreign agitation was *Bata kusai!* (You smell of butter )

Japanese in California have been criticised because none of them are on the relief rolls. That means, say their accusers, that they take the jobs away from good Americans. The truth is, of course, that a Japanese has too much self-respect to accept relief unless he must, and then only from his own family or clan, not from the general taxpayer.

But there are half a million armed Japanese in America and two thousand trained Japanese naval officers commanding war vessels disguised as fishing boats patrolling the California coast, if we are to believe representatives of California in the United States Congress.

Fortunately the average American has a sense of humour and such wild statements nullify themselves. In fact the nullification often goes too far; and many people, disgusted by such exaggerations, champion the persecuted race and refuse to believe that the Japanese problem is any problem whatever. Thus we have the two sharply divided camps, the one jingoistic, the other complacent.

But it is even more dangerous to be complacent about the Japanese than to be jingoistic. It is not cause for complacence that Japanese multiply from two to three times as fast as the American public in general. Complacence is not called for when an American farmer who has been used to a ten-hour day and Sundays off gets a Japanese neighbour who works sixteen hours a day every day, his wife beside him in the fields, and runs his white competitor out of business.

It is a matter of moment that Japanese children go

straight from the American school to the Japanese language school, where they are taught the language, culture and ideals of Nippon, including belief in the God-Emperor and faith in the destiny of those who are His chosen people. There are 477 Japanese schools in America with 1,400 teachers and 69,000 students. There are dozens of Buddhist temples, Shinto shrines and Tenrikyo missions. Shinryu Umebara, Buddhist priest, after making a lecture tour of the Pacific coast, said:

"I am profoundly impressed by the great place of the Japanese language schools and the Buddhist temples in the Japanese community. They are a hot-bed of racial consciousness, Japanese culture and spirit."

Nor is it possible to be entirely blind to the fact that all male Japanese aliens in the United States are enrolled in the Japanese army as "reserves." And that the Japanese, through the fishing industry, know our Pacific coast better than we do. And that illegal recruiting in California of Americans to fight with the Chinese against Japan further antagonises the Japanese in America and drives them back upon themselves.

And it does not help matters to have fishing fleets come from Japan to the Alaskan coast, anchor twenty-six floating canneries just outside the three-mile limit, and take the salmon catch before it has a chance to reach the traps of American canneries. True, the Japanese have a right to fish thus in the open seas . . . but it is sharp practice and does not improve Japanese-American comity.

In Hawaii, too, the brotherhood of East and West is not yet quite idyllic. About forty per cent of the population is of Japanese race. But here again Japanese influence cannot be measured by numbers; the forty per cent, because

of their energy, exert more like an eighty per cent impact upon Hawaii.

More than half of the Japanese in Hawaii were born there and are therefore American citizens. Does this mean that they are not Japanese?

Japan still thinks of them as essentially, if not legally, her own . . . if we may judge from the fact that Japanese government statistics under the head of "Japanese Residing Abroad" give the number for Hawaii as 150,832. That includes not only Japanese citizens, and those who have dual Japanese and American citizenship, but also all who are solely American citizens and have no legal tie of any sort to their grandmotherland. But Japan counts hearts, not votes, and she believes those hearts still beat for her.

They may beat for America also. I believe most of them do. Double allegiance is not only possible, but natural. The American whose ancestry is in Britain may love both countries without disloyalty to the one in which he is a citizen.

And yet it would be hardly fitting for Great Britain to count all Americans of British descent as British; and to encourage hundreds of "British culture schools" in the States wherein teachers imported from Great Britain would teach specifically British conceptions and veneration for the British Emperor.

There are in Hawaii two hundred schools of Japanese language and culture. Two-thirds of the teachers are aliens. Many of them come from Japan for the purpose. Eighty-eight per cent of the Japanese children who attend the public schools also attend the Japanese schools, which open immediately after the day's work in the public schools is

finished. A large number of the Japanese schools are controlled by Buddhist priests. Both language and religion shut these priests off from American life and make them intolerant of any ideas but those of their own Japan. The textbooks were originally prepared by scholars in Japan and are published by the Naigai Publishing Company in Japan.

Champions of these schools give a good reason for their existence. It is that the older Japanese know no English, and that if the younger do not learn Japanese, parents and children will be cut asunder.

True, and regrettable. The Italian first and second generations in America were so cut apart . . . and the Polish . . . and Yiddish. It could have been prevented by establishing alien schools for the study of Italian, Polish and Yiddish. There were just two superhuman obstacles. The parents would not ask it, and the children would not stand for it.

Can you imagine an Italian-born American boy going daily from public school to an Italian school where he will pore over the language and ideals of the land his father left? Not if you know the Italian second generation! And the same goes for all other immigrant groups in the United States. . . .

Except the Japanese.

Could anything more convincingly mark them off as a peculiar people?

Lett, Swede, Slav and Greek—they all grow American from the heart out. The Japanese turn American outside, and even the outer ramparts of the heart are easily taken, but there is a citadel at the centre that is not invaded.

Perhaps this is to the credit of the Japanese race. I

cannot say. At any rate it is a fact which should not be airily dismissed by friends of the Japanese any more than it should be exaggerated by enemies.

The question of Japanese schools has been carried to the Supreme Court. That body has been unable to find any legal objection to them. That does not free them from moral objection. Japan's culture is glorious and her language is a rich heritage. But, "if thine eye offend thee . . ." If complete American unity is desirable, then any stumbling blocks, even of solid gold, should be thrown out.

The Japanese spirit in America has been intensified by the recent rise of nationalism in Japan, and by Japan's troubles. The Rev. Taki Okumura, who for many years has been trying to lead Hawaiian Japanese into full American allegiance, laments,

"To-day the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction and the Japanese community seems to be Japanised more and more. Since their victory in the Supreme Court, the language schools are beginning to display the real colour of Japanese. We Japanese are to be blamed for strengthening the suspicion and misunderstandings against the citizens of Japanese ancestry."

What can be done about it? Should all of Japanese blood be sent back to Japan? Obviously that is impossible. We have made our bargain and must stick to it. The best we can do is to try to make it a good bargain. A long step toward assimilation of the Japanese would be made if the discrimination which drives the Japanese back upon themselves were dropped. So long as restaurant keepers accost respectable Japanese with "No Orientals are served here," so long as most labour unions bar Japanese as they do in

Hawaii, so long as Japanese on the sugar plantations are kept in menial positions despite ability, so long as a Japanese clerk gets \$125 while a *haole* (white) of exactly the same grade gets \$200 . . . so long as "democracy" is made a joke in Japanese eyes, just so long will those eyes be turned toward the Father-Emperor.

As for the exclusion law, it is hardly necessary to speak of it, for all intelligent Americans realise the folly of it. It is only necessary to do something about it.

A quota would probably admit far fewer than are coming in at present. For under the present grossly unfair conditions, the Japanese government feels no obligation to check the considerable smuggling of Japanese over the Mexican border.

Distinct treatment of Japanese immigrants has the natural result of confirming them as a distinct clique—exactly the thing that all immigration legislation is designed to prevent.

These various factors which cause the Japanese of North America to remain a separate people operate even more strongly in South America.

A quarter million Japanese live in South America. Of these, well over 180,000 make their home in Brazil, ninety-three per cent of them in the single state of Sao Paulo. There they form a compact, close-knit Little Japan. They are Brazil's best farmers. They begin as labourers—but they rapidly outstrip the leisurely Latins, Negroes and Indians and presently own their own land. They make magic come out of it. Brazil sorely needs agricultural development and has in the past heartily welcomed Japanese immigration. Japanese ships visited Brazil twice a month. Every emigrant was subsidised by the Japanese

government. In 1934 eighty-two per cent of Japan's total emigration was to Brazil.

Japan, encouraged, launched upon a more ambitious scheme. The four great industrial families of Japan and the government jointly undertook to purchase 2,500,000 acres in the Amazon valley. Millions were invested in the plan. The land grant was secured. A "model settlement" was established. In Japan, emigrants were carefully selected and trained in such institutions as the Higher Colonisation School and ships began to carry them by the thousands to the Promised Land. The venture was thoroughly Japanese—no outsiders need apply. A Little Japan even more exclusive than that in São Paulo began to take form in Amazonia.

The Brazilian army became worried. Was Japan out to annex the Amazon valley? Why were the Japanese so exclusive? Did they consider themselves superior to the Brazilians? Was it good for Brazil to try to swallow whole two alien masses that could never by the wildest stretch of the imagination be assimilated?

A quota law was passed in 1934 which automatically cut Japanese immigration from 23,000 a year to about 3,000. Two years later the army secured invalidation of the Amazon land grant.

However, the end is not yet. The need for farm labour is so intense, and immigration from Europe has so declined, that restrictions against Japanese are already being relaxed. The fact is that the hardy Japanese are sorely needed. It is probable that a way will be found to admit more. In the meantime those already in the country will increase rapidly both in numbers and in wealth. Even if the gate is shut and locked, which is improbable, the dominating

influence in Brazil a few decades hence is likely to be Japanese.

In other South American countries the number of Japanese is small. Yet a Peruvian official told me as we walked through Lima's large and prosperous Japanese community,

"There are only fifteen thousand Japanese in Peru—but they count for more than half a million mestizos or a million Indians."

"Are they liked?"

"Well," he hesitated, "we hardly know them. They keep to themselves. We don't see them until a shop or plantation goes bankrupt—then they appear and buy it up. They always have money because they are always working. This climate wasn't meant for such hard work—it's not reasonable and it's not civilised. We'd like them better if they understood our ideals of leisure and comfort. And if we felt sure they wouldn't bring over their fleet some day and try to take the country away from us."

That the presence of a few thousand aliens might lead to the loss of a country seems absurd . . . to us, but not to the Peruvian government, which in 1936 became so agitated over the power of the Japanese population, then grown to 23,000, that it enacted a quota law which practically stopped all Japanese immigration and barred Japanese from acquiring properties or managing cotton plantations. This was followed by a decree suspending further naturalisation of foreigners.

Japan is turning attention to other South American countries where there are as yet no restrictions; but such restrictions will certainly rise when the economic energy and nationalistic fervour of the Japanese begin to be felt.

Going donkey-back through the highland villages of Guatemala, I was impressed by the fact that the Indians are strikingly similar to Japanese. And in New Mexico a philologist showed me two parallel lists of words, the one ancient Japanese, the other Keres Indian, indicating that the Keres of New Mexico are descended from Japanese. So Japanese immigration is not a new thing in the Americas.

Why did not these early Japanese conquer the new lands? Why did they lack the mettle of present-day Japanese?

Perhaps because they were torn up and transplanted too soon. They had not received all that Japan could give them. They may have embodied only a few of the many racial strands—Malay, Mongol, Manchu, Ainu, etc.—which make up that indomitable composite, the Japanese race of to-day. They left before Japan had taken her Chinese bath—before the vitalisation of Japan by Celestial culture. Before the quarter-millennium of isolation which gave Bushido time to flower. Before the magnificent self-reliance and conceit born of that isolation could be forged into the sharp-cutting nationalism of to-day. The son of Nippon likes to think of his heaven-born race as constant “from ages eternal.” The fact is, no race has ever known steeper evolution.

In Guatemala to-day, while the possible descendants of ancient Japanese cringe under the mestizo lash, the modern Japanese government brings such diplomatic pressure to bear that Guatemala reconsiders her law of 1936 excluding Asiatics from commercial rights and grudgingly announces the discovery that Japanese are not Asiatics.



RISING SONS IN THE TROPICS. DISLIKING CHILLY MANCHUKUO,  
THE JAPANESE THRIVE IN TROPICAL LANDS SUCH AS BRAZIL, THE  
PACIFIC ISLANDS AND SOUTH ASIA.



In Mexico with its 6,000 Japanese, Canada with its 22,000, Europe with its 3,000, the average resident, knowing the impress made by the race, would guess the Japanese population to be many times as large as it is. Africa has but a handful of Japanese—yet there is scarcely a village from the Mediterranean to the Cape where Japanese goods are not sold and influence felt. In Sidi Okba, trifling oasis of the Sahara, I entered a shop stocked with cottons so well suited in colour and pattern to the nomads of the desert that they seemed to have been locally made to meet the local demands. I inquired about them. They came from Kobe.

Flyer Asano returning from Europe over the hinterlands of Persia and India was astonished to find in the remote spots far from railroads where he made his overnight stops, trade scouts from Osaka introducing Japanese textiles.

Old tramp steamers are fitted up as marine department stores, floating markets. They stop at every coastal village, shoot rockets to invite attention, royally entertain the local chiefs and tradesmen, then turn them loose among the displays, which include every imaginable Japan-made article from watches and toys to firearms and three-wheeled automobiles. One such ship combs the shores of the seven thousand islands of the Philippines—another follows the Malayan coast—another girdles Africa—another devotes months to the circuit of South America.

Keep a wild colt in a stall and he runs all the more when he is loosed. The Japanese, after two centuries of seclusion, perhaps because of that seclusion, have become the world's greatest globe-trotters. Travelling scouts and business missions do not add to the Japanese population of a country—but they leave a deep mark upon it.

Thus in 1936 Japan's cloth sales led the world, even outstripping British sales by 41 per cent.

America made rayon to compete with Japan's silk—Japan learned the lesson and in 1936 surpassed America and all the world in manufacture of rayon.

Japan has pre-empted nearly all of Germany's beer markets in the Far East.

Japanese goods have displaced Dutch in the Dutch islands, Japan's exports increasing fifty per cent in the single year 1935-6.

Altogether, Japan's overseas trade has doubled during the brief period 1931-6. During the first quarter of 1937 Japan's world sales gained a further twenty-one per cent, and her purchases twenty-eight per cent.

A sad minor strain in this pæan of progress is the official report that child labour is increasing; the police announce with pride that they have punished factories which were working employees between the ages of twelve and sixteen three hours beyond the eleven-hour daily limit. There seems to be no blush for the eleven-hour daily limit.

Eighty years ago a man who would dare to build a ship and send it abroad would be executed. To-day he is subsidised. Japan stands third in the shipping world. Britain and America are still far ahead of her—but their lead is fast being overhauled. While Japanese shipping increased 188 per cent from 1914 to 1936, British shipping increased four-tenths of one per cent. Japan now operates more regular services to Australia than does Britain. Sixty-five per cent of the Orient-New York tonnage through Uncle Sam's Panama Canal is Japanese. While America has approximately 2,400,000 tons of shipping lying idle,

Japan has not been able to build enough to carry her cargoes.

Whether you think that Japan's pervasion of world markets is a benefit or a curse depends upon who you are. If you are an exporter to lands other than Japan you are probably eating bitterness. If you export to Japan, you say "Great little people!" Japan, thanks to her export success, was able to increase her American purchases from 342,000,000 yen in 1931 to 847,500,000 in 1936. If you are a wild man of Borneo or elsewhere, you bless the luck that brings you something you have always wanted but never could afford. A Nairobi dispatch to London states:

"Medical officers declare that the purchase of cheap Japanese rubber shoes has done more to prevent hook-worm disease than all the efforts of the health department."

And *The Times* summarises the Japanese trade argument as follows:

"In Asia, Africa and the South Seas almost half the world's population live. They are poor people and Japan can supply them with shirts, bicycles, rubber boots and what not at prices they can pay. If Osaka can sell two shirts to a black man for the price of one, what moral right (it is asked by the Japanese) has Lancashire to prevent his buying them?"

Although Japan's impact is world-wide, it is felt chiefly in low-standard lands, particularly in East Asia, where Japanese nationals are most numerous. Manchukuo, including Kwangtung Leased Territory, had a Japanese population of 501,251 at the latest census in 1935. This figure does not include Koreans. China's Japanese residents ordinarily number about 80,000. Because of war they have temporarily evacuated—but their place has been

taken by Japanese soldiers. There are well over 100,000 Japanese in the South Seas, Philippines, Indies, Australia and Malaya—and they are bosses, for the bulk of the labour in these lands is native. Japan would gladly supply labour also, but restrictions make it impossible.

The high and ever higher barriers confronting both her emigration and her trade make Japan a thorough convert to the House-Hoare idea of redistribution of the world's resources. With one important difference. While most western proponents of the plan would consider the problem solved if resources were made equally available to all nations, Japan would not. She wants not only the resources, but control over the territories which contain them. Experience has taught her to be sceptical of the chance of free access to materials and markets so long as the lands concerned are held by other nations. Therefore the Japanese member of the raw materials committee of the League of Nations says:

"The assertion that the possession of colonies is of little value is unconvincing. Frankly, the question can never be satisfactorily settled without an equitable redistribution of territories."

Actual territorial expansion as a cardinal point in Japanese policy appears in the declaration of the Premier, Prince Konoye, before the House of Peers in July, 1937:

"International justice will be attained only when redistribution of territories and natural resources has been completely effected."

Thus it is plain that the war for the world's lands is not over. Indeed the greatest struggle is yet to come, and may be near at hand. And in that struggle, Nippon's million sons and daughters abroad will play no trifling

rôle. The vast sums they are now pouring into Japan's war treasury are proof that their residence in status quo countries has not dulled their faith in the righteousness of the samurai sword. In the future world readjustment, whether it be convulsive or gradual, these far-flung and strategically placed Japanese communities are apt to be fully as effective as the home strength of Japan. They are outposts of Empire.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### JAPAN'S DIVINE MISSION

**N**OW we come to the heart of the matter.

At the centre of all that Japan says and does burns a spiritual flame. This takes the form of a sense of divine mission to all mankind.

Japan must save the world.

The Japanese have always emphasised the spiritual above the material. Not only is the blacksmithing of a sword a formal religious ceremony, but even the most menial sort of work is carried out in a more or less religious frame of mind. Said Francis Xavier, "The nation . . . surpasses in goodness any of the nations ever discovered. They are wonderfully desirous of honour, which is placed above everything else."

This pride in goodness and honour is charged with magnificent conceit. That is not strange; the same is true of the other great spiritual forces of to-day. The Christian, perhaps humble in every other respect, is so sure of his faith that he sends missionaries to all the world. The Nazi may chat with you flexibly on every topic save that of Germany's national religion; he is as positive about that as his father was about the redeeming power of Kultur. The communist also feels his mission to the world. And though the Briton and American may blush about it now, it is not so long since they were very noble about "the white

man's burden." Spiritual egotism is not a monopoly of the Japanese.

But the Japanese faith promises to be more disturbing than any of the others. The day is far past when Christianity was propagated by the sword. The white man's burden has been laid down. Communism and Nazi-ism are mushroom growths, and are already being modified so rapidly that their future is uncertain. But Nipponism has been growing steadily, surely, for more than twenty centuries. It is only now coming into possession of the material power to enable it to obey the Imperial Rescript of the Emperor Jimmu upon the founding of the Empire two and a half milleniums ago:

"We shall build our Capital all over the world, and make the whole world our dominion."

Concerning this rescript, the modern military textbook known as the Army Reader states:

"This rescript has been given to our race and to our troops as an everlasting categorical imperative."

Japan's enormous sense of responsibility is fantastic only until we look at the reasons behind it. Those reasons are diligently drilled into the mind of every child of the Empire. He grows up believing with every fibre of his being that:

Japan is the only divine land.

Japan's Emperor is the only divine Emperor.

Japan's people are the only divine people.

Therefore, Japan must be the light of the world.

Q. E. D.

First as to the land. The Scriptures of the Hebrews (who also claimed to be The Chosen People), assert that

God created the earth. Of course, that does not make the earth divine. The Japanese do much better than that. God did not merely create the islands of Japan . . . He *begot* them. As explained in the early chronicles, the gods Izanagi and Izanami, uniting in marriage, gave birth to the Japanese islands and to other gods and goddesses. The islands themselves are divine things. Therefore these favoured lands, God's children, are totally different from the rest of the earth, God's footstool.

Then as to the Emperor: The heavenly pair who begot the islands also gave birth to the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu, whose descendants ruled Japan. The first Emperor was the deity, Jimmu Tenno, who is said to have assumed the throne 2,600 years ago.

Higher criticism reduces the period to about two thousand years—but even at that the antiquity of Japan's Imperial family is without parallel. This is the world's oldest reigning dynasty. Not only that, but it has the longest clearly established genealogy known among mortals. Men naturally respect great age. The respect is increased when those respected are not only venerable but honourable. Japan's rulers have done nothing to forfeit the confidence of the people. They have never been self-seeking. Monarchy perished in most of Europe because of the selfish conflicts between one dynastic family and another for the throne. In Japan there has never been a dynastic war. As Fuji is calmly Fuji without trying to be, so the ruling house has remained constant not through any desire of its own, but because all this was ordained before time began.

Great age and great goodness are natural attributes of godhead. Therefore it is not in the least strange that those who guide Japan's thought have been able to maintain the



— OR HEATED ASII TH



IN RITES AT THE YASUKUNI SHRINE THE SOULS OF FALLEN SOLDIERS ARE ELEVATED TO GODHEAD BY THE EMPEROR, HIMSELF A GOD, AND THEREAFTER GIVE DIVINE ASSISTANCE TO NIPPON'S TROOPS IN BATTLE.

faith of the public in the divinity of their ruler. The name "Emperor" for this ruler is a misnomer. The Japanese, of course, do not call him Emperor, but refer to him as *Tenno*, the Heavenly King. He is not to be classed for a moment with the Emperors and kings of this world.

"The Sacred Throne was established at the time when the heavens and the earth became separated," wrote the great Prince Ito in his Commentaries on the Constitution. "The Emperor is heaven-descended, divine and sacred."

This doctrine is repeated in all official statements, in the standard *History for Middle Schools*, in *Instructions to Teachers*, in the textbook of ethics for use in all primary schools. Philosophers, writers, lawyers, all preach this religion. They must preach it—or say nothing. Even great western-educated liberals such as the late Inazo Nitobe refer to the Emperor as "the bodily representative of Heaven on earth."

And it is amazing that in recent years while other faiths have been crumbling this one has grown stronger. For thirty years the view of Professor Minobe that the Throne was an organ of the government passed unchallenged. It was embodied in his textbook used in all law schools. In 1935 the army charged him with *lèse majesté*. His books were banned, he was disgraced, shorn of office, and barely escaped imprisonment or death. And the government issued a statement reminding the people once more that the Throne, far from being a part of the government, was over and above it, the supreme ruling authority, by right of divine descent from the Sun Goddess.

But Japanese divinity does not stop with the land and the Emperor. The people themselves partake of it. The earliest inhabitants of Japan were gods; and from them

descended the present *Yamato* race, *Seed of the Sun*. All other mortals are of a lower order. Says the *History for Middle Schools*: "Such a national character is without a parallel throughout the world."

"From the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people," says the Japanese scholar Hirata, "proceeds their immeasurable superiority to the natives of other countries in courage and intelligence."

If Japan is begotten of God, if its Emperor is the only heavenly king on this planet, if its people are the elect of mankind, there is only one logical conclusion. Japan is sent to save the world.

"Only the realisation that the one and absolute sovereignty is vested in Heaven, and that, on behalf of Heaven, a certain nation shall be entrusted with the performance of this sovereignty for the benefit of all mankind, can pave the way to final world peace and international co-operation."

This declaration that world peace can come only through Japanese sovereignty was written not by a super-heated chauvinist, but by the very sober and respected political scientist, Professor Chikao Fujisawa in his *Japanese and Oriental Political Philosophy*.

"It is now most clear that the salvation of the entire human race is the mission of our Empire," writes Dr. Uesugi Shinkichi. He pictures the sad state of the nations and concludes: "If all the human race should come to look up to the virtue of our Emperor and live under that influence, then there would be light for the future of humanity. Thus the world can be saved from destruction. . . . Of a truth, great is the mission of our nation."

"The body needs a head, and likewise the peoples of

the world need a head," declares a prominent official. "The day is coming when they will welcome the rule of our Emperor."

Such statements are not at all absurd when one considers the veneration of the Japanese for their "heavenly king," the only divine ruler on earth. Nor is the conception of right to rule over all a new freak of human imagination. It is as old as history. Egypt claimed universal sovereignty. The rulers of Babylon regarded the whole world as their responsibility. The Emperor of Rome recognised no limits to his authority. The European idea of limiting political power by geographical boundaries came into being when the Roman Empire fell and the princes who had held certain territories under the Emperor became sovereigns in their own right, each ruling within his own geographical area. Oriental nations submit to this new European idea because they must; but they still cling to the age-old conception of universal sovereignty.

Such sovereignty is thought of as benign. Enemy nations think of Japan as thirsting for blood, lying in wait to leap upon the world and rend it limb from limb. On the contrary, Japan, in her rôle as Heaven's agent, thinks of herself as a saviour and a blessing.

With our materialistic western eyes we may see nothing but cant in the following statement—yet those who know its author, Yosuke Matsuoka, outspoken statesman and chief of the great South Manchurian Railway, cannot doubt that he spoke with intense sincerity:

"It is my conviction that the mission of the Yamato race is to prevent the human race from becoming devilish, to rescue it from destruction and lead it to the world of light. In the light of this mission, we cannot afford to

copy the western civilisation which is about to perish."

Count Futara, yearning over mankind, declared in the House of Peers that the racial spirit of Japan alone can save the world from the chaos into which it has fallen, and demanded that the government state its policy for salvaging world thought. This was in March, 1937. The then foreign minister, the worldly-wise Mr. Sato, former ambassador to Paris, replied gravely that the government recognised the need and was devoting great effort to "overseas development of our culture and manifestation of the Japanese spirit abroad."

It is a religious passion. Therefore it is not surprising that religious cults have adopted it. Even some Japanese Christians see sense in it. The Rev. Miyazaki, former secretary of the Japan Council of Christian Churches, says:

"I believe that Japan is ordained as the Kingdom of God. . . . If Jesus, who made a pilgrimage to the Jewish temple at Jerusalem on the occasion of the Passover every year had happened to live in Japan, He would have made the yearly pilgrimage to the Grand Shrine of Ise as His Heavenly Father's abode."

This would mean that Jesus would do homage to the former Emperors of Japan and their "divine ancestress," Amaterasu, enshrined at Ise.

Japan is "the root of the world," according to Tenrikyo, the leading sect of Shinto with four million adherents. Japan is "the elder brother among the nations" destined to teach the rest. Tenrikyo's Holy City at Tambaichi is "the centre of the world." The human race was born there. Some day it shall return to pay homage. The sacred literature of Tenrikyo reveals that—

"When Japan shall be empowered  
with the Holy Faith,  
She will pacify other peoples as  
seems good to her."

"Hereafter Japan shall command  
foreign powers.  
Mark it well, all of you!"

"They have been called hitherto  
Japan and foreign lands;  
Hereafter there shall be naught  
but Japan!"

The religious patriotism of Japan centres in the army. There it burns at whitest heat. And the people have faith in their army. In fact, it shares in a peculiar sense the sanctity of the Emperor.

Japan is an extraordinary combination of theocracy and democracy. The order of authority is as follows:

The Emperor  
The Army

The People  
The Diet  
The Cabinet  
The Premier

The Premier is the servant of the Cabinet, the Cabinet of the Diet, the Diet of the people. But above all, this democratic structure, as heaven is above earth, is the

ultimate power, the Emperor, together with the chiefs of the General Staff and the Ministers of War and Marine, who answer to him alone and dispense his judgments to the people. They are the people's high priests to the God-Emperor.

Whether or not this is autocracy, it is certainly theocracy. For without the divinity of the Emperor, his authority would be minimised as in all other monarchies, and the power of the army would crumble. This explains the army's anxiety over the Minobe theory defining the Emperor as an organ of the government. The re-establishment in 1935 of the Emperor as a heaven-sent ruler made the army impregnable, and enabled it to go forward in 1937 to the castigation of China without fear of having its purposes crossed by the Diet and the cautious industrialists who control it.

Another reason for calling Japan's army rule a theocracy rather than an autocracy lies in the attitude of the army toward the people. It is not an autocratic attitude. The army is made up of farm boys, and even when elevated to godhead its sympathies and affections are of the soil. The people have learned to trust its sincerity, if not always its judgment. The self-seeking of politicians further turns the people to the army. They know that its only thought is the glory of Nippon. They see the soldier as a Galahad, with the strength of ten because his heart is pure.

State Shinto requires every Japanese to worship at military shrines—and thus reverence for the army as well as for the Emperor is inspired. Dead soldiers are deified by the Emperor himself in special ceremonies. The souls of these dead are supposed to be fighting with the living

in China to-day. The army flag is the only Japanese flag allowed to carry the Imperial chrysanthemum crest and the Emperor's signature; signs that the Emperor himself, as invisible deity, is fighting with his troops. White hairs of the Sacred Horse of Ise miraculously appear in the pockets of soldiers, proving that they are favoured of God. When winds changed at Shanghai, enabling a landing, it was an act of Providence, just as was the turning back of Kublai Khan by a typhoon when he sought to invade Japan. The Japanese army is identified with divine power.

Therefore it becomes understandable that the army is regarded and regards itself as a messenger of peace and benediction to the world. As General Araki has pointed out, the first Emperor, Jimmu, "organised a vast expedition against those who would not submit to good rule." The task of imposing good rule upon the earth is not yet finished. The Imperial Ancestress justified Japanese expansion when she sent gods from Japan to other lands to transform them into countries where men could live in peace. "It was the will of our Ancestress," says General Araki, "that a paradise should be made of chaos, and the work of building up the country was extended abroad, which is very significant."

Japan is in a better position than other nations, because of its unrivalled culture, to lead the crusade for human welfare, asserts the Japanese War Office in an official pamphlet.

Japan's modern samurai are stimulated by imperio-religious statements such as this by Dr. Kakehi:

"The centre of this world is Japan. From this centre we must expand the Great Spirit throughout the world. . . .

The expansion of Japan throughout the world and the elevation of the entire world into the Land of the Gods is the urgent business of the present, and again, it is our eternal and unchanging object."

The sacrosanct Status Quo, like a pagan idol, may be upset by this crusade. The War Office declares:

"The basic principles for the establishment of world peace should be the rational distribution or redistribution of territories, resources and population. . . . To bring together all the races of the world into one happy accord has been the ideal and the national aspiration of the Japanese since the very foundation of their Empire. We deem this the great mission of the Japanese race to the world. We also aspire to make a clean sweep of injustice and inequity from the earth and to bring about everlasting happiness among mankind."

Now, these are fine words. And I think we must admit there is some fine feeling behind them. There is something fine about any passionate religionist—and something dangerous too. Particularly when he believes with Mahomet that the sword is the key of heaven and hell. It is quite possible, however, that the sword will retire, as an instrument of Japanese national policy, when Japan's material needs are met.

Japan may, in sober truth, prove a great force some day in world unification. For she is, more than any other nation on earth, a combination of East and West.

In the dawn of history the forefathers of mankind struck out from their birthplace somewhere in Central Asia, and went east and west. The Pacific halted the eastward pioneers. Those migrating westward reached Europe; Columbus, seeking rich Zipangu (Japan) fabled by Marco

Polo, continued westward until stopped by America. But Commodore Perry thought of his expedition as a completion of the voyage of Columbus. As stated in Perry's Narrative, he sought to fulfil the wish of Columbus "to bring Zipangu within the influence of European civilisation."

Thus the two branches of the human race finally met in Japan. And in a very peculiar and extraordinary sense, Japan has proved the mental meeting-place of all civilisations. If out of this synthesis there does not come some widely pervasive effect it will be strange indeed. Tagore saw in Japanese civilisation the element of the universal. The world can use a little universality to advantage; and if time modifies the Nipponese crusade, making it less militant and more cultural, less the elevation of a world-Emperor and more the spread of a world accord, she can do a real service in helping to wipe out the petty nationalism that is to-day plaguing most nations, including Japan.

## APPENDIX

### CHRONICLE OF JAPANESE EXPANSION

- 660 B.C. (Traditional Date) Rescript of the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, "We shall build our Capital all over the world and make the whole world our dominion."
- 97-110 A.D. Island of Kyushu subdued.
- 200 Empress Jingo invades Korea.
- 660 Yezo (Hokkaido) is subjugated.
- 1342 Takauji sends trade boats to China.
- 1543 Portuguese arrive—trade.
- 1592 Hideyoshi invades Korea.
- 1609 Trade begun with Dutch.
- 1609 Loochoo Islands subjugated.
- 1613 Trade begun with English.
- 1636 Japanese forbidden to go abroad.
- 1638 Seclusion policy proclaimed by Japan.
- 1846 America requests "open door."
- 1853 Commodore Perry's ships arrive.
- 1854 Conclusion of treaties with America, England and Russia.
- 1860 Japanese envoy to America.
- 1868 Restoration of the Emperor and abolition of the Shogunate.
- 1870 Ministers sent to foreign countries.
- 1872 Loochoo Islands included in Japanese territory.
- 1874 Punitive expedition to Formosa.
- 1875 Japan gives up Saghalien, receiving the Kuriles in exchange.

- 1875 Bonin Islands occupied by Japan.
- 1894–95 Sino-Japanese War.
- 1895 Japan acquires Liaotung Peninsula, Formosa and the Pescadores from China by the Treaty of Shimonoseki.
- 1895 Intervention by Russia, Germany and France forces Japan to return Liaotung Peninsula to China.
- 1897 Japan protests American annexation of Hawaii and sends warship to Honolulu.
- 1904–5 Russo-Japanese War.
- 1905 Portsmouth Treaty. Russia cedes to Japan the southern half of Saghalien Island, Liaotung leased territory and railways in South Manchuria.
- 1905 Korea becomes a protectorate of Japan.
- 1906 Knox proposes internationalising railways in Manchuria.
- 1910 Japan annexes Korea.
- 1914–18 World War.
- 1914 Japanese capture of Tsingtao, Shantung Province, China.
- 1914 Japan takes the islands of Micronesia from Germany.
- 1915 Japan presents the Twenty-one Demands to China.
- 1917 Ishii–Lansing Agreement, by which America recognises Japan's "special rights" in Manchuria.
- 1918 Allies, including Japan, intervene in Siberia.
- 1919 Versailles Conference. The South Sea islands of Micronesia are mandated to Japan.
- 1919 Shantung is restored by Japan to Chinese sovereignty.
- 1920 Japanese occupation of North Saghalien in retaliation for Nikolaevsk Massacre of Japanese by Russian "Partisans."

- 1922 Washington Conference results in Washington Naval Treaty, Nine-Power Treaty, and Four-Power Treaty.
- 1923 Japan offers to purchase North Saghalien from Russia for 150,000,000 yen. Russia refuses.
- 1923 Ishii-Lansing Agreement is cancelled.
- 1924 American Immigration Act excluding Japanese.
- 1925 Japan returns North Saghalien to the Soviet, but is allowed concessions amounting to 50 per cent of the coal and oil deposits of that region.
- 1925 China's boy emperor, fleeing from Peking, is given refuge in the Japanese concession in Tientsin.
- 1928 Chang Tso-lin, ruler of Manchuria, meets death and is succeeded by his son, Chang Hsueh-liang.
- 1929 Manchuria under Chang Hsueh-liang recognises authority of Nanking. Japanese complain of infringement of their rights in Manchuria.
- 1929 Kellogg Pact.
- 1930 London Naval Treaty, followed by assassination of Premier Hamaguchi as a protest against the limitations imposed upon Japan by this treaty.
- 1931 The Manchurian Incident, followed by Japanese occupation of Manchuria.
- 1931 Pu-yi, former boy emperor of China, is brought to Manchuria.
- 1932 Shanghai Affair.
- 1932 State of Manchukuo proclaimed with Pu-yi as Chief Executive.
- 1932 Lytton Commission tours Manchuria and reports.
- 1933 Japan-India Trade Conference.

- 1933 Japanese occupy Shantung, China.
- 1933 Jehol taken by Japanese.
- 1933 Japan announces resignation from League of Nations.
- 1933 Japanese occupy North China up to within twelve miles of Peking and conclude the Tangku Truce.
- 1934 Manchukuo becomes an Empire with Pu-yi as its first Emperor.
- 1934 Japan-Britain Trade Conference. Japan-Dutch Conference. Both brought about by Japan's successful economic invasion of British and Dutch markets in southern Asia.
- 1934 "Hands-off-China" policy declared by Japanese Spokesman, Amau.
- 1934 Japan denounces Washington Naval Treaty.
- 1935 Problems due to the increase of land-control by Japanese in the Philippines cause investigation by Philippine legislature.
- 1935 North China demands of the Japanese garrison accepted by Nanking.
- 1935-36 Trade war with Canada and Australia due to barriers erected by those countries against influx of cheap Japanese goods.
- 1936 Japan withdraws from London Naval Conference, her demand for parity being refused.
- 1936 The "February 26th Incident." Young army officers, in protest against the limitation of the army by political and financial interests, assassinate the Grand Keeper of the Imperial Seals, the Finance Minister, the Chief of the Department of Military Training, wound the Grand Chamberlain and attempt the life of the Premier.
- 1936 Japan's terms for renewal of the Washington Treaty and London Naval Treaty having been refused, both treaties expire at the end

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JAPAN?

- of 1936, opening the way to a naval race and re-fortification in the Western Pacific.
- 1936 Trade difficulties with Egypt.
- 1936 Economic mission to Siam.
- 1936 Japan's South Seas Development Company re-organised for active economic advance in the Dutch East Indies.
- 1937 War with China begins July 7.
- 1937 Japanese control consolidated in Peiping-Tientsin area. Japanese thwart Chinese advance into Chahar, which had been intended to cut Japanese connection with Manchukuo.
- 1937 Blockade of entire Chinese coast by Japanese navy. Attacks at Shanghai, Canton, etc.
- 1937 Moscow extends aid to China.
- 1937 Japanese economic interests, because of the closing of Chinese markets to Japanese goods, seek to accelerate Japan's economic "southward advance" into the markets of southern Asia.

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